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ISSUE 347 15 SEPTEMBER 2004
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PANINI COMICS

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES

- CASTING EXCLUSIVE!
- MONSTER-MAKER **NEILL GORTON** INTERVIEWED!
- RUSSELL T DAVIES TAKES US BEHIND THE SCENES!

MARCO POLO

OUR **TELESNAP ARCHIVE** OF THIS LOST CLASSIC REACHES ITS THRILLING CONCLUSION! **PLUS** A LOST INTERVIEW WITH THE ORIGINAL DOCTOR, **WILLIAM HARTNELL**!

CARRY ON REGARDLESS

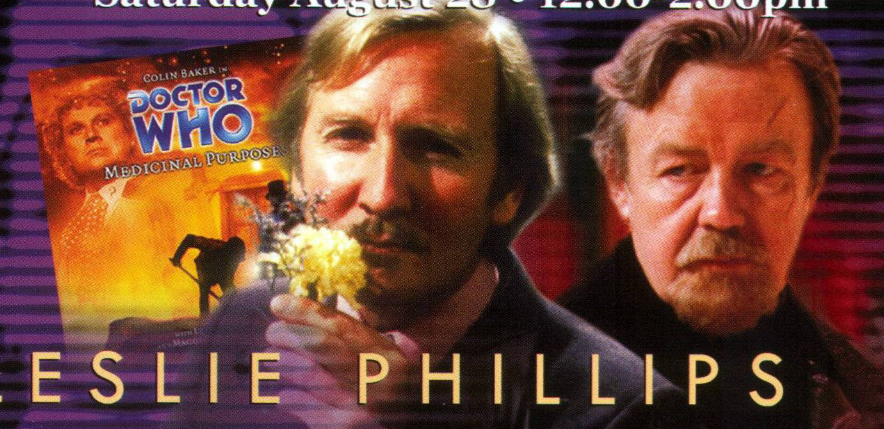
HOW **DW**M SURVIVED THE CANCELLATION

CAMDEN SHOCK!

THE CYBERMEN INVADE LONDON

10thplanet

Saturday August 28 • 12.00-2.00pm



LESLIE PHILLIPS
WILLIAM GAUNT

Leslie will be signing **MEDICINAL PURPOSES** and photographs. CD: £13.99 plus £1.50 postage. William will be signing **DALEK EMPIRE III: CHAPTER FOUR** and photographs. CD: £9.99 plus £1.00 postage. Photographs: £10.00 each plus £1.00 postage

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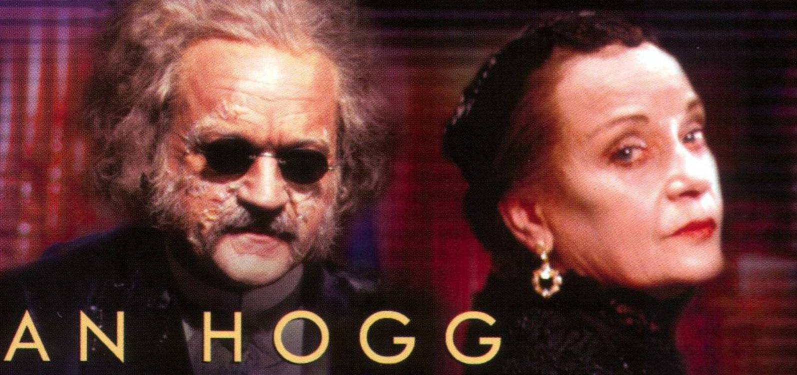
Saturday September 11 • 12.00-2.00pm



IAN HOGG
SYVIA SIMS

in store signing copies of **GHOST LIGHT** on DVD and official photographs, with other special guests to be announced. DVD: £19.99 plus £1.00 postage. Photographs: £10.00 each plus £1.00 postage

UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday August 21 • 12.00-2.00pm: DAPHNE ASHBROOK visits the store to sign official photographs: £10.00 each plus £1.00 postage

Sunday August 22 • 7.00-11.00pm: DAPHNE ASHBROOK EVENING An intimate event at London Dockland's Sun Born Yacht Hotel, including a talk, audience questions, autographs and a buffet meal. Book before August 9 for only £40.00 (£50.00 thereafter)

Saturday September 18 • 12.00-2.00pm: INDIA FISHER, CONRAD WESTMAAS and **STEPHEN PERRING** in store signing copies of FAITH STEALER, the first in a new season of Eighth Doctor adventures! CD: £13.99 plus £1.50 postage

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BBC
Doctor Who
CYBERMEN

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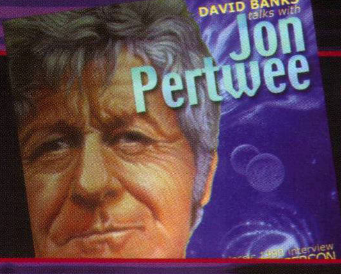

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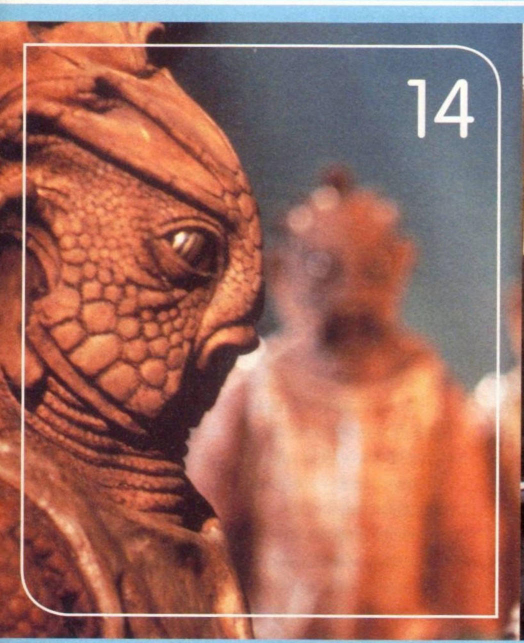
DWM 347

"CROESO!"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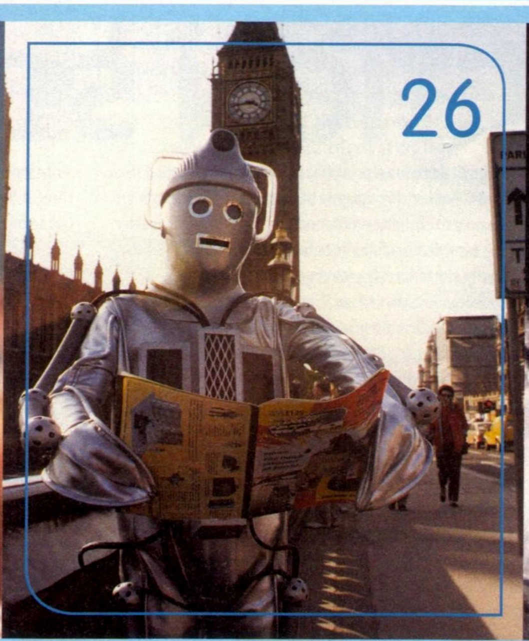
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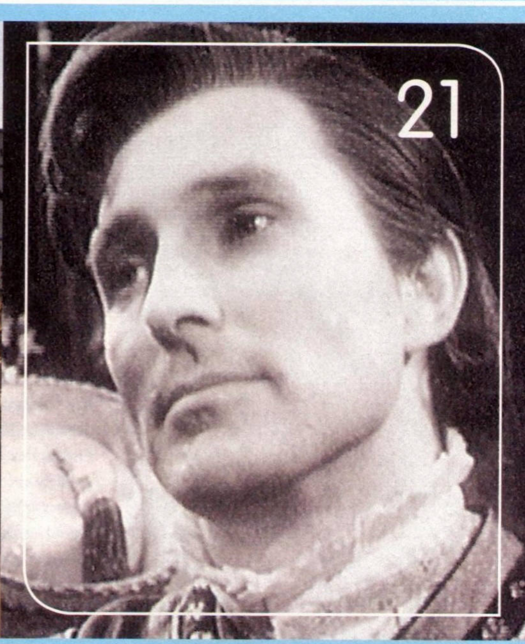
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6 MAKING MYTHS

DWM welcomes new series monster-maker **Neill Gorton** to the wacky world of our favourite time-traveller and finds out all about sending a new generation of kids behind the sofa. But what's frightening Neill himself is the reaction of online fandom ...

14 TWENTY QUESTIONS

Former series script editor **Eric Saward** tells **DW**M about his work on Peter Davison's final two years on the series, plus lifts the lid on the hoo-ha over twentieth anniversary special **The Five Doctors**, as our revealing interview continues.

21 JOURNEY'S END

Will Tegana be unmasked at long (long, long, long) last as the **Assassin at Peking**? And will our heroes ever get their flying caravan back? Find out in the final part of our Telesnap Archive of the lost 1964 classic **Marco Polo**.

26 TO THE TARDIS!

In the second of three articles celebrating 25 years of **DW**M, Marcus Hearn recalls the magazine's first steps into a brave new world ... without a television series to support it. There's trouble at the top in **Happy Times and Places?**

34 FIRST CONTACT

In 1965, schoolgirl Lynn Young sent a short questionnaire to her TV hero – **William Hartnell**, aka Doctor Who! Now, for the first time, we present the First Doctor's own views on making the series. Ever wondered which was his favourite story? Find out here ...

36 HEAVY METAL

Camden has some unusual visitors (even by its own standards!) as **The Flood** continues ...

REGULARS

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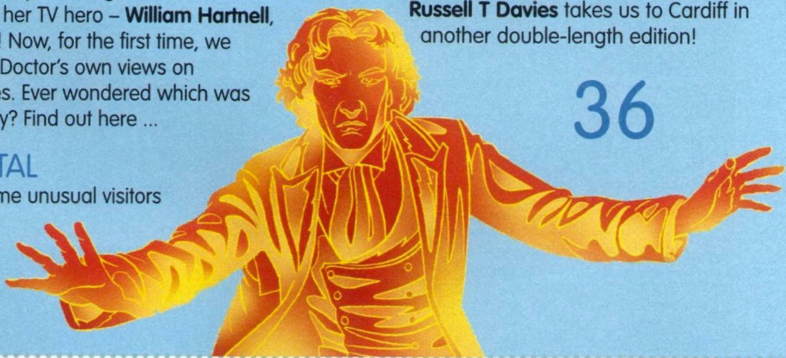
Russell T Davies takes us to Cardiff in another double-length edition!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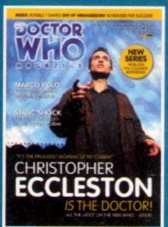

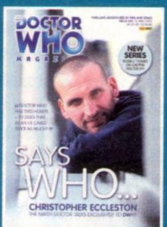

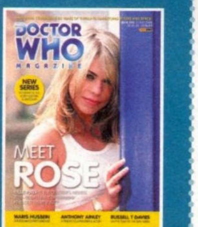

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GALLIFREY GUARDIAN

DOCTOR WHO 2005 SERIES

A BBC Wales production for BBC One

REGULAR CAST

The Doctor **Christopher Eccleston**

Rose Tyler **Billie Piper**

CREDITS

Executive Producers **Mal Young, Julie Gardner, Russell T Davies**

Producer **Phil Collinson**

Director (Block One) **Keith Boak**

Director (Block Two) **Euros Lyn**

Director of Photography **Ernest Vincze**

Script Editors **Helen Raynor, Elwen Rowlands**

Casting Director **Andy Pryor**

Production Designer **Edward Thomas**

Concept Designer **Bryan Hitch**

Costume Designer **Lucinda Wright**

Visual Effects **MillTv**

Visual Effects Supervisor **David Houghton**

Make-Up **Davy Jones**

Special Make-Up and Prosthetics **Neill Gorton**

Models/Miniatures **Mike Tucker**

EPISODES

Episode 1
Rose by Russell T Davies

Episode 2
The End of the World by Russell T Davies

Episode 3
TBA by Mark Gatiss

Episode 4
Aliens of London – Part 1 by Russell T Davies

Episode 5
Aliens of London – Part 2 by Russell T Davies

Episode 6
TBA by Robert Shearman

Episode 7
The Long Game by Russell T Davies

Episode 8
TBA by Paul Cornell

Episode 9
TBA – Part 1 by Steven Moffat

Episode 10
TBA – Part 2 by Steven Moffat

Episode 11
TBA by Russell T Davies

Episode 12
The Parting of the Ways – Part 1 by Russell T Davies

Episode 13
The Parting of the Ways – Part 2 by Russell T Davies

13 x 45-minute episodes for broadcast on BBC One in 2005. Day and timeslot TBC. All titles are subject to change.

NEW SERIES SHOOTING GETS UNDERWAY ON THE 2005 SEASON OF DOCTOR WHO

ACTION STATIONS!

A mere 3070 days since principal photography wrapped on the last full television episode of *Doctor Who*, (for the TV Movie on 21 February 1996), and 5351 days since Sylvester McCoy recorded his final lines for *Survival* on 23 November 1989, cameras finally started rolling to record new adventures for the Doctor. The first scene was recorded on Sunday 18 July 2004 in Cardiff (Episode 4, Scene 21 for fact fans), with shooting on Episodes 1, 4 and 5 continuing as we went to press. Tuesday 20 July's edition of BBC Wales local news show *Wales Today*, featured a five-minute slot devoted to the new series. The show was the first time Christopher Eccleston and Billie Piper had appeared publicly in costume as the Doctor and Rose. Eccleston was wearing a dark leather jacket and trousers with a black V-necked sweater. Piper wore dark blue baggy jeans and a pink casual top. On the programme, Eccleston said, "in the past, each actor's made specific choices about their costume and I've made mine." Piper commented, "We're trying to create something new, with the essence of the old *Doctor Who*, but it's more contemporary ... times have moved on and we're going to give it a different approach." Next issue we hope to talk to costume designer Lucinda Wright about dragging the Doctor into the 21st century.

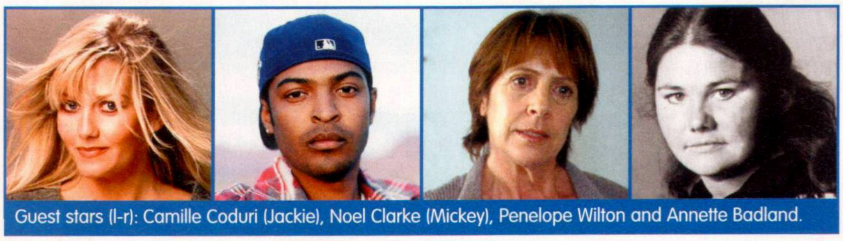
The end segment of the *Wales Today* programme saw executive producer Russell T Davies talking live to presenter Rebecca John. When asked what the production team was doing at the Howell's department store in Cardiff, Davies replied, "It's a very exciting scene in the very first three minutes of Episode 1, where an ordinary department store turns out to be something far more sinister. And that's all I can give away!" He also said that Cardiff was to be used for 95% of the series, confirming, "we're going to use Cardiff as London, we're going to use Cardiff as Cardiff, we've got Doctor Who episodes set in Cardiff, which is a marvellous thing, and we're going to be representing the 1860s, and all sorts of different periods throughout history ..." When asked why he thought people love *Doctor Who* so much, Davies replied, "Because it's the best idea ever invented in the history of the world! I really think so. I love it."

CHRISTOPHER ECCLESTON
Doctor Who
BILLIE PIPER
Doctor's Companion

UK newspapers were quick to report on the start of filming, with both the *Daily Star* and *Daily Mirror* running stories about the return of the Autons on July 23. The *Mirror*'s report was accompanied with pictures of two mannequins on-set, stating that "Doctor Who is to come face to face again with the killer shop dummies sent packing in the 1970s by Jon Pertwee." The next day the paper printed a photograph of the new Police Box prop with the headline 'The TARDIS Has Landed'. Filming moved to London for the week beginning Sunday 25 July, with scenes around the Embankment and the London Eye attracting more press interest [see cutting on facing page]. **DWM** has, of course, been on-set for the recording of the series, and we're looking forward to providing readers with the best possible coverage of the show in the coming months.

EXCLUSIVE! THE BBC REVEALS THE GUEST CAST FOR DOCTOR WHO'S FIRST BLOCK

MEET JACKIE AND MICKEY!



Guest stars (l-r): Camille Coduri (Jackie), Noel Clarke (Mickey), Penelope Wilton and Annette Badland.

The BBC has announced that the role of Rose's mother, Jackie Tyler, will be played by Camille Coduri. The 38-year-old actress has recently appeared in TV series such as *England Expects* (2004); *William and Mary* (2004); *Family* (2003); and *Trial and Retribution VI* (2002). Perhaps her best-known role came in 1990, when she played Faith Thomas in the movie *Nuns on the Run*. Producer Phil Collinson said: "Once we'd cast Billie Piper as Rose, it was vital to get the casting of her mother exactly right. Jackie is a lively character, and Camille captured that from the moment she walked into the room. She and Billie clicked instantly, which was wonderful to see. Camille's had a baptism of fire on *Doctor Who* – we've been filming for two days with her, and she's already been screaming and running from danger! She's started calling herself a '*Who Girl*'."

The part of Rose's boyfriend Mickey will be played by Noel Clarke. The 28-year-old, best known for his role of Wyman Norris in *Auf Wiedersehan Pet*, has appeared in the films *The Last Angel* (2002); *Licks* (2002); and *I'll Sleep When I'm Dead* (2003). He also won the 2003 Laurence Olivier Theatre Award for Most Promising Newcomer for his role in *Where Do We Live* at the Royal Court Theatre. Phil Collinson said: "Casting Mickey was perhaps the hardest part of all – we must have auditioned hundreds of young men! It was vital to get his relationship with Rose, and the Doctor, exactly right. But within days, Noel was our one and only choice. He brings Mickey to life, and gives the character so much wit and energy. We had to alter our filming schedule to accommodate Noel's filming dates for *Auf Weidersehen Pet* – that's how much we wanted him! I know Billie's delighted with the casting too, and we can't wait to get them on camera together. Now that we've got the components of Rose's home life into place – her mother and her boyfriend – we can really see the series come together. Don't worry, this isn't a soap version of *Doctor Who* – we're still battling aliens and saving the world! But we hope actors of this quality will give Rose a proper background. She has a life! And we're still developing scripts for later in the series, so perhaps there's the potential for Rose to return home one day, and to see how things have changed without her."

Other roles in the first block will be played by Penelope Wilton OBE and Annette Badland. Wilton is, of course, one of the UK's most distinguished faces on stage and screen, perhaps best known as Anne Bryce in 1980s sitcom *Ever Decreasing Circles*. Her extensive list of movie credits include *Shaun of the Dead* (2004); *Calendar Girls* (2003); *Carrington* (1995); and *Clockwise* (1986). She also appeared in the 1986 series *The Monocled Mutineer* opposite Paul McGann. Russell T Davies told **DWM** how pleased he was about Wilton's casting: "It's an absolute honour to welcome an actor of Penelope's standing onto *Doctor Who*. We couldn't have hoped for better. I worked with Penelope on an ITV1 series, *Bob & Rose*, and after that, I made a solemn pledge to try to work with her on everything I ever do! This part in *Doctor Who* was written specially for her – I'm just glad, and immensely grateful, that she was available to come on board! Thanks to our casting director, Andy Pryor, we're getting the best possible cast to launch *Doctor Who* into the 21st century. I just can't wait to see Penelope standing alongside Chris and Billie. What a combination!"

Annette Badland also has an extensive film and TV career, and has appeared in TV series such as *Cutting It* (2002-present); *Poirot: Five Little Pigs* (2003); *The Gentleman Thief* (2002); *The Lost Empire* (2001); *A Christmas Carol* (1999); *Gulliver's Travels* (1996); and *Bergerac* (1981-84). Phil Collinson told us: "I've worked with Annette on *Born and Bred*, and it's a great personal delight to welcome her back on set. She's one of the UK's finest actresses, with work ranging from Tony Marchant's seminal *Holding On*, to the outrageous plotting of Debbie Horsefield's *Cutting It*. Casting of this quality raises the bar for the whole series."

Finally, the BBC's political editor Andrew Marr will have a small role as himself in one episode, as revealed in 28 July's *Daily Telegraph*.

EXCLUSIVE! DIRECTOR FOR SECOND BLOCK REVEALED

NEW RECRUITS!

The director for Block Two, which comprises the season's second episode *The End of the World* and Mark Gatiss' as-yet untitled Episode 3, is Euros Lyn [right]. Lyn has previously directed episodes of the BBC's hospital drama *Casualty*, as well as *Cutting It* (2004); *Belonging III* (2002); *"Pam Fi Duw?"* (1997); and the movie *Sunday Stories* (1997). Phil Collinson said: "We aimed to have Euros on board, right from the start of production. He's proving himself to be a remarkable new talent in directing. Already, he's handled epic material, such as the massive, ratings-winning *Casualty* train-crash episode, and wonderful character drama, with BBC One's *Cutting It*, and the award-winning BBC Wales production *Belonging*, for which Euros won the BAFTA Cymru Director's Award. He's also worked with British TV drama's most radical independent company, Red Productions, on the forthcoming *Jane Hall's Big Bus Rise* for ITV1. Furthermore, Euros is a Welsh-speaker, based in Cardiff, and BBC Wales is delighted to be encouraging such exceptional home-grown talent."

It has also been announced that Ernest Vincze is the director of photography for the first block of filming. Among his other credits is last year's supernatural series *Sea of Souls* on which he worked with Phil Collinson. Other projects he has worked on include *Linda Green* (2001); *The Strangerers* (2000); *Holby City* (1999); *Shooting the Past* (1999); *Heavy Weather* (1995); *Jeeves and Wooster* (1990); and, going right back to 1974, *Got it Made* – a film which starred future Romana, Lalla Ward.

MillTv's David Houghton [right] has been confirmed as the series' Visual Effects Supervisor. David spoke to **DWM**, saying "It's 25 years since I first picked up your magazine and now, finally, I get to be in it! I thought that I'd had my shot at *Doctor Who* when I got to do the digital effects on [1999 *Comic Relief* spoof] *The Curse of Fatal Death*, making up the planet from my holiday stills of Egypt and compositing all the other effect shots. When the new series was announced, I was excited just at the thought of seeing it. When I read Phil was going to produce it, I realised we might get a look in at doing the visual effects, as we'd worked with him on *Sea of Souls*, doubling up Siobhan Redmond in the first couple of episodes.

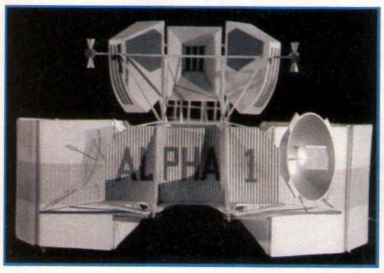
Dr Who's world of leather

NEW: Doc and Billie

"As visual effects supervisor on *Doctor Who*, I will be advising the production on how to shoot the multitude of shots to which Computer Graphics (CG) or live action elements are to be added, and then overseeing the work back at the Mill. So far we've put together a great team of 3D artists and compositors, most of whom have just finished working on the latest *Harry Potter* movie. Our job is to add a scale to the settings – whether they are in the past present or future, on Earth or in outer space – that was previously unattainable, and to add a fluidity to the movement of aliens not possible with a man in a suit. And what about all those disembodied alien intelligences? What will they look like?

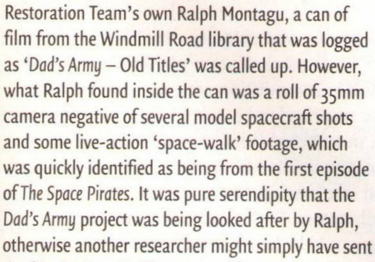
"On a technical note we will be creating most of our 3D models in Maya and compositing on Flame and Shake. We await the big push with bated breath!"

PIRATES TREASURE!



About 90 seconds of film from the missing 1969 serial *The Space Pirates* has been discovered by the BBC's Restoration Team. The Team's Steve Roberts explains: "During remastering of the first two series of *Dad's Army* for DVD release, supervised by the Restoration Team's own Ralph Montagu, a can of film from the Windmill Road library that was logged as '*Dad's Army* – Old Titles' was called up. However, what Ralph found inside the can was a roll of 35mm camera negative of several model spacecraft shots and some live-action 'space-walk' footage, which was quickly identified as being from the first episode of *The Space Pirates*. It was pure serendipity that the *Dad's Army* project was being looked after by Ralph, otherwise another researcher might simply have sent the film back to the library – and it was just a genuine coincidence, however unlikely it sounds!"

The footage will appear on November's *Lost in Time* DVD set.



EXCLUSIVE! DETAILS OF BIG FINISH'S 2005 OUTPUT REVEALED

NEW AUDIOS

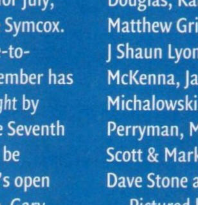
Big Finish's Gary Russell has given **DWM** some exclusive news about next year's *Doctor Who* audio releases. Following January's *Game Time* and February's *The Juggernauts* [previously reported in **DWM** 343], will be March's Seventh Doctor adventure *Dreamtime* by Simon Forward. April's release is currently untitled but features the Fifth Doctor and is written by Colin Brake. May sees the release of a Sixth Doctor story, *The Time Sprite* by Alison Lawson, while the previously-announced Seventh Doctor, Ace and Hex story *Dead Man's Hand* by John Ostrander, has now moved back to June. Another Fifth Doctor story, *The Council of Nicea*, is pencilled in for July, and will be written by Caroline Symcox.

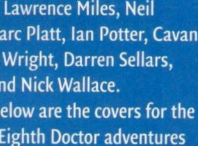
In other news, the exclusive-to-subscribers release due in December has been confirmed as *Her Final Flight* by Julian Shortman. Featuring the Seventh Doctor, this story is the first to be commissioned from Big Finish's open submissions policy. Meanwhile, Gary Russell has also confirmed that actress Mary Tamm will be reprising her role as Romana in the first story of *Gallifrey* Season Two [see last issue's *Gallifrey Guardian* for more on the new *Gallifrey* series].

It has been confirmed that Geoffrey Bayldon, who played the Doctor in last year's *Auld Mortality*, a *Doctor Who: Unbound* play from Big Finish, is to reprise the role for a sequel. *Storm of Angels*, which like *Auld Mortality* is written by Marc Platt, will reunite Bayldon with Carole Ann Ford who will again be taking on the role of the Doctor's granddaughter, Susan. Directed by John Ainsworth, *Doctor Who: Unbound – Storm of Angels* will be released in November.

Finally, Big Finish has revealed the list of writers who will be contributing stories to December *Short Trips* collection, *A Christmas Treasury*, edited by Paul Cornell. The current (rather huge!) list of contibutors includes: Peter Adamson, Peter Anghelides, Paul Beardsley, Vanessa Bishop, Andy Campbell, Stephen Cole, Paul Condon, Martin Day, Terrance Dicks, Val Douglas, Karen Dunn, Stephen Fewell, Matthew Griffiths, Simon Guerrier, J Shaun Lyon, Steve Lyons, Juliet E McKenna, Jackie Marshall, Mark Michalowski, Lawrence Miles, Neil Perryman, Marc Platt, Ian Potter, Cavan Scott & Mark Wright, Darren Sellars, Dave Stone and Nick Wallace.

Pictured below are the covers for the forthcoming Eighth Doctor adventures *Faith Stealer*, available in October, and *The Last*, due for release in November.





OTHER NEWS...

DRAGON'S CLAW

DAVE GIBBONS
DOCTOR WHO
DRAGON'S CLAW

Dragon's Claw, the second graphic novel of collected comic strips from the pages of **DWM** 39-60, is due for release in late September, priced £14.99. Once again the strips have been painstakingly restored to their former glory by our very own Peri Godbold.

DAVROS BACK ON TRIAL

Charity group Hyde Fundraisers is to re-stage *The Trial of Davros*, a play first put on in 1993, in which Davros is put on trial for the destruction caused by the Daleks. Terry Molloy is to replace the late Michael Wisher as Davros in this version, which will raise funds for the BBC's *Children in Need* and the NSPCC. Specially filmed sequences will be included as 'evidence' to be shown as part of the show on 16 July 2005. Big Finish's Gary Russell is due to direct the play. More information can be found at *www.hydefundraisers.co.uk/davros.htm*

EMPIRE OF GLASS

The next novel to be presented as a BBCi ebook will be *The Empire of Glass* – Andy Lane's 1995 *Missing Adventure* featuring the First Doctor, Vicki and Steven. With illustrations provided by Mike Nicholson, the ebook is scheduled to be online from the end of September.

WHO'S INFLUENTIAL

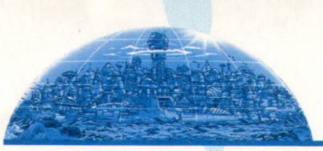
Doctor Who was recently voted by television industry newspaper *Broadcast* as one of the 50 most influential television shows of all time. The panel of judges, which included new series executive producer Mal Young, was looking to find the 50 television series "that had helped invent or reinvent genres and set the standards for those that came after them." 33 of the 50 shows were made by the BBC.

DRAMA KINGS

Several *Doctor Who* names made it into the *Radio Times'* recent list to find the 50 most powerful people in British television drama today. The list included executive producers Mal Young and Russell T Davies at numbers 9 and 17 respectively, while current Doctor Christopher Eccleston ranked at 19th place. Actor Martin Clunes, who appeared as Lon in 1983's *Snakedance*, was the highest *Doctor Who* name on the list, though, coming in at number 8.

AVENGERS FILES

DWM Consultant and *Archive* writer Andrew Pixley has completed a book on 1960s spy series *The Avengers*. Published by Reynolds and Hearn, *The Avengers Files* should – in theory! – be in the shops from 15 August priced £15.99. The ISBN is 1-903111-74-9.



GALLIFREY **GUARDIAN** EXTRA!

DESIGNING DOCTOR WHO

NEILL GORTON

Special make-up and prosthetics for the new series are **Neill Gorton**'s responsibility – **DW**M caught up with this enthusiastic monster-maker ...

The Zygons: still admired by Neill 30 years on. Inset: One of Neill's own creations from **Space Precinct**. © Gorton Studios

Hello Neill! You're in charge of 'special make-up and prosthetics' on the new series of *Doctor Who* – can you explain what that job entails?
My main job is to build the creatures – whether they're new characters or updating old characters. This may involve a subtle prosthetic or a major creature costume with animatronics. It may also involve robotic characters.

Does your job include what might be termed 'regular' make-up – the sort that any actor might need before appearing on television – or does that fall into another category? Do you have a team of people working with you?
We're very lucky to have Davy Jones heading up the team doing the regular make-up. Davy is a brilliantly accomplished prosthetic make-up artist himself so there'll be a certain crossover between our departments. At the moment I have quite a large and brilliant team working on the show as we've only recently started. I'm the overall designer but I have two terriffic supervisors, Stuart Bray and Rob Mayor, who are heading up alternate episodes. Stu and Rob have worked with me on films such as *Saving Private Ryan*, *Gladiator* and *From Hell*, and individually they've worked on such films as *Harry Potter*, *The Mummy* and *King Arthur*. They have a crew each which currently numbers 18 technicians. This will drop off later in the run when we have less to build.

Are you solely responsible for the design of the new monsters, or does the production designer and/or the costume designer also have input?
The design of the monsters really starts with the script writers. I then interpret what they have writen into a visual and then pass that around. Generally it's Russell T Davies who has the final say on the look of things, but I'm open to input from everyone.

> **"It still blows me away just how well-designed the Zygons were. They were a major triumph for the show."** NEILL GORTON

You've already worked on several programmes with a science-fiction or fantasy flavour – *Red Dwarf*, *The Tenth Kingdom* and *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*. How have these prepared you for the task of creating the gruesome creatures waiting to meet the Doctor and Rose?
Ah, but what's to say they're all going to be gruesome?! One thing the creatures in this series will be is diverse. That's one of the reasons I wanted to do this programme. I think the thing that has prepared me most for this is having worked across the broadest possible spectrum of projects over my 18-year career. One minute I'll be designing creatures for a blockbuster such as *Tomb Raider* and the next day I'm making a premature baby for *Emmerdale*! It doesn't matter how big or small the project is percieved to be, it will always get done to the best of my ability.

Can you tell us about some of your creations for other shows and films of which you are most proud? What has been the biggest challenge?
It would be hard to single out just one job as I am proud of them all, but often for varied reasons. My favourite at the moment is *Doctor Who* of course! This comes with its own set of challenges, not least making sure that nothing I do upsets the fans and gets me lynched – I've seen what gets written on web forums!

NEW SERIES

Without giving away any secrets of the new *Doctor Who* scripts, can you tell us if there are particular moments that you're relishing bringing to life?
I think the thing I was most looking forward to was day one of filming. I got to be there, as an animatronic creature of ours played a central role that day. And, thank God, everything went well. I think the whole production had their hearts in their mouths that day. We'd been planning it for months and talking about it, but to finally be standing there, surounded by the team you're going to work with for the next six months, and seeing Chris 'being' the Doctor, and those scripts finally coming to life ... I can't tell you how great a feeling it was to finally be a part of creating *Doctor Who*.

You told us last issue about how you grew up watching Tom Baker's Doctor – with your creature designer hat on, what do you think were some of the triumphs of the series in the past?
I think the major triumph was the sheer ingenuity that went into some of the work. Some of the designs were fantastic for their day and still hold up now. Things like the Sontarans are a fabulously creepy design – though they may have suffered a little from budget and technical constraints, the design was brilliant. And the Zygons! It still blows me away how well designed they were. I know how difficult it is to build full body creature suits like that. They were a major triumph.

How do you think the make-up and prosthetic techniques used in television today have changed? What is it possible for *Doctor Who* to achieve now, that it wouldn't have been able to in the past?
You only have to look at TV shows like *Buffy* and *Farscape* to see how far the technology has come. Also, a lot of it is down to directors and producers being more aware of this kind of work and of how much it can bring to a show like *Doctor Who*. The basic techniques we use have really changed very little, it's just the cost and quality of the materials that have made it more accessible to television.

Does the advent – and ubiquity – of CGI make your job easier? Or do you and your 'physical' creatures find yourself in competition with computer effects?
You may be surprised to hear that I love CGI when it's done well. In some areas it has made my job a lot easier. The guys at The Mill are fantastic and we have a really good relationship. We're not competitors – we're collaborators. Both of us know when to say something would be better done by the other. I'm incredibly excited about the working relationship we have on this, because they're giving me more tools to play with by solving problems that might have previously limited my imagination – and the same applies in reverse. That's one of the great things about the production team on *Doctor Who*, all of us – FX, models, props, production design, CGI – are working as a team because we want to make this *fantastic*.

And finally, Neill, can you give us one specific ambition that you have for the new series?
That I want to finish it without getting lynched by the fans! I really *am* a little scared you know ... DWM

"I DON'T CALL POKING AROUND IN EMPTY GRAVES A PARTICULARLY HEALTHY PURSUIT FOR A GROWN MAN..."

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EDITOR'S **LETTER**

I know, I know. Really, I know what you're thinking. You're all really excited that Mark Eden has finally made the cover of **DWM** after 40 years, aren't you?

Well, no. You're probably not. You think we're mad, don't you? Like us, you were probably expecting a lovely glamorous shot of Chris Eccleston and Billie Piper, in costume, in front of the TARDIS, setting pulses a-fluttering countrywide. After all, as I write this, and as you read this, *Doctor Who* is back in production, so surely **DWM** should be stuffing itself full of behind-the-scenes shots, and spreading the word from every front cover, yes?

Well, we'd like to. But we haven't got any pictures yet.

Close your mouths. Yes I know that the internet is awash with grainy, phone-camera shots of Billie near a bus, and the tabloids have already gone wild over Doctor Chris' is-it-black-or-is-it-brown leather jacket. But none of those photos have been approved by the BBC, so **DWM** can't have them.

You see, we're what they call a licensed magazine, so we ultimately answer to the BBC for our content. It's a swings-and-roundabouts set-up at times like this – I'm sure all of the 'independent' sci-fi mags will be gorging on the Happy Snaps of watching fans – but what we currently lack pictorially, we're making up for in news exclusives, solid facts and Russell T Davies' very wonderful *Production Notes*.

> "What we lack pictorially, we are making up for in facts"

The BBC Drama Press Office is being more helpful than we could ever have hoped in getting **DWM** full access to the production, the BBC Wales *Doctor Who* office has been monumentally supportive, and as the filming continues we're building up a wonderful archive of material that will keep **DWM** full – and you lot satisfied – for the whole of next year.

We've been granted unprecedented access to the shooting – the usually unflappable Benjamin Cook texted me at 1am the other day, just because he was so excited to see Billie Piper being chased by ... well, you'll find that out next year – and so we're all terribly pleased.

But that still leaves us with a *Marco Polo* cover, and we're sorry. It's a great picture, yes, but really not what you were hoping for at this exciting time.

Maybe next month, eh? And then every month thereafter. Patience is a virtue, and we at **DWM** are going to make damn sure that you're rewarded for it. Trust us – it's gonna be *great* ...

Clay

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(marked 'DWMail' in the subject line)

DWMAIL

So it looks like we'll have to get by with no appearance from the Daleks in the new series. But are we downhearted? It seems not ...

DEATH TO THE DALEKS?

I'd like to cast a word over this recent news about the Daleks by simply saying, *Doctor Who* doesn't need the Daleks, the Daleks need *Doctor Who*! I'd like to dispel all this rubbish about them not appearing being "unthinkable" by saying "Seasons 13-16." You know, generally regarded to be the best and most successful? I for one am not at all bothered they won't be appearing.

DOMINIC FELLOWS E-MAIL

So, efforts to feature the Daleks in the next TV series have stalled over rights costs and editorial issues (whatever they may be). Well, I guess we had to have some bad news somewhere along the line! Now we must hope that negotiations can be resumed soon and a resolution found which will be satisfactory to everyone. I'm sure the new season will still seem very fresh and interesting, even without them. There's an awful lot else happening, so the Daleks will hardly be missed. Roll on 2005!

SEAN GIBBONS E-MAIL

Best of luck to the new production team at BBC Wales who, I am confident, can create a new alien race that can fire the imagination of today's audience, as much as the Daleks did all those years ago.

STEPHEN ALEXANDER REED

SIGN OF THE TIMES

First, I wanted to say how great it is that, after an an incredible 15 years without regular new *Doctor Who* on the BBC, **DWM** is still here to herald the launch of a new BBC series. It's especially good to see that at this time **DWM** is publishing some very important articles on the historical context of the show's production. *The Accidental Tourist* and *Scheduled for Success* have been remarkable.

What the likes of Daniel O'Mahony and (especially) Andrew Pixley have written confirms my view that the major cause of the original show's decline and fall was not a BBC conspiracy (does anyone over the age of 14 still believe that rubbish?), but a failure on the part of the show to adapt and change to its surroundings.

By the early 1980s, the idea of the studio-based, multi-camera, videotaped drama was dying a death. As for half-hour drama slots, these became confined to soaps and children's TV. And yet, *Doctor Who* continued to be made in largely the same way in an age that had simply passed it by. So when I see people complaining that *Doctor Who* isn't being made in the same way now, I say a firm "Good!" The world has moved on, for better or worse. The new show must be able to stand comparison with today's top programmes.

TREVOR SMITH PETERBOROUGH

A FITTING TRIBUTE

I had to say thanks very much to Mark Wyman for his tribute to Anthony

Ainley [**DWM** 345]. The piece gave an insight into Anthony's life that Anthony himself probably felt unable to given to his public.

I'd corresponded with Anthony for several years and re-read a lot of his letters after reading Mark's tribute, as Mark's words struck a chord that seemed to be echoed through Anthony's own hand. His letters were full of wit and charm and used endless wordplay. He was fiercely proud of his cricket, tennis and his role in *Doctor Who* – but always wanted, in his own words, 'to be an enigma'.Thanks again for the fantastic tribute, it brought a lump to my throat. To use one of Anthony's own acronyms, slightly changed by me in his honour – Tony Ainley Really Did It Successfully!

JANET ADKINS BEDFORD

Just a short note to thank you for presenting such a superb and fitting obituary to the late, great Anthony Ainley. I finally got to meet Mr Ainley at last year's Destiny convention in Northampton, where he was as enthusiastic, funny, dedicated and entertaining as ever. Ainley's passing marks a sad and significant loss in the *Doctor Who* world and he will be sorely missed.

ALEX STORER E-MAIL

THE FORGOTTEN PIONEER

Many thanks for the excellent issue 345 – the magazine just seems to go from strength to strength. My particular favourite element of this issue was the superb interview with Waris Hussein. I can not recall ever reading or hearing an interview with the forgotten man who helped to start it all, but it was certainly worth the wait. We are all very familiar with Verity Lambert's stories about 1963, but Waris managed to put a different spin on it all. Reading this interview, it really is amazing to think how close the series probably came to never having been made at all ...

STEVE GRACE E-MAIL

WOO! WE'RE SEXY!

Wow! When I picked up **DWM** 345, I initially thought I'd picked up the wrong magazine. Thank heavens *Doctor Who* is becoming sexy again!

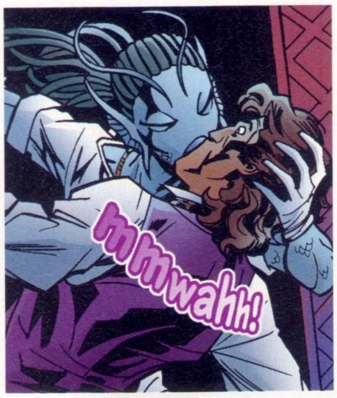
WAYNE THORLEY E-MAIL

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS

Loved the final part of *Sins of the Fathers* [**DWM** 345]! I've always been a fan of Destrii and it was so great to see her joining the Doctor – and it was done so well, without compromising her character. That was the most ungratuitous snog ever seen in *Doctor Who*! There's something about a boisterous, mardy fish-girl that appeals to me. The Doctor's description of her as a 'hellion' is spot-on.

The comic strip is virtually the only medium where *Doctor Who* can *show* us an alien companion (well, until 2005, when who knows what'll happen!) and I look forward to seeing how the Doctor and Destrii get on. What happens, though, when they bump into someone who met Izzy when she was wearing Destrii's body? Some interesting story implications there ...! And I'm *really* looking forward to the eventual showdown with Jodafra ...

NICK WALTERS BRISTOL



UN-FOURGETTABLE

May I give particular thanks for your most recent special edition [*The Complete Fourth Doctor Volume One*] to the unsung hero of these publications: Philip MacDonald. His insightful and original profiles very much set the tone for the nostalgia-fest that follows, and convinced me that there remains sufficient food for thought on even the most discussed of eras.

So thank you, Philip, for reminding me – if that were ever needed – of the reasons I love this show so much in the first place.

SEAN ALEXANDER HOLYHEAD

Congratulations on the rather wonderful *The Complete Fourth Doctor Volume One* ... a great mixture of excellent articles and superb photographs. You've made an old fan very happy. Check out the photo at the top of page 67, though. Get a load of that Denis Lill, the saucy old goat! I'm surprised Louise Jameson didn't try to kill his head ...

PHILIP BRENNAN E-MAIL

Your *Complete Fourth Doctor* Special was outstanding and made me want to go back and rewatch many of the stories. However, I have a point to make – which perhaps only Gary Russell touched upon – that although many viewers liked Tom Baker, others were less than charmed. My two grandads, who had watched since 1963 were turned off by his characterisation; and my cousins and school pals reckoned he was far too weird/ugly/silly with his big eyes, long scarf and jelly babies. While I would never deny Baker's brilliance, I can't say I warmed to him, even though I met him in 1978 through a competition in the local rag. All these years later, I appreciate where Tom Baker was coming from, but would dispute the view that he eclipsed his predecessors.

PATRICK MULKERN E-MAIL

I've just got hold of a copy of *The Complete Fourth Doctor Volume One* and I thought it was high time I wrote to **DWM** to say a big thank you for producing this and all the other brilliant *Complete* Special Editions. But tell me, who comes up with the witty photo captions in the magazines? They never fail to make me laugh out loud - just ask my wife!

NIGEL SAWYER GEORGIA, USA

Um, *we* think them up – usually with seconds to spare before the magazine gets sent to print! Glad you like.

FEELING LOST

I'm a little bemused by the choice of the Christmas DVD release, *Lost in Time*. Why release a set of (mostly) unconnected episodes, when so many great complete stories have still not made it to DVD? If the Beeb wanted a bumper release, then why not the E-Space trilogy, or the Key to Time set?

In addition, this is very much a release aimed at hardcore fans. With the new series to follow not long after, it is a valuable chance wasted to promote it with the general public. Let's hope that early in 2005 we get *Genesis of the Daleks*, *The Silurians* etc – releases that have a far better chance of hooking the uninitiated.

STEVE ELSE BIRMINGHAM

Lost in Time is all very well, but when will we ever get *The Beginning* box set on DVD, all VidFIRE'd and marvellous? Come on Restoration Team! *Please?*

ANTHONY WILSHIRE DARTFORD

WE ALSO HEARD FROM ...

RORY FIVEASH ("Do you know if Andrew Pixley is available for children's parties? I really want to annoy my daughter who hates *Doctor Who*."); **CHAD MOORE** ("What's with Ness Bishop and her jabs at Deborah Watling in her recent reviews? What did my favourite Victorian orphan ever do to her?") and lots more. Keep it up!

IN DWM 348

HOUSE PARTY

Spooks and ghouls, freaks and fools – and something nasty in the cellar. No, it's not *Rentaghost*, it's something even more bizarre as **The Fact of Fiction** scratches the Victorian veneer of *Ghost Light*.

TRIAL AND ERRORS

Former *Doctor Who* script editor **Eric Saward** concludes his revealing interview with a look back at Colin Baker's troubled tenure – and his own resignation.

TIME TO GO

Scheduled for Success reaches its season finalé with a look at how the TV landscape has changed since *Doctor Who* left our screens in 1989 – and what hazards it will face in the cut-throat schedules of 2005 ...

RUNNING UP THAT HILL

The situation in London grows even more desperate for the Doctor and his friends as **The Flood** continues ...

PLUS

Russell T Davies takes us on location in another unmissable **Production Notes**! Costume designer **Lucinda Wright** speaks exclusively about the Doctor's new look! We reveal the winners and losers of the last 12 months as we present the results of **The DWM Awards**! **The Time Team** don a comedy fez as they visit the *Pyramids of Mars*! And all the best *Doctor Who* reviews, news and views around – plus a few surprises along the way ...

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COMING **UP...**

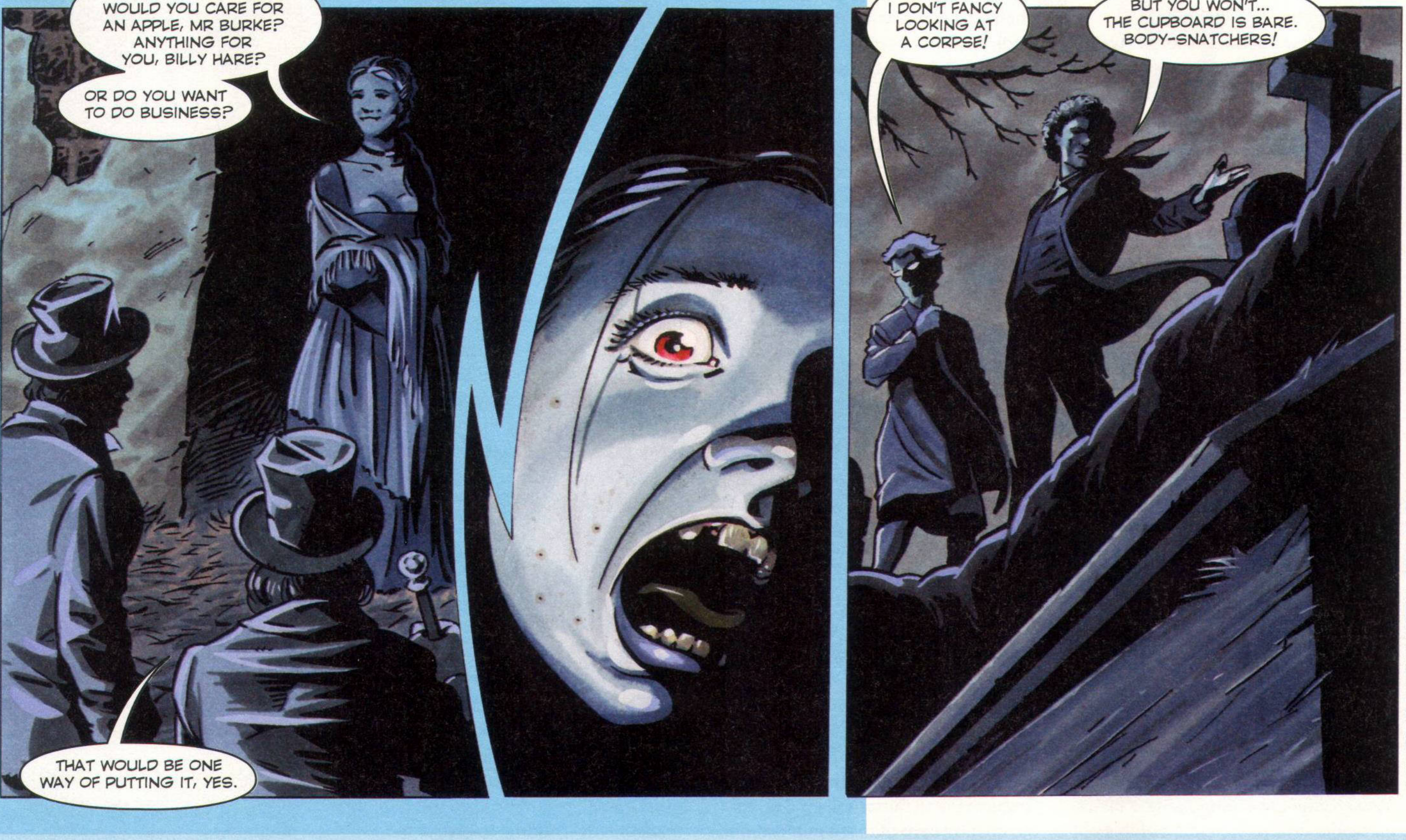

OH, IT'S YOU TWO. WOULD YOU CARE FOR AN APPLE, MR BURKE? ANYTHING FOR YOU, BILLY HARE?
OR DO YOU WANT TO DO BUSINESS?
THAT WOULD BE ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT, YES.
I DON'T FANCY LOOKING AT A CORPSE!
BUT YOU WON'T... THE CUPBOARD IS BARE. BODY-SNATCHERS!

ILLUSTRATION BY **MARTIN GERAGHTY**

MEDICINAL PURPOSES

AN AUDIO DRAMA BY **ROBERT ROSS** PREVIEW BY **MARK WYMAN**

COLIN BAKER IN
DOCTOR WHO
MEDICINAL PURPOSES
WITH LESLIE PHILLIPS AND MAGGIE STABLES AS EVELYN

RELEASED AUGUST 2004

Featuring The Sixth Doctor and Evelyn
Enemies Grave-robbers turned killers – and another Doctor ...
Setting Edinburgh, 1827
You'll like this if you like ... True crime stories, *Shallow Grave*, [Virgin *New Adventure*] *Birthright*, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, connections with *The Navy Lark*
Listen out for Recurring dialogue, but not in *Flip-Flop*'s style
Recorded 18-19 March 2004

The Doctor Colin Baker
Evelyn Smythe Maggie Stables
Doctor Robert Knox Leslie Phillips
Daft Jamie David Tennant
Mary Patterson Glenna Morrison
William Burke Kevin O'Leary
Billy Hare Tom Farrelly
Old Woman Janie Booth

Sound Design & Music David Darlington
Director Gary Russell

The TARDIS materialises in a dark, wintry city which the Doctor soon identifies as Edinburgh. He and Evelyn are visiting the late 1820s – heyday of the Scottish capital's notorious body snatchers, Burke and Hare. Despite their reputation for "hard drinking and cold-blooded murder" the Doctor is keen to meet the duo that indirectly aided medical research. While their client Doctor Knox is quite forthcoming about his scientific needs, Burke and Hare are apparently not working in tandem ...

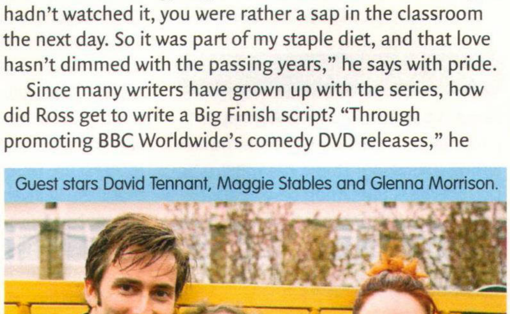
What other puzzling anomalies will become apparent in both our Doctor's historical knowledge, and in Doctor Knox's frame of reference? Why will the Time Lord become less relaxed about this historical detour? What is interfering with the experience of the citizens he and Evelyn have befriended? And will the Scotch mist clear in time to make the true threat apparent?

Medicinal Purposes is by Robert Ross, author of several non-fiction books on British TV and film icons. However, **DW**M can't spot any prior link between him and *Doctor Who*. "My only connection is being a fan!" confirms Ross cheerfully. "I've never written for it before. I was about five during Tom Baker's first season, and like any kid that age during the 1970s, I just fell in love with the show. I've stuck with it ever since, although I've never been a particular fan of the science-fiction genre."

What captivated the young Ross? "I suppose my little self was attracted to the monsters, but mostly I just loved the actors. I warmed to Tom Baker and, later, to Hartnell, Troughton, Pertwee ... I was watching loads of TV, being weaned on *Monty Python*, *Up Pompeii!*, all that stuff. It was a collective experience: if you watched *Doctor Who* in the 1970s, you watched *The Goodies* too. If you hadn't watched it, you were rather a sap in the classroom the next day. So it was part of my staple diet, and that love hasn't dimmed with the passing years," he says with pride.

Since many writers have grown up with the series, how did Ross get to write a Big Finish script? "Through promoting BBC Worldwide's comedy DVD releases," he

Guest stars David Tennant, Maggie Stables and Glenna Morrison.



"IT'S ABOUT BODY-SNATCHING ... NOT THE MOST PLEASANT SUBJECT!"

Robert Ross on the rather gruesome theme of his **Medicinal Purposes** script.

explains obliquely. "Professionally, my first book was *The Carry On Companion* in 1996 and subsequently I've done reference books on comedies like *Monty Python*, *The Goodies* and *Steptoe and Son*. Having got to know [publicity doyenne] Vicky Thomas at BBC Worldwide, I asked if she knew about getting a crack at writing for Big Finish. Other projects had always stopped me from sitting down to write scripts, but I wanted to try my hand at it."

"So I arranged lunch with [Big Finish's producer-director] Gary Russell and floated an idea which he liked. Revising it for different locations, we came up with Burke and Hare's Edinburgh." Was Ross always story-lining for a Sixth Doctor slot? "I actually asked to write for Colin Baker, because when he became the Doctor I was into my teens – that awkward age when you can almost go off it, and I was dwindling a bit during Peter Davison's time. Two reasons brought me back: Nicola Bryant, and then Colin. He was really good as the Doctor, and as has been said in this magazine many times, he was very badly treated." One of Big Finish's biggest triumphs has probably been in rehabilitating his Doctor … "Couldn't agree more," says Ross. "He's quite a complex Doctor and you can get away with showing some darker sides as Colin plays it so well."

Why this particular historical setting? "Well, it wasn't Burke and Hare originally. It was going to be about Jack the Ripper – and called *A Rip in Time*, folks – but as was pointed out, that's been done in the novels, and the recent film *From Hell*. But *Medicinal Purposes* has the same kind of chief protagonist against the good Doctor. Dr Knox would have been the Queen's surgeon in my Jack the Ripper story – and I'm cock-a-hoop that he's played by Leslie Phillips!" – a seminal star of the *Doctor* films, of course. "There's obviously murder, mystery and suspense, but the first thing on my notepad when I sat down was 'No jokes', because I'm known for comedy."

So it's a comedy-free story? "Actually, I couldn't help a little bit of humour," Ross concedes. "*Doctor Who* at its best had an old vaudeville, music-hall vein going through it. But this is about body snatching, and people are killed, so it's not the most pleasant subject! In Edinburgh there are Burke and Hare city walks: 'This is where they dug up X …' just as there are Jack the Ripper walks in London. I didn't know huge amounts about them previously – although it should be part of my culture, as I have a lot of Scots in me."

Let's whet some appetites: it's not a purely historical story. "It's not *The Aztecs* or *The Highlanders*, no … In most stories I watched, if it was set in the past, there was some meddling going on in the background. So *Medicinal Purposes* has lots of science-fiction underneath the historical context: that's the merest of hooks on which to hang a *Who* story. But Burke and Hare's characters are pretty much historically correct, and [in reality] Knox was a respected surgeon in Edinburgh. Daft Jamie and Mary Patterson are historical characters too."

> "IT'S VERY INTENSE WORK, BUT VERY WELL WRITTEN. IT'S BEEN TERRIFIC!"
>
> National treasure **Leslie Phillips** has clearly enjoyed his contribution to Doctor Who.

Two Doctors unite! Colin Baker (Doctor Who) and Leslie Phillips (Doctor Robert Knox).

How did Ross find scripting for audio, after specialising in non-fiction? "Bliss! I really enjoyed it, but I surprised myself by how quickly it jumped off the page. I love writing about *Hancock*, and *Carry On* people, but to write dialogue knowing Colin Baker will play it, and to get Leslie Phillips in too … it's a great honour." Did Ross bring Leslie to the project, through his *Carry On* connections? "Yes, in a way. The more I wrote for Knox, the more I thought, 'Leslie would be good at this'. In January I was moderating some DVD commentaries with Leslie. Now, Gary Russell had talked about trying to get Leslie in to do something for Big Finish. So I asked about mentioning any parts to him, and Gary said 'What about Knox?' Great idea! I'd already finished the script, and realised I'd almost written it for Leslie."

Medicinal Purposes was recorded a few weeks before Leslie Phillips's 80th birthday. He seems tired when **DWM** speaks to him, but has enjoyed the recording. "Yes, it's a lovely idea to have this tape – I believe the modern pronunciation is 'CD' – of *Doctor Who*. I've just finished my scenes, and it's been terrific. Colin Baker is playing the great role of Doctor Who himself, but I'm playing another Doctor – of a very different kind – so we clash. It's very intense work but very well written," Phillips continues. "I've always enjoyed radio and have spent a lot of my life in it – I think I'm on BBC Radio this afternoon in a one-man play. Television is all well and good, but the standard of Radio 4 is so fantastic."

Radio 4's longest-running sitcom, *The Navy Lark*, ran from 1959. It starred Phillips alongside Jon Pertwee – clearly a close friend. "What's sad, as you get older, is that so many people who you've worked with seem to pop off," says Phillips wistfully. "Jon, of course, I did *The Navy Lark* with for about 18 years. We had a very close unit. Jon was a very clever, multi-talented man and lovely to work with. We both had houses in Spain so we met a lot over there and had great fun with groups of actors and musicians. We used to have jolly evenings where I'd play the drums and Jon … well, he could play just about every instrument. He was quite extraordinary. I think I was the only one who did all 220 *Navy Lark* episodes, even during all the films I made, and it's still sold on tapes internationally."

Another *Medicinal Purposes* guest star is David Tennant, no stranger to Big Finish listeners. Is Tennant, who first appeared in *Colditz*, on a mission to work with as many Doctors as possible? "Well it would be nice, wouldn't it?" he smiles. "This is my second 'canonical' role, if I can use that phrase, but the fifth altogether." Indeed, he's worked with Arabella Weir and David Warner [on last year's *Unbounds*], had a cameo in webcast *Scream of the Shalka* and a recurring role in *Dalek Empire III* to boot. But this is new ground for Tennant. "It's the first time I've met Colin Baker, who's great fun. In *Medicinal Purposes* my character is known to everyone as Daft Jamie. Jamie's quite a sweet thing and would be nicer to have around than Colonel Brimmicombe-Wood from *Sympathy for the Devil*. He's not the full shilling, or as you might now say, he has severe learning difficulties. He's caught up in events but not aware of his natural significance in them." What about doing a story set on Tennant's home soil? "Well, I'm from the Glasgow area myself, rather than Edinburgh, so I'm slightly 'east coasting' it up! I didn't really know about people like Jamie being part of the legend … although I realised Burke and Hare were both Irish themselves!" the Scotsman points out.

We'll conclude with a disclaimer from the modest Ross. "I'm not a Rob Shearman, so I'm not trying to push the boundaries. Don't expect anything too deep or meaningful – this is my chance to do an old-fashioned Saturday afternoon style *Doctor Who* romp …"

TIME-PATH INDICATOR

AUGUST

SATURDAY 21

TV Doctor Who: Arc of Infinity by Johnny Byrne [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan] *UKTV Gold*

SUNDAY 22

TV Doctor Who: Snakedance by Christopher Bailey [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa and Tegan] *UKTV Gold*

ALSO THIS MONTH

Audio Drama Doctor Who: Medicinal Purposes by Robert Ross [Sixth Doctor and Evelyn] *Big Finish*

Audio Drama Dalek Empire III: Chapter 4 by Nicholas Briggs *Big Finish* £9.99

SEPTEMBER

SATURDAY 4

TV Doctor Who: Mawdryn Undead by Peter Grimwade [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

SUNDAY 5

TV Doctor Who: Terminus by Stephen Gallagher [Fifth Doctor, Nyssa, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

MONDAY 6

DVD Doctor Who: Ghost Light by Mark Platt [Seventh Doctor and Ace] *BBC Worldwide*

Novel Doctor Who: The Algebra of Ice by Lloyd Rose [Seventh Doctor and Ace] *BBC Books*

SATURDAY 11

TV Doctor Who: Enlightenment by Barbara Clegg [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

SUNDAY 12

TV Doctor Who: The King's Demons by Terence Dudley [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

THURSDAY 16

DWM Issue 348 on sale *Panini Comics* £3.40

SATURDAY 18

TV Doctor Who: Warriors of the Deep by Johnny Byrne [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

SUNDAY 19

TV Doctor Who: The Awakening by Eric Pringle [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

SATURDAY 25

TV Doctor Who: Frontios by Christopher H Bidmead [Fifth Doctor, Tegan and Turlough] *UKTV Gold*

SUNDAY 26

TV Doctor Who: The Twin Dilemma by Eric Saward [Sixth Doctor and Peri] *UKTV Gold*

ALSO THIS MONTH

BBC AUDIO
DOCTOR WHO
AT THE BBC
Volume 2

CD Doctor Who at the BBC Volume 2 [Archive clips from radio programmes] *BBC Audio*

Story Collection Doctor Who: Short Trips 9 – Monsters edited by Ian Farrington *Big Finish Books*

Audio Drama Doctor Who: Faith Stealer by Graham Duff [Eighth Doctor, Charley and C'rizz] *Big Finish*

Audio Drama Dalek Empire III: Chapter 5 by Nicholas Briggs *Big Finish* £9.99

Except where stated: BBC Books novels £5.99; BBC videos £12.99; BBC DVDs £19.99; BBC Radio Collection/Big Finish audios £13.99 [all double CD]. All prices quoted are RRP.

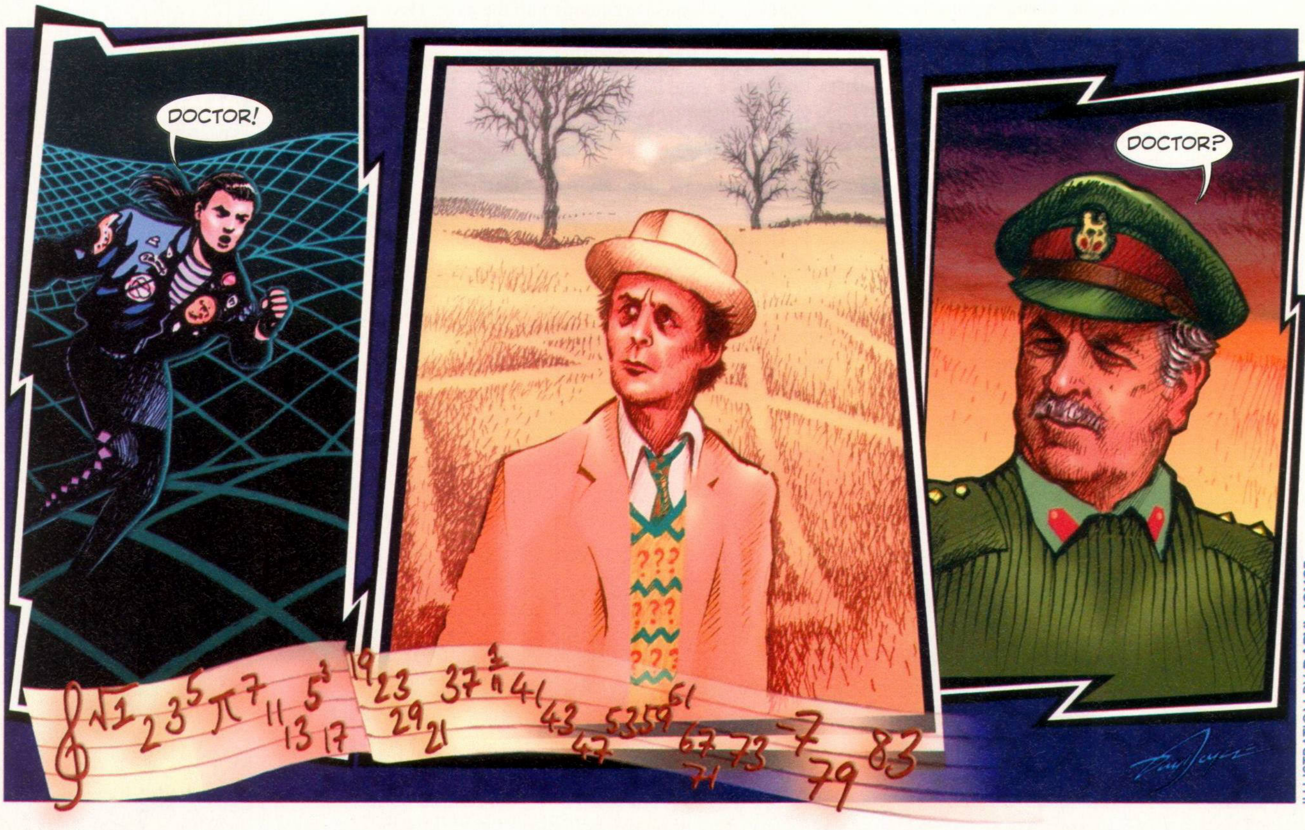

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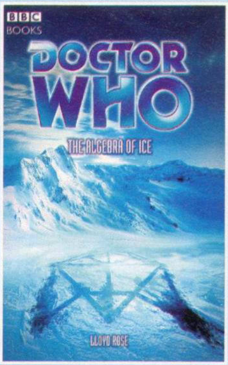
ILLUSTRATION BY **DARYL JOYCE**

THE ALGEBRA OF ICE

A NOVEL BY **LLOYD ROSE** PREVIEW BY **DAVID DARLINGTON**



PUBLISHED 2 AUGUST 2004

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Say What? "Oates would die soon, of course, as they all would. But not alone and in the frozen cold. A happy ending of sorts. Just not the right one."

"It's awfully nice to write something that gives people pleasure," admits Lloyd Rose of the praise her previous two *Doctor Who* novels have received. Her last novel, *Camera Obscura*, was voted by **DWM** readers as their favourite Eighth Doctor novel of 2002. "However, I have to accept that next time out, I may put people to sleep," Rose admits. "You write the book you can write, and it may or may not be enough for readers. *Camera Obscura* was a success for a confluence of reasons, some of which – such as that no one else particularly wanted to make the Doctor's lost heart the centre of a plot – were beyond my control. I knew at the time I'd never do anything like it again."

As before, though, she's been recommissioned fairly quickly. Might the reception afforded to her earlier books have something to do with that? "I think it's just the way the cards fell. *The Algebra of Ice* is descended from an idea for a Seventh Doctor novel that I was interested in writing a few years ago, but then the opportunity to do *Camera Obscura* came up. So after that I aimed for the next Seventh Doctor opening, and this is it."

Following in the footsteps of Kate Orman and Paul Cornell, BBC Books range consultant Justin Richards is the recipient of a dedication this time around. Just sucking up to the boss? "Justin's a terrific editor," Rose insists, "and I speak as one who knows from editors, having been at their mercy most of my professional life. He's the reason I pulled *The City of the Dead* into a story that could be published. I didn't think I could write for Ace, and wanted to get out of it somehow, but Justin gently and firmly told me that, though I might not realise it, *The Algebra of Ice* was Ace's story. And he turned out to be absolutely right. That kind of instinct is extremely rare, and I'm fortunate to be working with an editor who has it."

Further recipients of acknowledgement are all the contributors to the Virgin *New Adventures* range of books – the whole lot of them! And it's clear from even a cursory glance that *The Algebra of Ice* does indeed owe them a debt of influence. "The *New Adventures* brought me back to *Doctor Who*," Rose confirms. "They're the reason we're even having this interview. From the beginning I'd wanted to do a Seventh Doctor novel, because for me the *New Adventures* were the *Doctor Who* books. But at the time what were needed were Eighth Doctor books, so that's what I wrote. Then I became fond of the character and began to enjoy writing for him – partly because there were so many unknowns about him, he was still being defined.

"I had much less freedom writing for the Seventh Doctor, whose story is finished and can't be taken in new directions. He's been done brilliantly – in terms of being daunted, the NAs were a lot harder act to follow than my own books. I think the Eighth Doctor – partly because of McGann's poetic, rather spooky screen presence and partly because the character is still full of unknowns – lends himself more to mystery and atmosphere, dream and threat and all that. The Seventh Doctor knows who he is and where he stands in the world. He's active rather than exploratory, and has a drier, less romantic sensibility, so the novel ended up like that too. I was a bit surprised myself, but there it was..."

"I DIDN'T THINK I COULD WRITE FOR ACE, BUT **THE ALGEBRA OF ICE** IS ACE'S STORY."

Lloyd Rose explains how her editor's' advice on writing for Ace helped shape her latest novel.

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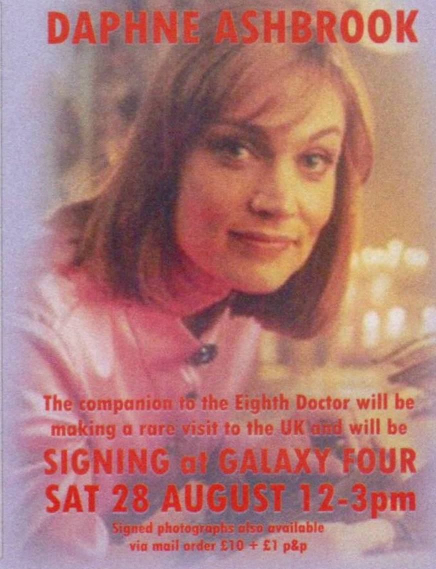

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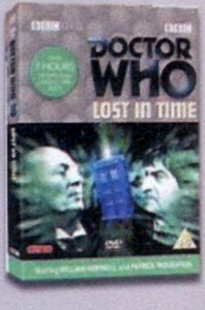

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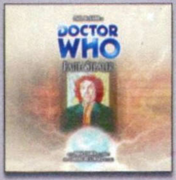

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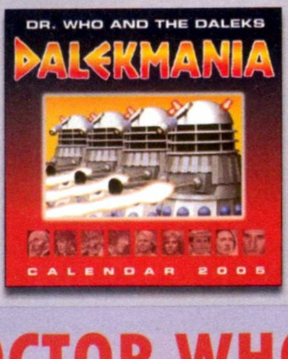

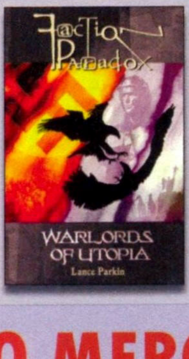

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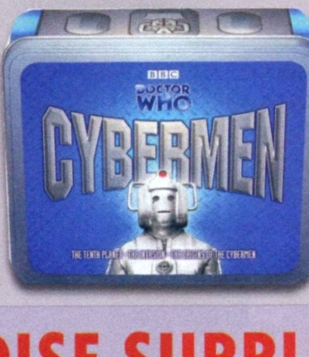

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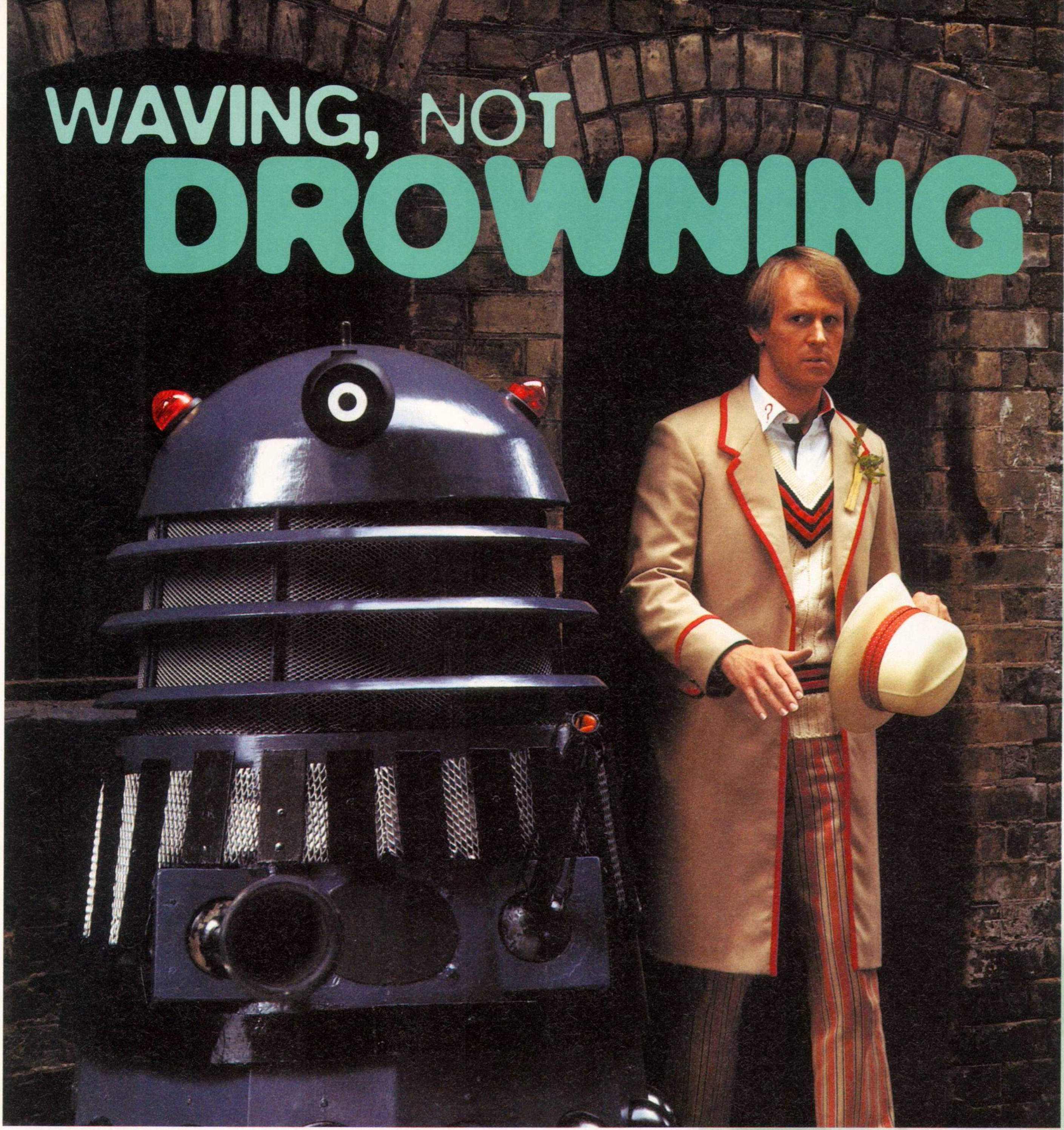


There should have been another way! In the second part of his revealing interview, former script editor **Eric Saward** reveals the worst episode ever (apparently it's one of his!) and tells us why some writers are better than others. Just don't mention shape-changing robots…

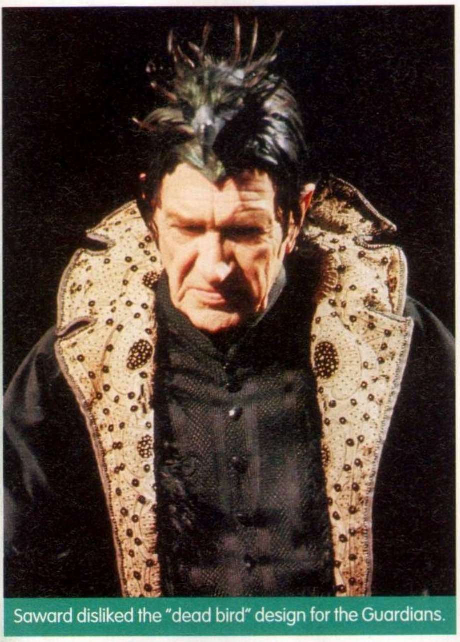
INTERVIEW BY **RUSSELL COOK** ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY **BENJAMIN COOK**

Here's a thing: between 1982 and 1986, Eric Saward script-edited 27 *Doctor Who* serials, no less than 17 of which relied on the return of characters from the series' past. The Cybermen, the Sea Devils, the Silurians, the Sontarans, the Daleks and Davros, the Master, the Black and White Guardians, Omega, the Time Lords, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, even previous incarnations of the Doctor came back for more. Were these characters gluttons for punishment? Or had the production team simply run out of ideas? "I certainly think an element of that crept in," acknowledges Eric. "In my time, we didn't have that many new monsters. We had Sil, the Terileptils, the Mara, the Malus in *The Awakening*, the Tractators …" Don't forget the Gastropods! "I wouldn't exactly call a giant slug a monster," he smiles. "John Nathan-Turner [the producer] decided that bringing back old monsters was a good idea. There's nothing wrong with that, but we should have introduced more of our own."

Outlining the pitfalls to avoid when creating a *Doctor Who* baddie, Eric says, "The thing about monsters and villains is that they may come across well in the script, but the finished product is very much in the hands of the designers. If they're not getting a strong lead from the producer or director, designers will come up with something of their own, which could be good – or might not, as the case may be. If a designer is working with a strong director, who is thinking about the whole image of the show, then everyone benefits. If not, you're likely to end up with the supposedly omnipotent Black and White Guardians walking around with dead birds on their heads! The Guardians were supposed to

> 'John Nathan-Turner decided to bring back a lot of old monsters. **We should have had more of our own.'**

The Doctor returns to Gallifrey in **Arc of Infinity** – Eric was disappointed that many of these scenes were so overlit.


Saward disliked the "dead bird" design for the Guardians.

be these all-powerful beings," he sighs, "blending into the background and manipulating events from behind the scenes. Ha! Villains don't walk around wearing black as a rule, and good guys don't always wear white. They may have done back in the 1920s, but to do the same thing 60 years later shows a lack of imagination: you're talking down to your audience, which will alienate them in the long run. Contrary to what TV executives think, the general public don't like being patronised."

It's perhaps also true to say that the general public recognise that you can have too much of a good thing: each of the seven scripts lined up for *Doctor Who*'s twentieth season harked back to something from the Doctor's past. The first in production, *Snakedance* [see last issue], featured the Mara from Season Nineteen, while the season opener, the stylish but shallow *Arc of Infinity*, saw mad-as-a-hatter solar engineer Omega return from the black hole he'd been living in since Season Ten. Writer Johnny Byrne had previously scripted 1981's *The Keeper of Traken*, "which had worked well," muses Eric, "so he was keen to write for the show again. He knew that he'd have to structure *Arc of Infinity* around the Amsterdam location, and we asked him to include Omega. It was quite an imposing brief. He came up with a good story, although the Gallifrey sequences suffered from being over-lit."

Ah, yes – can Eric shed any light (ahem) on why his era was so uncompromisingly bright? "The lighting was generally terrible," he admits. "The lighting problems were often commented upon by writers and directors. The official line was always 'this is the BBC house style'. Some of the sets were quickly and cheaply made due to lack of money, so good lighting would have helped. Take it down, just hint at it ... the results would have been much more effective." In particular, Eric remembers a massive row about lighting during production of *Frontios* in Season Twenty-One, "because someone was trying to be creative for a change and light something atmospherically! We had in an award-winning lighting designer and John Nathan-Turner objected to the extra minutes being used to set it all up. He saw it as a waste of time. John wasn't excessively bothered by the high level of lighting, but he *was* bothered if it took an extra minute or two to achieve something better.

"Other lighting directors played far too safe," Eric continues. "It was, literally, everything at full volume. It's something that John hadn't thought about. He used to get annoyed when someone pointed out something that hadn't come into his general field of conception, which is silly. Everyone is supposedly an expert in their own field and you're supposed to work together, not expecting that any one of you will know everything about everything. John didn't always see it that way. He was interested in the look of the show, but lighting was never discussed. I never found out why nothing was done or said. I wasn't privy to those meetings. I never understood John's attitude towards lighting."

While we're having a bit of a grumble (it's better out than in), **DWM** raises the issue of the overcrowded TARDIS during Peter Davison's era, something that Eric himself bemoaned last issue. Why exactly did the production team introduce yet another companion, Turlough, in Season Twenty? "We knew that Sarah Sutton [Nyssa] would soon be leaving," Eric replies, "and we wanted to try something a little different. Turlough was introduced to create a bit of tension aboard the TARDIS. It had all become a little too cosy. We asked [writer] Peter Grimwade to introduce Turlough in *Mawdryn Undead*. He worked from John's character outline for Turlough, which was rather vague ... he was to be a public schoolboy and an alien. He was meant to be a bit nasty, working as a reluctant agent of the Black Guardian, but it was never worked through sufficiently well. We didn't explore the character fully enough, which is partly my fault – that his part wasn't worked up a bit more. It's all credit to [actor] Mark Strickson for making Turlough a success. He worked tremendously hard with the material that he was given. He brought Turlough to life.

"Originally, John wanted Mark to shave his head," Eric reveals, "which Mark agreed to, but his agent called an hour or two later saying, 'Erm ... does he have to?' In the end, Mark just had his eyebrows brushed!" Eric chuckles. "If it had been just the Doctor and Turlough in the TARDIS ... that would have been a strong combination. It would have been interesting to see two men bouncing off each other. That didn't happen very often. Whenever there was another man in the TARDIS, it was always with a woman. John was convinced that if it were two men together, people would think dark thoughts! He was very sensitive to it. He was always saying, 'No hanky-panky in the TARDIS,' but if one mentioned two men together, it was a resounding, 'No!' It worried John so much. I never understood that."

The hastily-written *Mawdryn Undead*, which also featured the ever-reliable Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart for the first time since 1975, was the first in a loose trilogy of stories in which Doctor Who finds himself under threat from the mind-bogglingly powerful Black Guardian (the one with, as Eric observed, a dead bird on his head) for depriving him of the Key to Time back in Season Sixteen. The second of the Black Guardian trilogy was Nyssa's swansong serial, *Terminus* ... "The problems we had with *Terminus* lay with [writer] Steve Gallagher's background as a novelist. The script wasn't bad, far from it. Unfortunately, he was telling a story visually. I'd get three pages of stage directions to every one line of dialogue, which is fine for a movie but not for a television series that is shot in a studio and relies on dialogue to advance the story." Eric mimes turning the pages of a script, as if searching for a line of dialogue. "Steve worked very hard on the script, but trying to flesh out the dialogue did become an enormous problem."

The Black Guardian storyline concluded in Barbara Clegg's *Enlightenment*, which also saw Cyril Luckham return to play the White Guardian, last seen in 1978's *The Ribos Operation*. "His performance was spot on," says Eric,

Omega was the first in a long line of returning villains during Season Twenty.

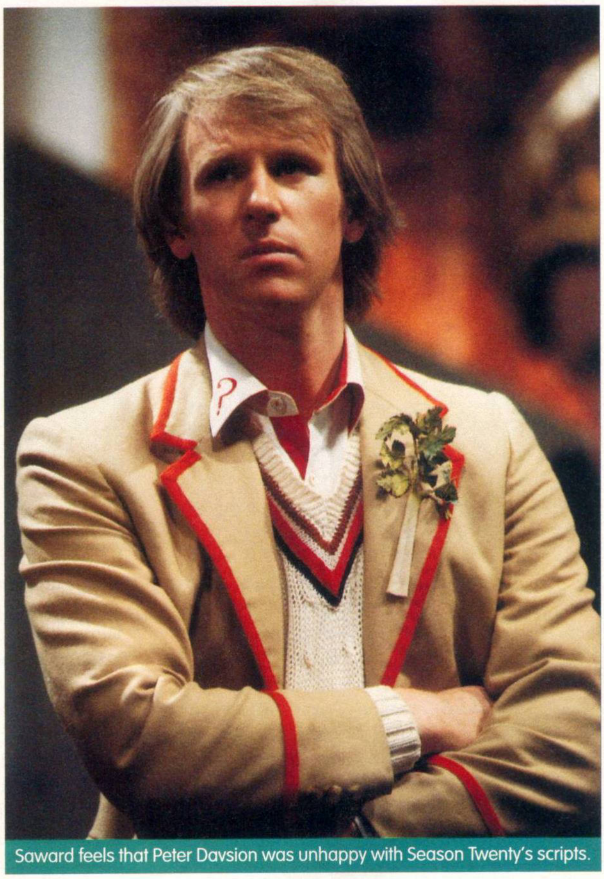
Richard Hurdall, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee join forces in **The Five Doctors** – Saward reveals that Tom Baker (his waxwork seen inset) was never in the frame for the story.

> 'Bob Holmes was a natural – I thought he had to come back. **John Nathan-Turner was very resistant.'**

"beautifully played, very understated. You knew that you were dealing with someone or something special. *Enlightenment* came about when I realised that *Doctor Who* hadn't had any women writers working on it. I found this really bizarre. Barbara Clegg was very experienced: she'd done a lot of work for radio. She came up with the idea of galleons in space, which as an image is quite striking. John liked the idea very much, so we pursued it. Peter Sallis [star of *Last of the Summer Wine*, now best known for *Wallace and Gromit*] was the original choice for Striker, the ship's captain. I remember the first producer's run, because there was no sign of Peter. We were at the BBC rehearsal block in Acton and the assistant floor manager had to go out and get him just so that he could come in and say his three lines, which is all he had to say in the first studio session. He said his lines, then went back to whatever he was working on – probably *Last of the Summer Wine!*"

Shortly after this, however, industrial action at the BBC forced the production team to abandon the planned studio sessions for *Enlightenment*. The last few serials of the anniversary season now appeared to be in jeopardy, with transmission less than two months away. When *Enlightenment* finally went before the cameras, Peter Sallis was unable to make the new dates, "hence we got Keith Barron, who was excellent," notes Eric. However, the industrial action had put the production team seriously behind schedule. John Nathan-Turner took the difficult decision to scrap the season finalé, a Dalek story called *The Return*, scripted by Eric himself. It would have provided an explosive climax to the season. "It was very frustrating, but John had no choice but to postpone my serial. Peter Grimwade was originally down to direct. When *The Return* was cancelled, he'd already done a vast amount of preparatory work, so it was very disappointing for him."

The cancellation caused Grimwade to invite the production team out for lunch to commiserate. "He took the production manager and a couple of other people, including myself, to the restaurant at Television Centre," remembers Eric. "I went back to my office and walked in to find Sarah Lee, the production secretary, asking what on Earth I'd done. I was a little taken aback by this. Sarah explained that John had been shouting and screaming about why he hadn't been invited. I told Sarah that it wasn't my lunch, I was just a guest. That was one of the things about John: he would never tackle you directly about something that was bothering him. Instead, he would moan to someone like Sarah: 'What does Eric Saward think he's doing, going to lunch with my director?' Sarah then told John that it was Peter's lunch, which immediately soured the relationship between Peter and John. John always had a fairly short fuse. He usually kept himself in check, but this came completely out of the blue and was uncalled for. Actually, Peter told me later that he was planning to take John out for dinner to say thank you and how sad it was that the project had gone down. It wasn't to be. I must add that incidents such as the lunchtime row were not a common occurrence."

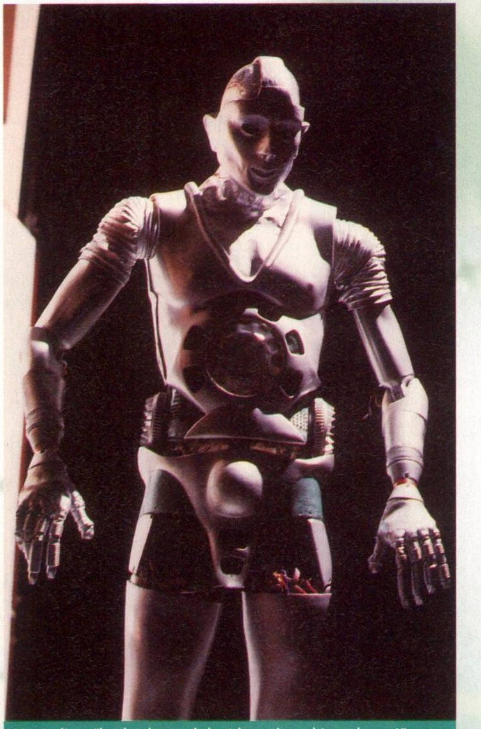


Saward feels that Peter Davsion was unhappy with Season Twenty's scripts.

With Eric's Dalek story ditched, Season Twenty went out with more of a whimper than a bang. This season climax (or anti-climax) was *The King's Demons*, a two-part historical serial by Terence Dudley, which introduced Kamelion, a shape-changing robot companion for the Doctor. Maybe it sounded like a good idea at the time? Eric explains: "John had been sent some promotional material for this android figure, which on paper looked very impressive, so we drove out to Oxford, I think, to have a look. The android had been set up with a voice tape. John and I stood and watched as this thing sang to us, which is why it ended up playing the lute in *The King's Demons*.

Warriors of the Deep's Myrka: "It hadn't been thought through ..." sighs Eric.

'We should have said "No pantomime horses please." **And that karate kick was not scripted!'**



Kamelion "looked good, but kept breaking down!"

It really was quite disconcerting to watch this robot in front of us singing to a backing track. It looked very good and we started to think, 'How can we use this?' What we should have been thinking was, 'How long does it take to set up?' and 'What will happen if the thing breaks down in studio?'"

Indeed, Eric's overriding memory of Kamelion is of "it lying in pieces on the studio floor after the first recording block. It hadn't even been used! Terence was commissioned to write *The King's Demons* with the brief of including the android. We approached Terence because John wanted a safe pair of hands, just in case there were any problems. This turned out to be a good idea. Terence decided that the android wasn't going to be as reliable as we were being told. He introduced Kamelion quite late into the story, which was a very sensible thing to do. No sooner had Kamelion joined the TARDIS crew then the decision was made to write it out as soon as possible. It didn't work – literally!" The production team decided that, until the android could be plausibly written out of the series, its appearances in future serials would be minimal. They in fact totalled zero ...

"It was a nightmare," says Eric, when asked about the Twentieth Anniversary feature-length episode, *The Five Doctors*, scripted to accommodate as many faces from the series' past as possible. "Here was a story that theoretically featured five leading men, so we had to give them plot time and half-decent lines. You've got all that," Eric explains, "plus what you'd have with a normal story, plus the companions ... as always we had too many companions – they probably felt frustrated and annoyed by what they were not asked to do, as opposed to what they were asked to do ..." Robert Holmes, a prolific writer and script editor for the series between 1968 and 1978, was originally approached to pen the serial. "I'd looked at a lot of Bob Holmes' stuff and thought, 'This man is a natural. He *has* to come back.' John was very resistant. I think he was frightened of people being more experienced than he was. When the anniversary came along, I said to him, 'Look, John, we have this celebration, we've got to have someone who is already associated with the show. I want Bob Holmes.'"

Holmes' story idea, about a fake incarnation of the Doctor [see **DWM** 313], was dropped in favour of a story by 1970s script editor Terrance Dicks. "Bob was a pain when he first came in," Eric reveals. "That was the reason he didn't write the anniversary story. He strolled into the office declaring, 'I don't do storylines!' I said, 'We've got to have something. I've got to sell this to the producer, Bob.' He behaved like a prat, came over as completely arrogant. Much to my regret, I had to drop him. I wanted him on board so much and there he was being a prat!" Indeed, Robert Holmes wasn't the only one to leave the project. "Tom Baker was never in the frame for *The Five Doctors*," insists Eric, "contrary to what has been said before. It was fairly early on that we were looking for substitute material that featured him." *The Five Doctors* integrated film sequences from the aborted Season Seventeen serial, *Shada*. So, what did Eric make of Terrance Dicks' finished script? He pauses for a moment. "It was very late coming in," he concludes, tactfully.

Season Twenty-One kicked off with a serial by Johnny Byrne. "Oh yes," laughs Eric, "the pantomime horse story!" *Warriors of the Deep* is generally remembered for all the wrong reasons, in particular a sea monster that resembles a donkey. Well, if donkeys were green, inebriated and rubbish. "John wanted to bring back the Sea Devils and the Silurians, so I looked at the original serials ..." The reptillian Silurians and their underwater 'cousins', the Sea Devils, had made their *Doctor Who* débuts in the early 1970s in a pair of well-received serials by Malcolm Hulke. "The image of the Sea Devils coming out of the sea had been done. It worked very well dramatically, but when you've done it before ... The attitude in the office was, 'Well, let's have those ones again,' which began to get quite dispiriting, because you're looking to resurrect something that has already been done quite well. Then you get the Myrka," he groans, "a monster that had not been thought through ...

"*Doctor Who* was infamous for sets that wobbled and monsters that couldn't walk properly," he continues, "so it didn't help having a pantomime horse doubling as a ferocious monster." Eric has hit the nail on the head there – the duo inside the misconcieved Myrka,

A rematch for the Doctor ... but Saward feels that resurrecting elements that had already worked well was a mistake.

were more usually to be found giving life to Dobbin, the magical pantomime nag in children's classic *Rentaghost!* "No discredit to Johnny or anyone else involved," Eric continues, "but the monster was described in the script, and someone should have said, 'No pantomime horses please!'" Shouldn't that someone have been Eric? "Well, I don't know whose idea it was," he continues apace, "to have Ingrid Pitt [Doctor Solow] do the karate kick. All I can say is that it was not scripted. When I saw it, I thought, 'This woman is giving a giant sea monster a drop-kick!' John Nathan-Turner was there in studio, more often than not being quite positive, but the karate kick came and went and we were all waiting for him to say something, we all knew how ludicrous it looked ... but nothing. Maybe he wasn't focussed that day? In the end, everyone remembers poor old Ingrid Pitt kicking this ridiculous sea monster. In a way, it marred everything."

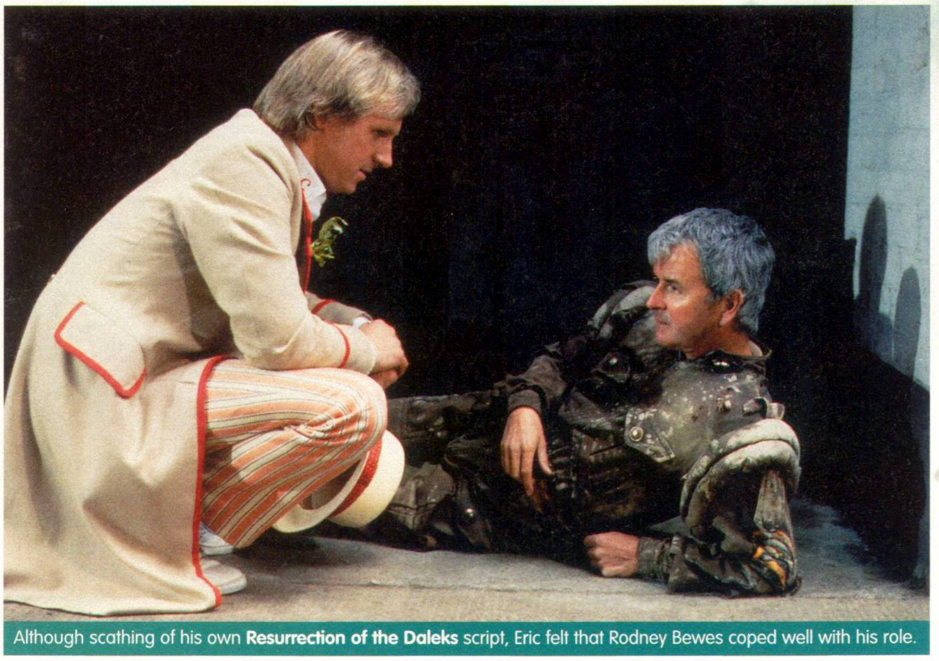
At the end of Season Twenty, Peter Davison had informed the producer that he only wanted to play the Doctor for one more season. Did this have anything to do with the dubious production standards? "I felt that, certainly after his second season, Peter wasn't overly happy with what was going on," says Eric. "Peter and I never really talked at length – he wasn't very confrontational. I think there was a lot more going on in Peter's head than you ever got to hear him say. I think the show had become far blander than certainly he would have liked. As script editor, you either had to have the confidence of your producer or you need to have him thinking the way you're thinking to take the programme in another direction. The only time I could go the way I wanted was when I wrote my own scripts."

However, it is not always sensible for the script editor to write episodes of the series himself. For example, Eric's very own *Resurrection of the Daleks* – which, under its original title, *The Return*, had been due to fill the concluding slot of the previous season until industrial action intervened – was finally made and transmitted in Season Twenty-One. Was Eric pleased? Not exactly ... "In many ways, it's probably the worst script ever written for *Doctor Who*," Eric says, decisively. "It was written very quickly. It's derivative. I don't think it was very well cast either, which didn't help, but I shouldn't blame the actors for my own shortcomings. Rodney Bewes did an okay job making Stien's two personalities work, but the stutter, which was his idea, was unnecessary, I thought. And I had poor old Turlough standing around doing nothing again. I apologise, Mark Strickson, I really do! We should have used you much, much better. I'm pleased that Mark has gone on to be a successful documentary filmmaker. To my eternal regret, we didn't use that character well. So much potential there, wasted. I just didn't feel satisfied by my script for *Resurrection of the Daleks*. I didn't think it through properly."

Saward thought Nicola Bryant was "far and away the best" applicant for the role of Peri.

'Resurrection of the Daleks is probably the worst script ever. **I just didn't think it through properly.'**

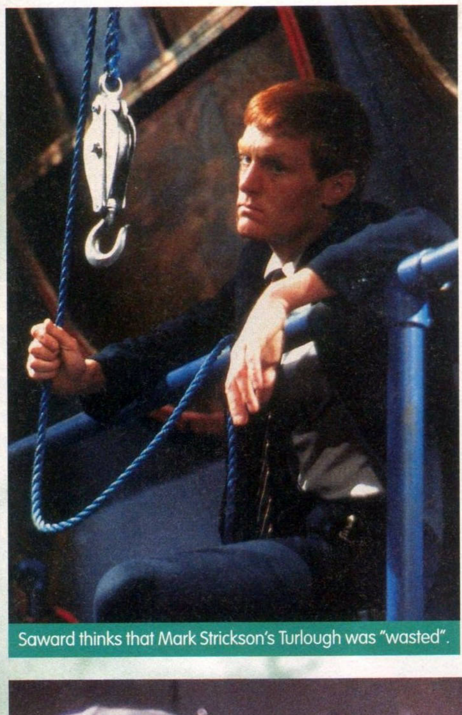
Eric is, however, more fulsome in his praise for Season Twenty-One's two-parter, *The Awakening*. "Ah yes, Eric Pringle's submission started out as a four-part story for the previous season. He worked very hard and the central idea of the history in the stones was all his. I thought it had huge potential as an idea. However, through lack of experience, Eric had problems realising it. He has since gone on to have a very successful career, but at the time he couldn't quite handle it. When the script arrived, it was in pretty bad shape. I talked to John and we decided that it would be too much work to pull it together as a four-parter, so it went down to two parts. I called Eric and told him not to worry about the money, but it would now be two episodes and not four. I had no choice but to take over and create a tighter story.


Although scathing of his own **Resurrection of the Daleks** script, Eric felt that Rodney Bewes coped well with his role.

"The ideas in Eric's original submission weren't bad," his namesake stresses, "the writing wasn't bad, it just didn't work as a *Doctor Who* idea. People think that writing a 25-minute script is easy. It sounds simple when you talk about it but, when you're not very experienced, it can generate problems – problems I was only too sympathetic with. *The Awakening* was a case in point: being cut to a two-parter with a lot of help from me." Eric also remembers the then Head of Series and Serials, David Reid, advising the production team "to go carefully, because so many people were still concerned by the idea of the Devil and the concept of evil concentrated around a church. Eric Pringle was very keen to write for the series again, but I didn't think it a good idea.

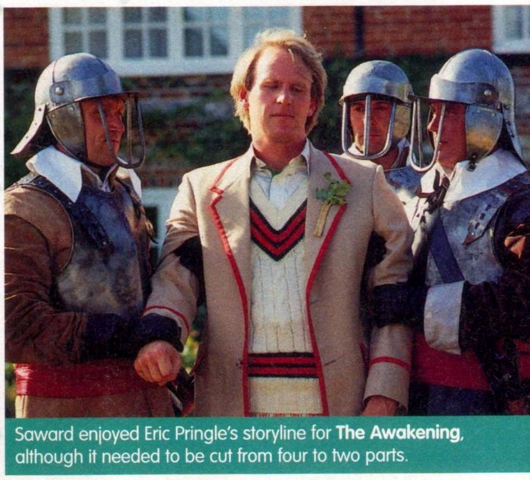
"By my third season, I was starting to use far less experienced writers," Saward points out. "What I wanted, ideally, was to have, say, a Bob Holmes and perhaps one other writer, who I could more or less leave alone so that I could devote more time to helping those less experienced writers. When I first joined the show, John made it clear that he didn't want to use any of the old writers – the intention being to revitalise the show by injecting new blood, which is fine in principle. However, the search to find people who could write for the show became more and more difficult. I approached the likes of Jack Trevor Story, who had such a wonderful imagination, but he couldn't do it – literally! The fans sent us a lot of unsolicited material, but it wasn't very good. We were looking for fans who seriously wanted to write drama, not just to write for *Doctor Who*. John and I were very much in agreement on that."

When Mark Strickson decided to leave *Doctor Who*, Peter Grimwade – who had introduced Turlough in *Mawdryn Undead* – was assigned the task of scripting the character's departure. He was also briefed to write out Kamelion and introduce a new American companion, Perpugilliam Brown. "I sat in on the auditions for Peri," says Eric, "and Nicola Bryant was by far and away the best. She came in wearing shorts, she was tanned, I think she had the blouse tied under



Saward thinks that Mark Strickson's Turlough was "wasted".

Eric commissioned Robert Holmes' script for **The Caves of Androzani** without first consulting John Nathan-Turner.



Saward enjoyed Eric Pringle's storyline for **The Awakening**, although it needed to be cut from four to two parts.

her breasts ... she looked very sexy, all of it was working for her, and she read the part beautifully. It wasn't just a matter of a woman with a big chest and a – as it turned out – phoney American accent." In fact, Nicola hailed from Guildford in Surrey. "The accent was good, she was very consistent and never let it slip. I saw her socially in that time and the accent was always there. John chose very well with Nicola. We used her much better than we'd used poor Mark, though it did help that it was just Peri and the Doctor. Actually, what I wanted – this is so much easier to say now, but I didn't push for it at the time – was something nearer to [Fourth Doctor companion] Sarah-Jane Smith: an intelligent, enquiring woman, someone who could challenge the Doctor on many different levels. I saw her wearing small steel-rimmed glasses – a sophisticated and intelligent look."

Peri was as an American botany student visiting Lanzarote – the latest overseas location for the series. "It was a wonderful location," gushes Eric, "with wonderful potential. The location wasn't John's choice: [director] Fiona Cumming sold the idea of Lanzarote to him. She and her husband used to go there quite a lot – she was a great fan of the place. John asked me what I thought of the idea, but I knew as much about Lanzarote as I knew about the moon! He asked me who I'd like to write the story and, for some reason, I thought of Peter Grimwade, which John didn't object to, despite he and Peter having fallen out. John was of the same opinion as me: Peter should have been directing for the show, not writing it." So why, then, did Eric ask him to write *Planet of Fire*? "In hindsight," he shrugs, "I should have objected to him writing for the show. After all, I was the script editor. Peter came up with the idea and delivered a script, which he wrote very quickly, but what he delivered was unworkable."

The script went through a number of drafts before being finalised. "Peter had included very few stage directions, so I had no real idea of where he was taking us. The Doctor would run into a room with no explanation as to why! We went through the script over a weekend on the phone, and I remember thinking, 'I am getting really hacked off with this.' I had just worked a straight 14 days and this was going to be my weekend off, and I was having endless conversations with Peter Grimwade, handwriting in these notes because he hadn't written them himself." Nonetheless, before the script was finished, Eric was allowed to join the director, the production manager and the designer on an expenses-paid trip to Lanzarote. "I was the designated van driver!" laughs Eric. "We had this little Mini thing," he declares, "with three gears, and I could never find the third gear. It was terrible. It wasn't just a holiday, you know!" We believe you, Eric!

"Fiona had this list of locations for us to look at," he explains, "for me to take back and incorporate into the script. This wasn't a major problem, but poor Peter had no idea what I was talking about." Wouldn't it have made more sense for Grimwade to have 'driven the van' in Lanzarote? "They wouldn't let Peter go. He should have gone, being the writer, but by this time John was getting so fed up with him. I remember saying to Peter, 'If you want, I'll really press for you to go with Fiona, because I feel you should be there.' He said, 'Well, look, if you do that, you may not go either and I'd rather you were there representing me, so to speak, than there being nobody there at all.' John's excuse was that he didn't want Peter to go because he was a director and would inhibit Fiona!

"With *Planet of Fire*, I felt I'd paid my dues to Peter. The script just didn't work, despite the revisions. I had to write in the character who owned the boat, because the guy playing him was an actor friend of Fiona's who lived on the island. I wrote the scenes featuring him and for some reason this made Peter really angry, more angry than he'd been about not going to Lanzarote. He got annoyed again when I suggested making cuts to the early scenes between Peri and her father. It was an obvious cut, but he wasn't having any of it. He was getting annoyed, and I was getting annoyed, so I said, 'Let's just leave it.' Peter came into the office the next week and we eventually rounded off the script. Looking back, it wasn't worth the effort."

Peter Davison's swansong as the Fifth Doctor was Robert Holmes' *The Caves of Androzani*, which last year came top of the **DWM** readers' poll of the best *Doctor Who* serials ever. "I was very pleased when I heard that," Eric smiles. "Bob Holmes deserves it. It's a good script. And by proxy it reflects well on me, John Nathan-Turner and [director] Graeme Harper." Was Eric reluctant to work with Holmes after the fiasco over his scrapped Twentieth Anniversary story? "I thought I'd give Bob one more try. I said, 'Look, Bob, you obviously don't want to submit storylines, what about doing something for yourself? Give me an idea that I can sell to John.' He came up with *Caves*. I did all this without consulting John. When I did approach John with the idea, he very reluctantly agreed to go with it.

"Once Bob and I got to know each other," considers Eric, "and he knew that he had a free hand to develop his story, we got on much better. He used to submit his stuff, I would read it, then we'd go to a wine bar to discuss the script and have a general chat, before returning to the office to talk more objectively about it. Bob was always more relaxed after a glass of wine," Eric smiles, quickly adding, "not that he was a drunkard or anything, but it helped him, he calmed down and we could talk more objectively about the work. Bob would always listen and take suggestions on board. Clever and intelligent writers always listen, take away an idea and work with it. Bob's script revisions would come back and invariably the suggestions I had made would be included, not because he wanted to suck up, but he'd thought about it and taken the ideas on board, which is to Bob's credit – and mine too. Bob and I got to like each other. In fact," says Eric, leaning forward conspiratorially, "we began to talk about projects that we might work on together to move on from *Doctor Who* ..." DWM

> 'Once Bob and I got to know each other, we got on better. **He was a clever and intelligent writer.'**

Next issue: The end of an era ...

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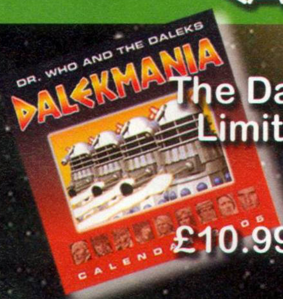

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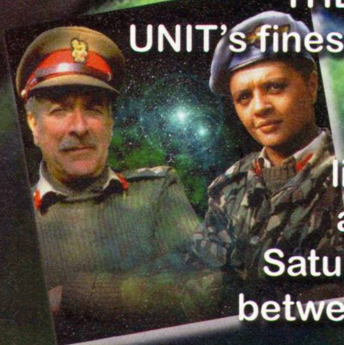

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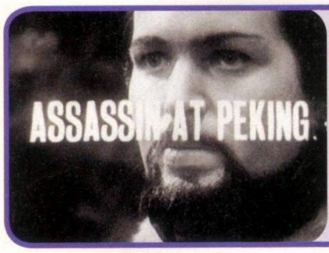
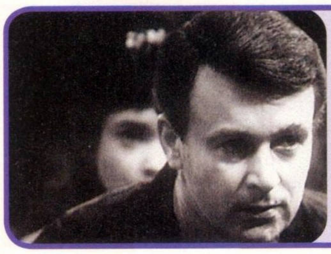
ASSASSIN AT PEKING

Written by **JOHN LUCAROTTI** Directed by **WARIS HUSSEIN** Transmitted **4 APRIL 1964**

On the road to Karakorum, Ian and Ping-Cho see Kuiju stoking a fire. Ian fights with Kuiju in an effort to recover the money he stole from Ping-Cho. She recovers her money from the bandit's pouch, but moments later Tegana steps into the clearing...

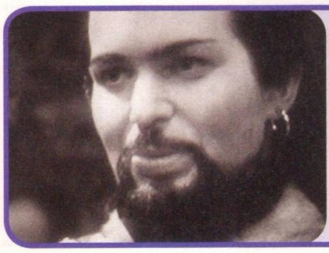


"I'll kill him," threatens Ian, holding Kuiju's knife to his throat.
"Do so," says Tegana impassively. "He is of no importance."
Tegana approaches Ian, slicing the air with his sword. "Come..." he smiles sadistically. "Come..."



"Will the mighty War Lord kill a child as well?" asks Ian, protecting Ping-Cho.
"If in my way, as you are," he replies.
"And Kublai Khan?" asks Ian. "Is he in your way too?"

"I serve Noghai," declares Tegana. He indicates the nearby TARDIS. "And with that, he will rule the world."



"Only the Doctor can make that work," says Ian.
"Noghai's sorcerers will reveal its secrets," says Tegana. "Now, enough of this game."

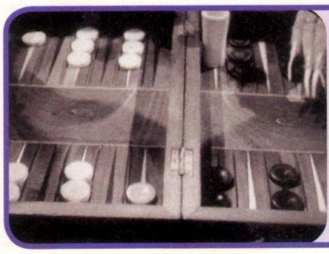
Tegana advances on Ian, who braces himself for a fight. They are soon interrupted by Ling-Tau, who disarms Tegana and Ian. He is followed by a group of warriors.

Kuiju panics and tries to escape. He is stabbed by one of Ling-Tau's warriors, and falls to the ground.
"You fool!" says Ling-Tau. "I did not command his death."

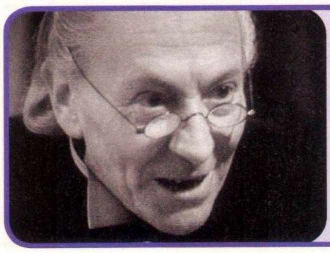
Tegana tries to accuse Ian and Ping-Cho of stealing the Khan's property – the TARDIS.
"I remember both of you," says Ling-Tau, looking at Ian and Ping-Cho. "You were with Messer Marco Polo's caravan."

Ping-Cho says that Tegana is the real thief, but Ling-Tau decides that the Khan should be the judge of the dispute.
"The great Khan has left the summer palace at Shang-Tu," he explains. "You will see him in Peking."

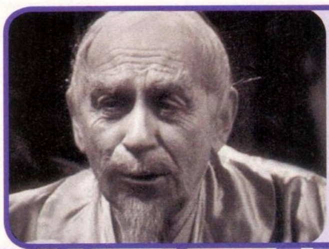
In Kublai Khan's palace at Peking, servants scurry across the ornate throne room as the Doctor and the Khan complete their latest game of backgammon.



"My game?" says the Doctor, playing the deciding move. The Khan surrenders, before offering the Doctor a cup of tea. He notices that the Doctor has been taking notes, and asks him to reveal the cost if his numerous defeats.



"35 elephants with ceremonial bridles, trappings, brocades and pavilions; four thousand white stallions, and 25 tigers," the Doctor informs him.
"That's not too bad," says the Khan.
"And the sacred tooth of Buddha which Polo brought over from India," adds the Doctor, peering over his spectacles.

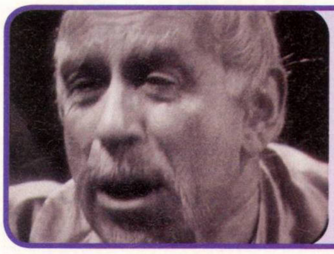


"Oh, that? What else... what more?" asks the Khan with trepidation.
"I'm very much afraid all the commerce from Burma for one year, sire," says the Doctor.

The sound of a horn announces the arrival of the Empress. The Khan panics and tells the Doctor to hide the list.

"Winning, my love?" asks the Empress.
"One wins, one loses, my dear," replies the Khan sheepishly.
"You're not wagering are you?" she asks suspiciously. "You know how it affects your gout." She leaves the room, trailing servants behind her.

"There are moments, old friend, when we wish our character were more like that of our lamented grandfather, Genghis," says the Khan. "Did you hear of him?"
"Genghis Khan? No, I didn't meet him," says the Doctor, "but I have heard of him."



"He was the warrior of the family," says the Khan. "We are the clan of the statistician and the administrator." He turns his attention back to the game. "Oh, she will be furious when she finds out what I have lost."
The Doctor suggests one more game – if the Khan wins he can take it all back.

"And if *you* win?" asks the Khan.
"None of this is important to me, sire," says the Doctor. "You see, win or lose, you can have it all back again. But if I win, my Ship... TARDIS comes back to me, hmm?"
Although reluctant to part with a gift he has yet to see, the Khan agrees.

Marco Polo arrives to inform the Khan that Tegana has arrived in Peking. He is aghast to discover the stakes of the Khan's next game.
"Ah yes, Marco, we're playing for the TARDIS," says the Doctor.
Clearly perturbed, Marco leaves them to their game.

Barbara and Susan are admiring the view outside the palace when Marco comes outside to join them.

"You will not believe this, but I swear it's true," he says. "They're playing backgammon for your caravan. If the Doctor wins, he has won back TARDIS."
"You've made your gesture, so the Khan should let you go," says Barbara. "And with any luck, we can go home too. We'll all have what we wanted."

"Yes, all except Ping-Cho," says Susan.
"Yes, I'm afraid there's nothing we can do about her, Susan," says Marco. "Her future husband is already in Peking."

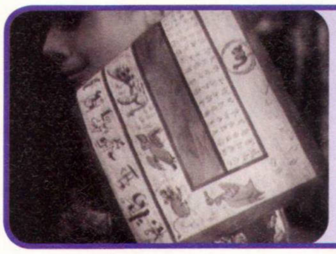
"What, in the palace?" aks Susan.
"Yes," confirms Marco. "There is to be a banquet tonight in his honour, at which six thousand guests will attend."
"Six thousand!" exclaims Susan.

"He's a very important man," says Marco.
"He must be," says Barbara. "When is the wedding?"
"Tomorrow morning," he replies.
"Poor Ping-Cho," says Susan, sadly.

Ling-Tau approaches Marco, who recognises him immediately. "You're the courier who brought me the message from Shang-Tu, aren't you?" Ling-Tau tells him that Ian and Ping-Cho are being held under guard, accused of stealing the Khan's property.

"The TARDIS," says Barbara.
Barbara guesses that the accusation was brought by Tegana.
"But Grandfather's going to win back the TARDIS, so no charges can be brought," says Susan hopefully.
"Susan, you don't take your prize until you win the game," says Marco.

"Grandfather!" exclaims Susan as the Doctor joins them. She is dismayed to see the look of dejection on his face.
"Grandfather, you've not lost?"



"He gave me this – a consolation prize," says the Doctor. "A piece of his paper currency."
Susan is distraught, but the Doctor chuckles to himself.

In a prison cell, Ian tells Marco all that happened from the moment he found Ping-Cho. "And you distinctly heard Tegana say that the Khan was his enemy?" asks Marco.
"Yes," says Ian. "Tegana said 'I serve Noghai, and he will conquer the world.' Ping-Cho heard it as well."

But Ling-Tau is unable to corroborate the story, so Ian is to stand trial. Marco turns to Ping-Cho. "Your husband-to-be has asked the Khan to excuse you. He promises to take you away from Peking as soon as the ceremony is over. You are to be married tomorrow morning."

"So this is our flying caravan!" exclaims the Khan as the TARDIS is delivered to the throne room. "Thank you for recovering it for us, Tegana."
"The old magician tried several times to regain the caravan," says Tegana.

"Were there other attempts to steal it?" asks the Khan. "Marco did not mention them to us."
"He is as they are, my lord," says Tegana. "And does not one's loyalty first lie with one's own kind?" says Tegana.
"Your point is taken," says the Khan.

Marco arrives and the Khan thanks him for the gift. "I am the Khan's obedient servant," says Marco.
"We are glad to know," says the Khan. "But when there were other attempts to steal the caravan, why did you not invoke our laws?"
"Our laws are alien to them."

"They were on our soil, therefore, subject to our laws. Why did you not invoke them?" presses the Khan.
"The caravan belonged to them, my lord," explains Marco.
"You wear the Khan's gold seal. It gives you your authority to take what you will," Tegana reminds Marco.

"He wanted to force you to let him return to Venice," Tegana tells the Khan.
"You wanted to bribe us, Marco?" says the incredulous Khan.
"I'd hoped you would allow me to return home, my lord," says Marco.

"Your gift has failed," says the Khan. "It is ours because we won the right to keep it in a game of chance." He asks Marco to bring him the TARDIS key.
"My lord, you do me a great wrong," says Marco.
"We are distressed and angered by your conduct, Marco," says the Khan.

Marco leaves, and the Khan turns to Tegana. "You'll also attend us after the banquet, Lord Tegana. We'll discuss the terms of our settlement with Noghai. But we shall be on guard against you."
"What have I that the Khan should fear?" asks Tegana.

"The power of persuasion."

Later that evening, the Empress is sobbing as she summons Ping-Cho with tragic news. The Khan explains: "Your beloved husband-to-be, so anxious to be worthy of your love, drank a potion of quicksilver and sulphur – the elixir of life and eternal youth – and expired."

"Do you not weep for your lost love?" chides the Empress.
"My lady, I grieve an old man's death as all would do," says Ping-Cho. "But how can I weep for a love I have never known?" She says she would like to stay in the court for a while before returning to Samarkand.

The Khan agrees to her request. "Tell us, my child, your opinion of the travellers from a distant land?" he asks Ping-Cho.
"They are my friends, my lord, as they will always be," says Ping-Cho. Ping-Cho is escorted to her quarters and the Khan turns to Marco.

"She is forthright and honest," the Khan tells Marco. "We trust her, as we once did you. We've decided that you have to prove yourself worthy of our trust. If you fail, we take from you our patronage, banish you from our court, and let your enemies fall upon you. You have the key of the caravan?"

The Empress listens intently as Marco explains. "Yes, my lord. But you would be well advised to have the Doctor with you when you open it."
"Fetch him, Marco, fetch him," insists the Khan. "No, wait! Not until our audience with the Lord Tegana is concluded."

Marco leaves, crossing paths with Tegana on the way out.

"I underestimated you, Tegana," says Marco.
"No," says Tegana.
"You overestimated yourself."

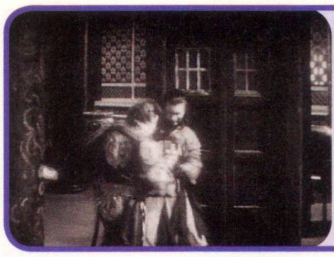
Visiting Ian in his cell, Barbara recalls something: "The Khan was furious because Noghai had moved his armies from Samarkand to Karakorum."
"That's why he delayed Marco Polo's caravan – to give Noghai time to move his armies nearer Peking," says the Doctor.

The Doctor concludes that Tegana is going to assassinate the Khan: "It gives Noghai the perfect answer to overrun the country."
The Doctor helps Ian escape, but they bump into Marco in the corridor. "Marco, you must stop Tegana! He's going to kill the Khan!" says Ian.

Ling-Tau arrives with the news that Noghai's army is marching on Peking.
Marco runs to the throne room. Tegana draws his sword and lunges at the Khan. The Vizier gets in the way, and Tegana kills him.

"Tegana!" shouts Marco, appearing at the other end of the throne room. Tegana strides towards Marco, brandishing his sword.

Marco and Tegana lock swords in a frenetic duel that takes them all around the throne room. The fight becomes increasingly desperate as Marco gains the upper hand.

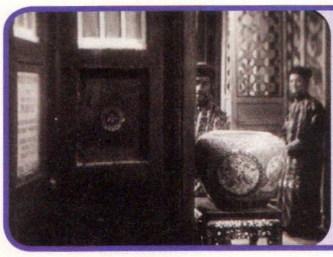


Marco knocks Tegana's sword out of his hand. Ling-Tau leads a group of guards into the room and they surround the defenceless Tegana. The Doctor and his companions follow them in. "We warned you, Tegana," says the Khan. "Those who rise against us will be humbled. You must die."

As the guards advance on Tegana he grabs a discarded sword and impales himself on the steps to the Khan's throne.

Marco regards Tegana's dead body before ordering the guards to take him away. Barbara hides her face in horror.

While the guards drag the body out of the throne room, Marco hands the two TARDIS keys back to the Doctor. The Doctor thanks him and Marco says, "Now go!"



The Doctor, Ian and Barbara hurry back into the TARDIS. Susan says a quick farewell to Ping-Cho before she joins them. The doors of the police box swing shut behind her.

The light on top of the TARDIS begins to flash, and a mysterious grinding noise fills the air.

The Khan, Marco, and everyone else in the room watch in astonishment as the TARDIS disappears before their eyes.

"I'm sorry, my lord. I had to give them back their flying caravan," says Marco.
"If you hadn't, the old man would have won it at backgammon," says the Khan. "A flying caravan ... there's something for you to tell your friends in Venice."

"No, my lord," says Marco, shaking his head. "They would not believe half the things that I have seen in Cathay."

"But what is the truth?"

"I wonder where they are now... the past or the future...?"

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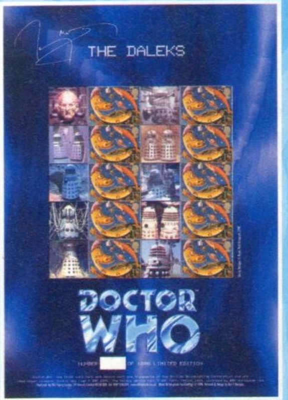

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HAPPY TIMES AND PLACES?

Continuing this special feature celebrating 25 years of Doctor Who Magazine, Marcus Hearn (above left) takes us through the 80s and into the 90s – as DWM learned to survive with no TV series to support it ...

It all seemed to happen so quickly: in 1989 **Doctor Who Magazine** editor John Freeman took me under his wing, sending me all over the country to interview writers and directors. My first issue as a contributor was number 154 – the tenth anniversary edition, no less – and it was the first of many that helped supplement my meagre student grant while I was at university.

Visiting John at Marvel UK's offices in Arundel Street was both awe-inspiring and nerve-wracking. It all felt very grown up, yet at the same time it was the fulfilment of a child-like dream. Before long I didn't have to pitch quite so much and the ideas were offered to me. And in 1991 John felt he had to apologise for choosing someone else as the new assistant editor. I had encountered the lucky candidate during one of my earlier visits to the office. The slightly scruffy figure kept his hands buried deep in the pockets of his long, grey greatcoat. His name was Gary Russell and he didn't even acknowledge me.

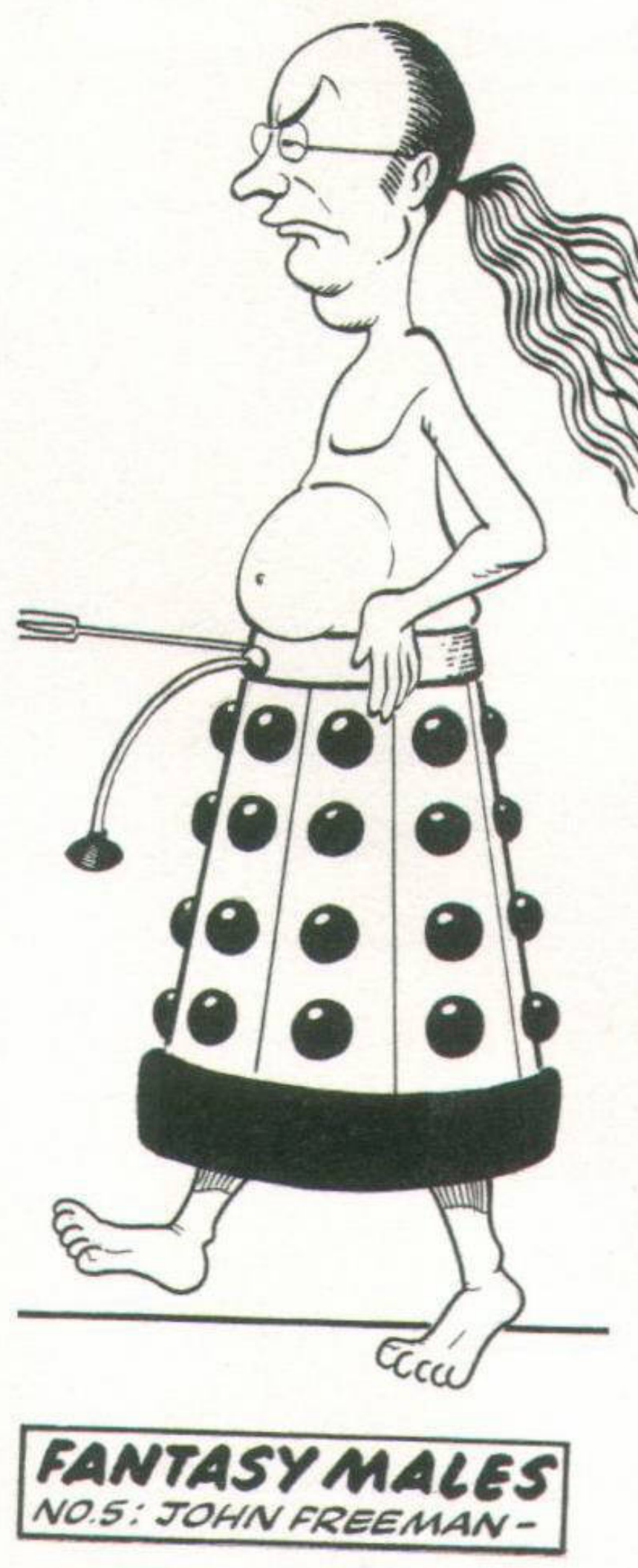
Gary became the editor, and by the end of 1992 I knew him well enough to ask a favour. **DWM**'s new sister magazine **Classic Comics** was being launched with a signing session at the Cambridge branch of Forbidden Planet. Cambridge was my home town, and after the signing I accompanied Gary to a nearby pub and told him I needed a job. Or rather, I needed some work experience in order to get a job. He decided to give me a chance. After Christmas I reported for duty at Arundel Street and helped compile Issue 196. I must have done something right, because in March Gary asked me if I wanted to be the *real* assistant editor. It was the beginning of a great adventure.

My first credit was on Issue 200 which, like Issue 196, featured the cover line 'Looking Back'. We did quite a lot of looking back on **DWM** during the early 1990s, largely because we felt there was no longer any point looking forward. But I didn't mind – I knew that the absence of new TV episodes presented a golden opportunity to become a television archaeologist. There was a lot of treasure waiting to be found.

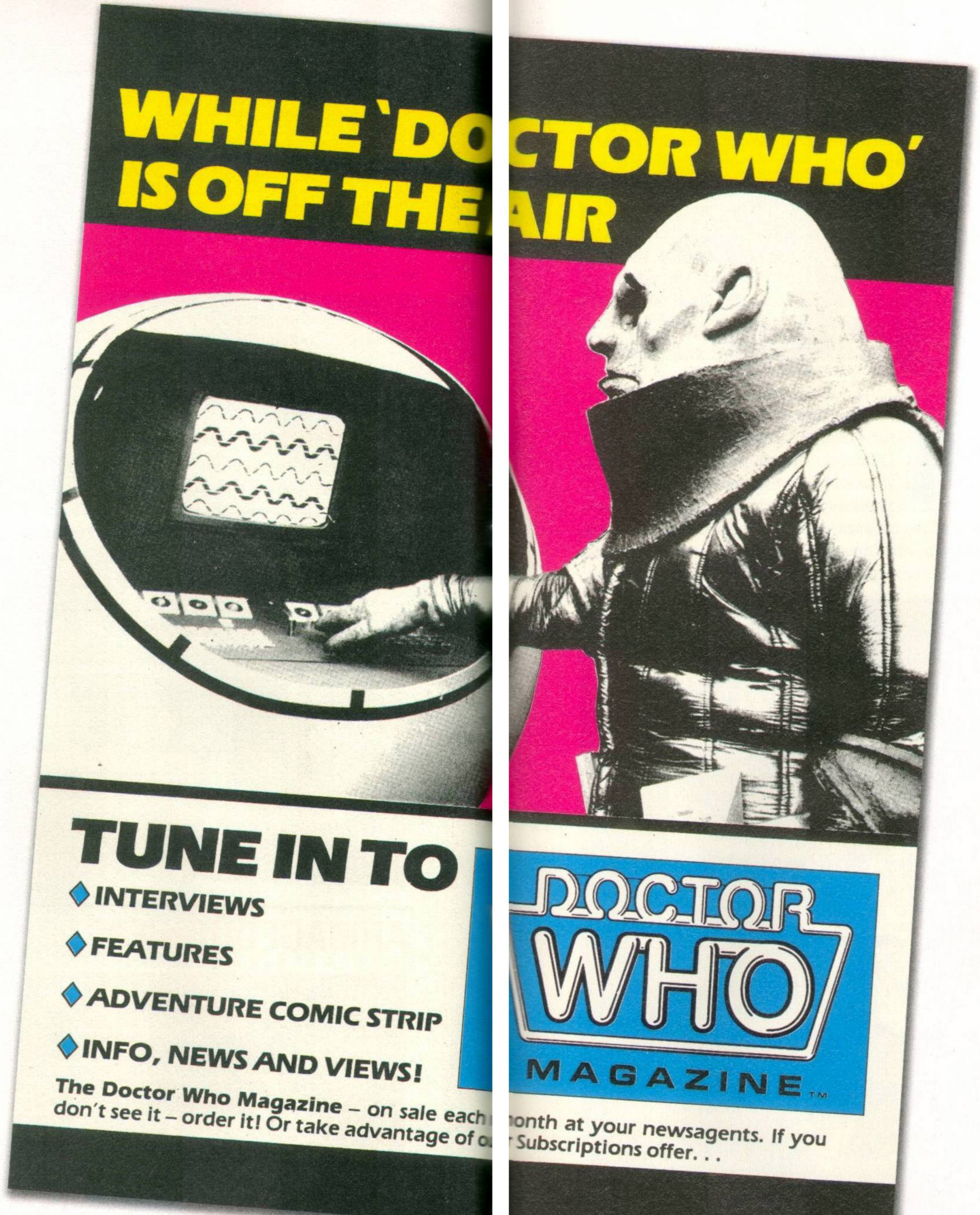
It just *can't* have been as enjoyable as I remember it being. The atmosphere was often riotous, the best editorial meetings were held in the pub, and celebrities as diverse as Jane Asher and Alice Cooper would pop in to say hello. And just when you thought it couldn't get any stranger, Jon Pertwee would call you up and suggest a comic strip!

Gary credited me as his co-editor (it meant he only had to write editorials every other month) and I briefly got to do the job on my own before moving onwards and upwards, or so I thought. We crashed back to earth in 1995, and if it hurt, it was because we had a long way to fall.

This is how the lunatics took over the asylum. It was fun while it lasted ...



John Freeman was often the butt of his artists' good-natured jokes, as this example shows!



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PART TWO: 1985-1995

MAD MAGAZINE

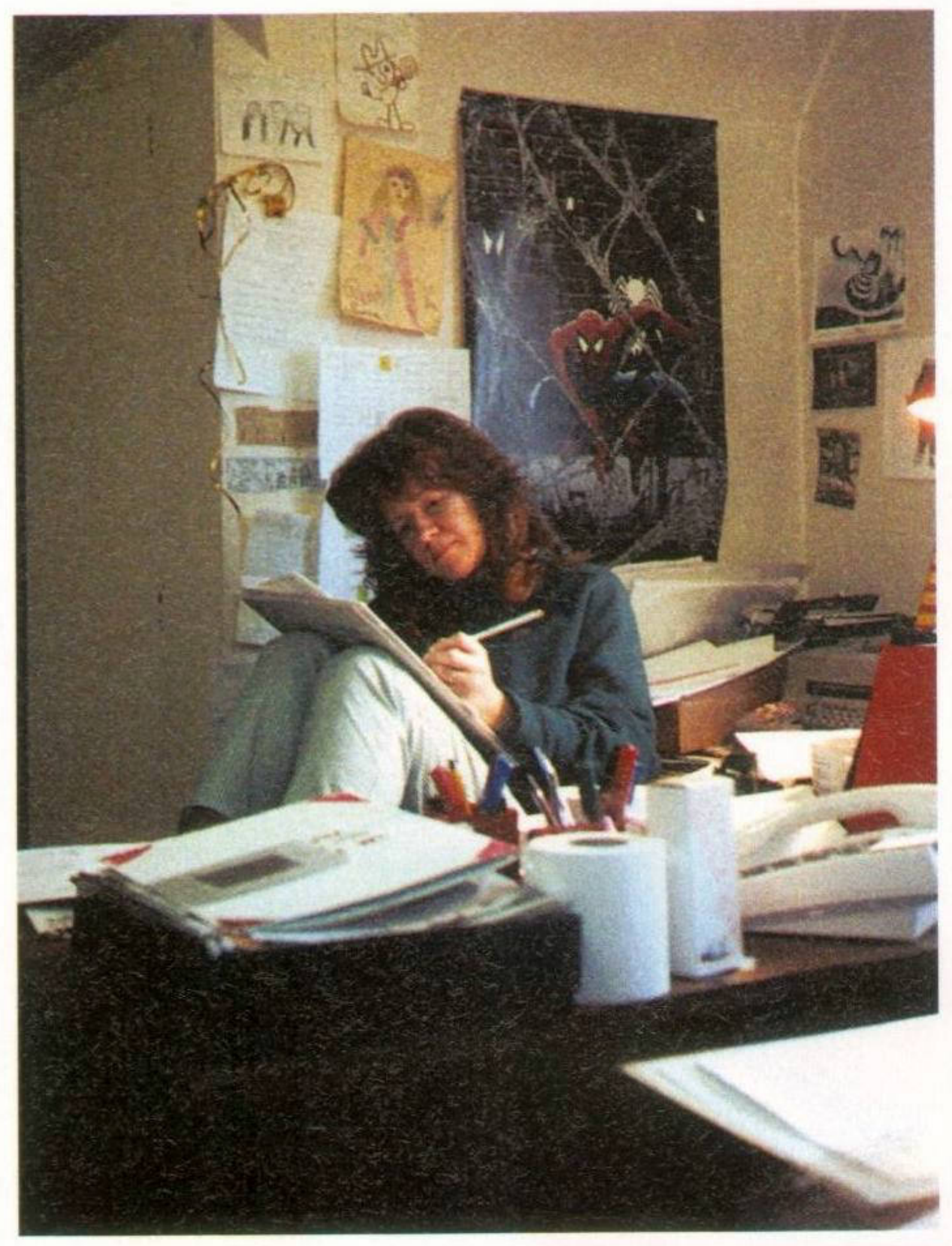
Doctor Who's production hiatus was announced in February 1985, and signalled the greatest crisis the programme, and its licensees, had yet faced. Following the hasty departure of Cefn Ridout, **Doctor Who Magazine** was left without an editor. Sheila Cranna, editor of Marvel's *Sindy* magazine, stepped into the breach. She had already edited one issue of **DWM** earlier in 1985, but from Issue 107 took over the title on a more permanent basis. "I was moved over rather quickly," she recalled in 1989. "It was a case of picking up the pieces and starting again, really."

Cranna favoured a more accessible approach to the magazine, with some of the covers during her tenure reflecting an almost populist sensibility. She claimed she was aiming the magazine at, "not so much the serious fan as the interested viewer. I've always watched [*Doctor Who*], and I found it incredibly interesting coming across some of the features that came in. It was a case of trying to find the people out there who thought, 'I didn't know how interesting it was,' as well as trying to keeping happy the people who bought it from the first issue."

The control of the magazine's content had returned to its principal writers, Richard Marson and Gary Russell, by the time Cranna took over as editor with Issue 107. "They were paginating the magazine and deciding the content of it," recalls Cranna who, following a "flexing of muscles", brought such decisions back under the editor's control. Cranna retained Marson and Russell for interviews, features and reviews, but also used new writers such as *Radio Times* sub-editor Patrick Mulkern.

"I got into **DWM** in 1985 through Richard Marson, who I was friends with," says Mulkern. "My first few pieces were pretty much rubbishy fillers, but when Sheila Cranna came along, she took me out to lunch. We got on really well and she asked for fresh ideas. I liked to invite interviewees up to Marvel HQ in Bayswater. It was a formal setting and [photographer] Steve Cook could take some decent portraits. Meeting Dudley Simpson and Adrienne Hill was a joy. The director Hugh David had total recall and to my amazement turned up all the telesnaps from *The Highlanders*. We could only use a selection, however, as he wanted paying for each one and Sheila thought that they were of questionable interest to the readers."

The majority of interviews were still conducted by roving reporter Richard Marson. "I was a very eager beaver at the time; nothing was too much trouble," he says. "I could never do it now. I used to go to the darkest reaches of Hendon or wherever to interview some old director about something he did years ago. Now, nothing would thrill me less. I remember being particularly dispirited after meeting Peter Grimwade [Issue 133, February 1988]. I was only expecting to interview him for an hour or so but I ended up spending the whole day with him. He lived in a rather shabby little place, surrounded by all these dusty relics from programmes he'd worked on years ago, like *Z-Cars*. He was perfectly charming, but he had this overwhelming bitterness towards the BBC and John Nathan-Turner that was very depressing. He died a few years later, and I think he was probably ill even then."



While Gary Russell continued to write the reviews, Marson's interviews and features dominated the magazine. "I was very cocky," he admits, "I made hundreds of mistakes, but I made them very publicly."

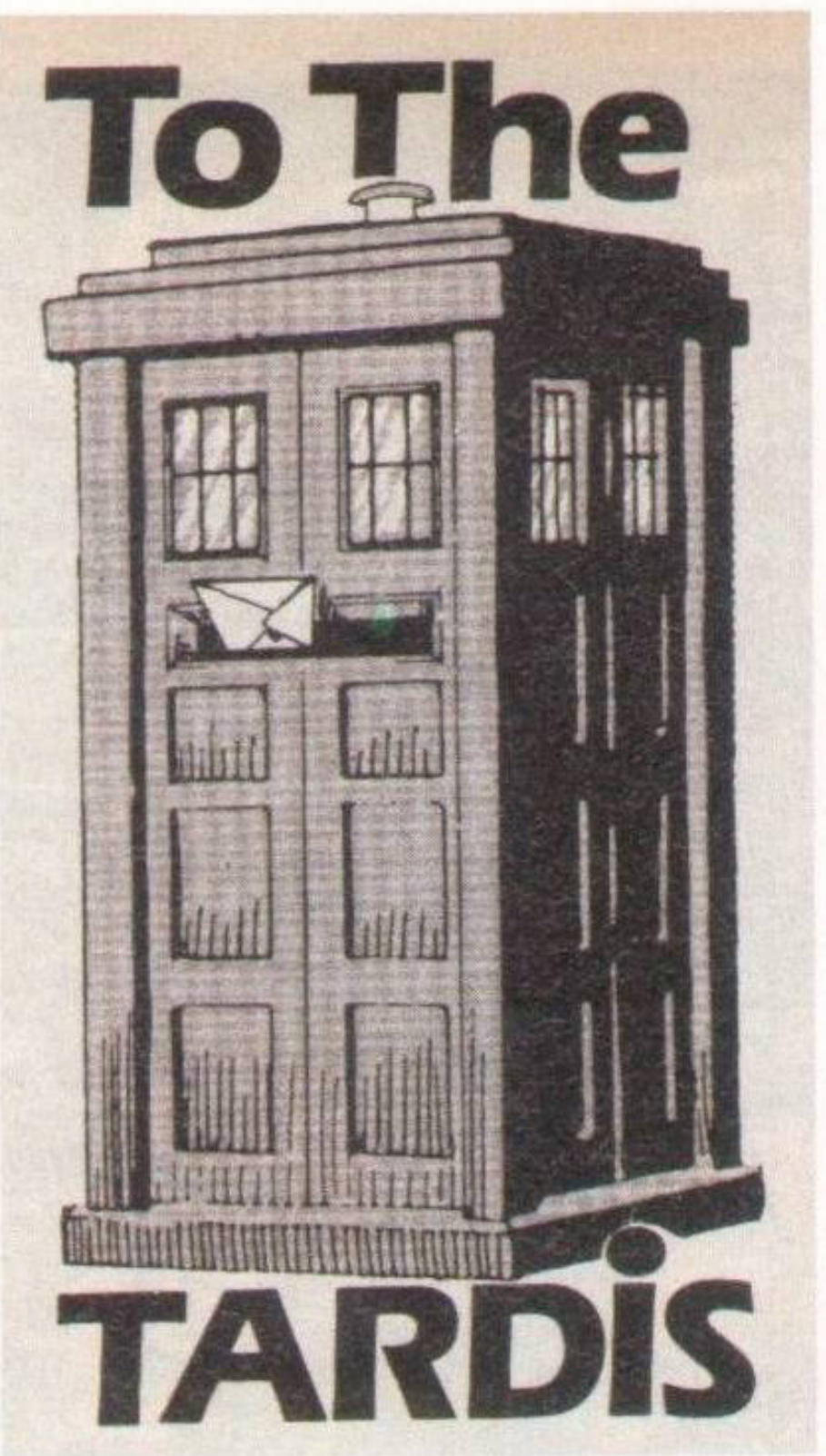
Marson's biggest mistake was his decision to compile quotes from disparate sources and present them as original interviews. Only a handful of his articles were "cuts jobs", but he was found out when a fanzine editor recognised some familiar quotes from his own publication in the William Russell interview published in Issue 115 [August 1986]. "Sheila asked me, 'Was this an interview?' and foolishly I lied and said that it was," admits Marson. "Of course I should have been honest with her, and called the article a profile or something like that. I loved working for Sheila. She always showed me respect, even when I didn't necessarily deserve it."

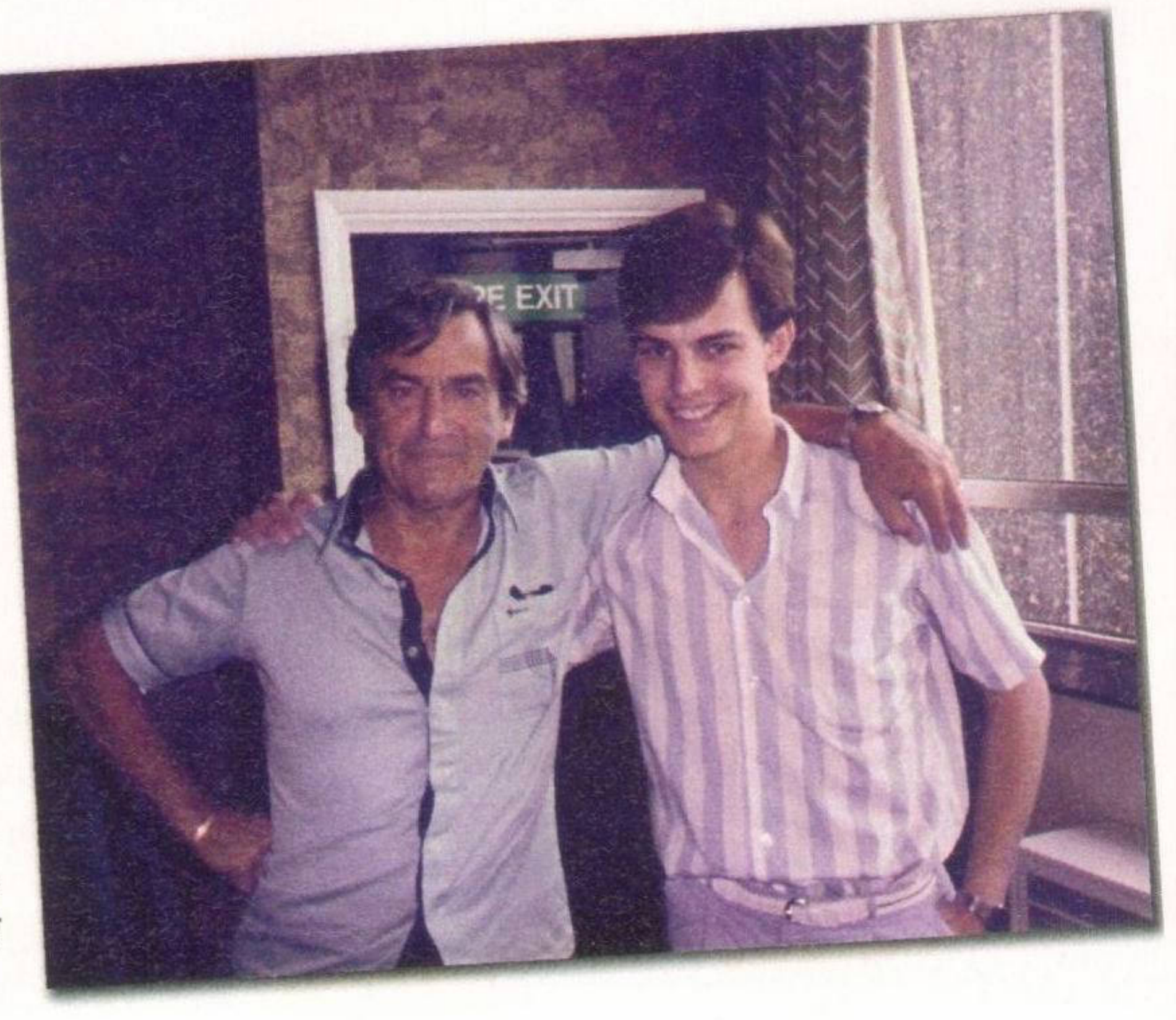
Gary Russell suspected what was going on, but had stayed quiet to protect his friend. "Sheila would say, 'Do you think Richard has actually interviewed this person?' And I would say, 'I have no idea,' but in the back of my mind, I remember thinking that maybe he hadn't ... I was in an awkward situation because I liked Richard and I didn't want to drop him in it. If I remember rightly I made a suggestion to Sheila and [assistant editor] Penny Holme which I think they took up. I suggested that Richard did the interviews on site – that way they could be sure that he was doing them. I don't know how often it happened, but I'm sure he brought Maureen O'Brien into the office."

A suitably chastised Marson mended his ways and continued to work for Cranna for two years after she hauled him up. Good writers were, after all, hard to come by. Before long, Patrick Mulkern started to become frustrated with his lot. "It was all well and good tracking down obscure directors and digging up actresses who'd long since handed in their Equity cards, but what readers naturally desired was to see behind the scenes of new episodes. Unfortunately this was something John Nathan-Turner was reluctant to allow. I made some headway around the time of Sylvester McCoy's début. Perhaps they were just so browbeaten by recent events that they were glad of *any* publicity."

Top: Sheila Cranna gets down to some proofing.
Below: The neon **DWM** logo, mid-1980s vintage, with naff letters page title to match.
Bottom: Patrick Mulkern meets Patrick Troughton at rehearsals for *The Two Doctors* at Acton.

DOCTOR WHO
MAGAZINE





WILLIAM RUSSELL

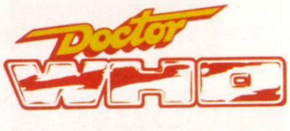
INTERVIEWED

A certain magic still clings to the first occupants of the TARDIS, as Richard Marson discovered when he talked to William Russell, who played heroic schoolteacher Ian Chesterton for the first three years of the world's longest running science fiction programme.

"I hadn't met the two girls before, but after the first nerves had evaporated, we got on famously."

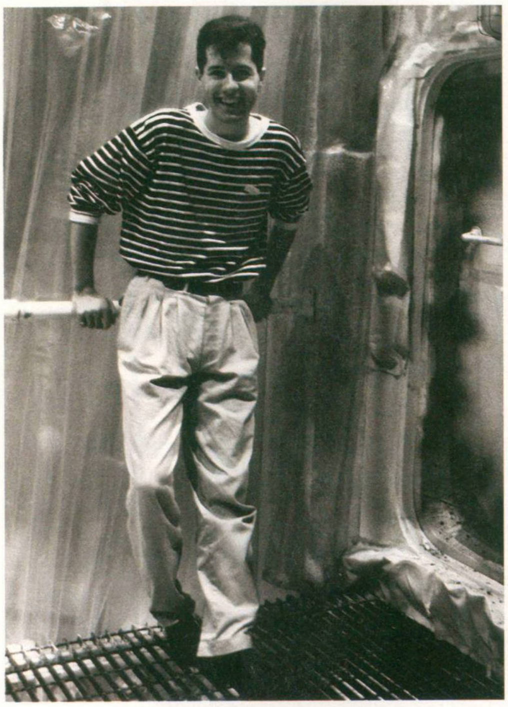
William Russell and William Hartnell worked hard to develop the relationship between the characters they played.

Above: The "cut job" feature that got Richard Marson found out. Right: Marson on the set of 1987's *Dragonfire*. Below: We're promised that the New Series logo won't be anything like that abomination ...



In 1988 Richard Marson got even closer to the show when he landed a job as a floor assistant at the BBC. "I thought that was the best path to take towards becoming a director or a producer," he says. "Unfortunately this wasn't really true any more by the time I arrived. When I started working at the BBC I knew I would have to spend a month shadowing another floor assistant before I was allowed to go off on my own. I was absolutely terrified that my rota would put me on *Doctor Who*. I felt it would have been embarrassing to bump into people like Sophie Aldred, who I knew, and I was very worried that JN-T would think I had become one of the 'spies'. I would find any excuse to dodge *Doctor Who* and go and do something like *The Late Show* instead, but I eventually found myself assigned to *Remembrance of the Daleks*. I was cowering in the corner one day, trying not to be noticed, when Simon Williams spotted me. He had decided to play a practical joke on Pamela Salem, who had finished for the day and was taking off her make-up and changing out of her costume. He asked me to go and see her and tell that there had been a mistake and that she'd have to put all her make-up back on again, get dressed, come out and do the scene again. I really didn't want to do this but he wouldn't take no for an answer. So I very reluctantly knocked on her door and said something like, 'Er ... sorry ... but ... er ... there's been a mistake ... and ... er ... we need you to come back do the scene again ...' It was pathetic, and she could tell what was happening straight away. She said, 'Has someone put you up to this?' and I nodded. Throughout the whole ordeal I kept thinking, 'What if JN-T finds out?' I really thought my job was in danger. I think it was at that point I decided I had to stop working at **Doctor Who Magazine** and concentrate on my new career at the BBC."

Marson's crisis of conscience coincided with the arrival of a new designer at Marvel's Queensway offices. John Freeman was 27 years old when he moved to London in autumn 1987. After graduating he had spent five years working in a print shop in his native Lancaster, and had edited a fanzine called *Scam* which was read by some of the staff at Marvel UK. Freeman had decided to move to London when he was offered another job. When *Scan* reader Richard Starkings, the group editor of Marvel's comics titles, heard that the job had fallen through he asked Freeman to interview for a position at Marvel.

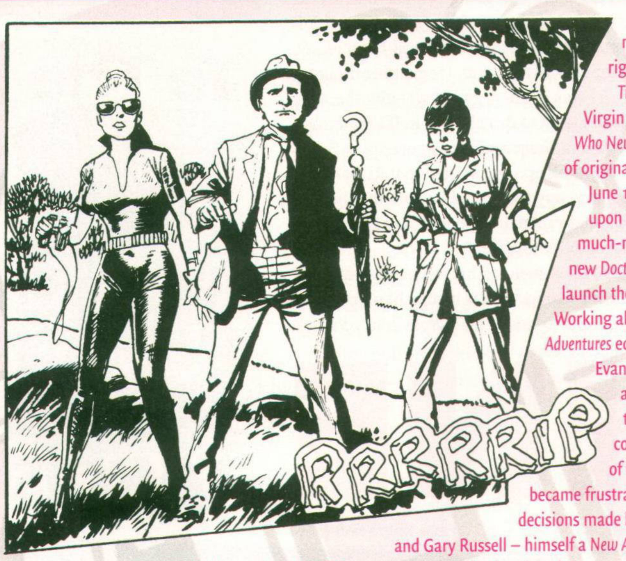


Freeman began work as a freelance designer on Issue 130 of **Doctor Who Magazine**. Aside from the cover, the magazine still only had four pages of colour inside. "This wasn't really frustrating, because I'd only ever worked in black-and-white before," he says. "**Doctor Who Magazine** was the first time I'd ever worked in colour. We were still using cow gum and Letraset in those days. There was no desktop publishing of any kind at Marvel UK at that time. If anything, the technology at the print shop was more advanced than what we had at Marvel."

Freeman continued to design **DWM** through the first half of 1988, and claims he had no ambition to become the editor during this period. "I was just glad I had a job," he says, recalling that the magazine's future was far from certain anyway. "Sheila earnestly cared about *Doctor Who* and did a fantastic job under the circumstances. It was a difficult time for the programme, and I remember her telling me that at one point sales were so low that the management were considering selling the magazine. She very firmly said 'Don't be stupid!' and they apparently ran away."

Freeman soon began to assert himself over the look of the magazine, beginning with the front cover. "I hated the logo," he says. "I thought it was awful. It was a great logo for TV, but [in Issue 135, April 1988] I decided to put a circle behind it in an effort to make it work on the printed page. Much later [in Issue 170, February 1991] I went back to using the diamond logo. As soon as it appeared on the BBC videos I thought, if they can use it, why can't we?"

FANTASTIC FACTS THE COMIC STRIP

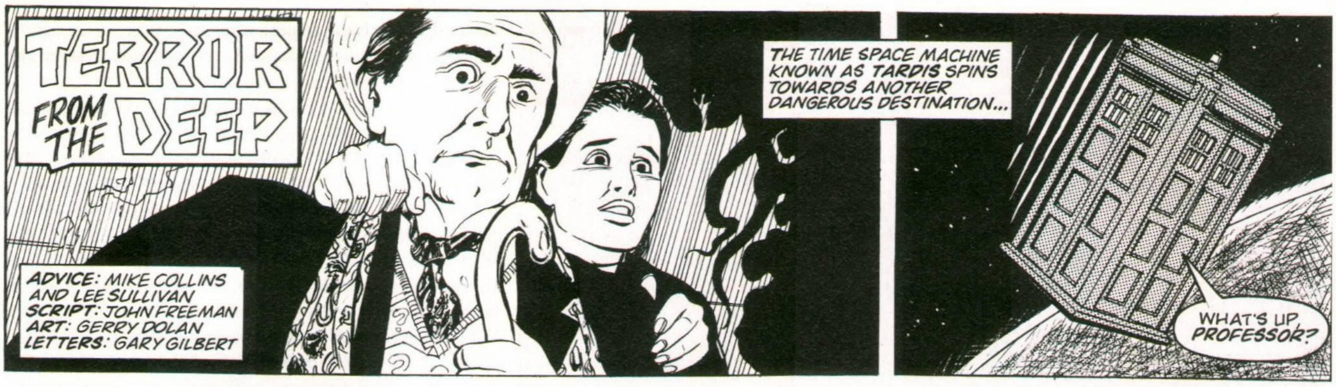


I grew up reading *The Daleks* comic strip in TV21, and I thought the **DWM** comic strip was another arrow to the bow," says John Freeman. "When the show went off the air in 1989 it gave readers new adventures. The problem we always suffered from was that the strip was not highly regarded by mainstream *Doctor Who* fans. They would discuss the ins and outs of what the Doctor had done on screen but they didn't feel that the strip was 'proper' *Doctor Who*. I was very pleased when the show's script editor, Andrew Cartmel, told me he'd like to write for the comic strip, as I felt that helped the strip to become a bit more respected. Ben Aaronovitch [who wrote *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *Battlefield*] submitted a story as well, but I didn't like the idea. He went on to use it in his *Doctor Who* novel *Transit*, which I don't think many people liked, as I recall. So I think my instincts were right."

Transit was part of Virgin Publishing's *Doctor Who New Adventures*, a range of original novels launched in June 1991. Freeman seized upon the books as a much-needed source of new *Doctor Who*, helping to launch the series in Issue 175. Working alongside *New Adventures* editor Peter Darvill-Evans, he devised a way of marrying the continuity in the comic strip with that of the books. Freeman became frustrated with certain decisions made by Virgin, however, and Gary Russell – himself a *New Adventures* author – subsequently abandoned the experiment.

Paul Neary is of the opinion that **Doctor Who Magazine** has long since outgrown its comic strip. "I don't see the sense of it," he says. "Believe me, I'm the first person to want to promote the comic strip genre, but I just don't think that it works in this case. I mean, if you're into films and you own a hat shop, does that necessarily mean that you want to make a film about hats? I don't think so."

Gary Russell, on the other hand, can't envisage that Neary would ever have wanted to drop the **DWM** strip during the early 1990s. "How can I put this?" he says, laughing. "I think Paul maintained a lot of friendships with old artists by giving them work on the **Doctor Who Magazine** strip. But that was fine by me as I was delighted to work with people like Colin Andrew [see panel above]. It was a privilege."


TERROR FROM THE DEEP
ADVICE: MIKE COLLINS AND LEE SULLIVAN
SCRIPT: JOHN FREEMAN
ART: GERRY DOLAN
LETTERS: GARY GILBERT
THE TIME SPACE MACHINE KNOWN AS TARDIS SPINS TOWARDS ANOTHER DANGEROUS DESTINATION...
WHAT'S UP, PROFESSOR?

As 1988 continued, Sheila Cranna's workload increased. As well as editing *Sindy*, she had responsibility for a large range of annuals. By the time she was promoted to magazine group editor, Cranna had been editing **DWM** for two-and-a-half years. "Sheila felt that she'd been doing it for quite some time and wanted to move on," says Freeman. "She recognised that I knew the subject and that I was energetic and enthusiastic. While I was the designer I kept throwing ideas her way, so I think she could see I had the capacity to edit the title. Sheila and [managing director] Robert Sutherland interviewed me for the job, but in many ways I think it was what Sheila wanted, and what Sheila wanted happened. I went from designer to editor in record time."

Freeman took over from Issue 137, dated June 1988. Crucially, he was the first editor of the magazine to regard himself as a dedicated *Doctor Who* fan. He had joined the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society in 1979, and would become a familiar face at conventions and other fan gatherings over the next few years. "He was really hungry for that job – I could smell it," says Richard Marson, who was the first casualty of Freeman's new regime. "I would have liked John more, I think, if he had been upfront with me, the way Cefn had been, but I don't feel he was honest with me about the way he felt."

Freeman admits that Marson had a "very good" relationship with Sheila Cranna, and concedes that, "I think he decided he may not have the same relationship with me."

When asked whether he tried to persuade Marson to stay on the magazine, Freeman pauses. "Er... no I didn't. While I quite liked the magazine as it was, I didn't feel it was detailed enough and I didn't feel it was reaching the numbers of fans that it could. I wanted to bring in more writers and I wanted a change of pace."

Nostalgia

Darkness . . . A gloomy tunnel . . . A shabby, impish figure rushes forward

an old-fashioned horror story – a movie genre of which the writers and the producer were very fond.

(comprising the fungus which oozed through the tunnels, and the mist drifting through the city

Freeman did try to persuade Patrick Mulkern to stay on, but by 1988 Mulkern had become "disenchanted with the show and fandom." Freeman took Mulkern out for lunch on a boat near the company's new offices in Temple, but nothing further came of the meeting.

Sweeping changes were introduced in Freeman's first issue, which credited prominent *Doctor Who* expert David J Howe as consultant. "David had considerable knowledge of *Doctor Who* merchandise, and I felt he knew how things operated within the BBC and within fandom. I wasn't aware of these things at the time, so I felt this would be very useful."

Issue 137 also saw the début of a dedicated and meticulous researcher called Andrew Pixley. "I wanted to make the magazine more authoritative," says Freeman. "I'd been reading Andrew's articles in the fanzine *Time Screen*, and I was very impressed by his knowledge of television. So I got in touch with him and asked him if he'd like to do some work for the magazine. Andrew probably knew *Doctor Who* better than anyone else and knew where to find new information. And I liked the fact he wasn't a fan 'name': he didn't have any axe to grind and didn't have any preconceptions about how *Doctor Who* should be produced."

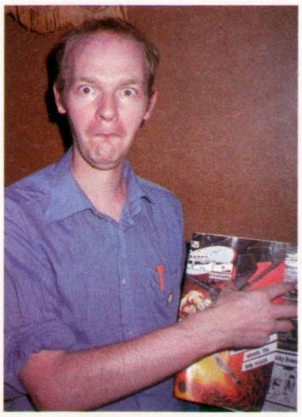
The articles Pixley wrote for Freeman were remarkable: their insight in placing *Doctor Who* within the context of wider television production were unprecedented in **DWM**, and their staggering detail made them a unique achievement within media publishing as a whole. "Richard Marson's approach to the *Archive* features had been very different," says Pixley. "He employed a lot of anecdotal material, but when I discussed a way forward with John, I told him I very much wanted to do something more detailed, and to tell the *story* of each serial's production in a chronological way. I knew this would significantly increase the wordcount, but John said, 'Take as many words as you need.' I think that was a decision that some of the subsequent editors came to regret!"

The appointments of Howe and Pixley, both of whom would play major roles in the years to come, were just the beginning of Freeman's efforts to expand the scope of the magazine. "I felt that in the past **DWM** had been dominated by one or two voices and I wanted to bring more writers in," he says. "So I commissioned people like John McLay, Justin Richards and you. Generally I wouldn't add my own name to the list of writers creating the magazine, so I used the pseudonym Paul Travers."

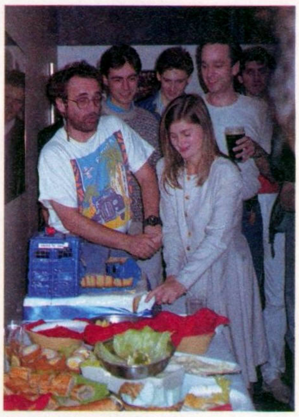
And the inspiration for this *nom de plume*? "Well, I'm a big fan of *Thunderbirds*," he says, laughing, "Paul Travers is the captain of the spaceship Zero X from the film *Thunderbirds Are Go*. I still use the Paul Travers pseudonym, although sometimes I call myself Greg Martin ... he was the co-pilot!"

The column *Reltime*, which listed forthcoming "*Who*-related events" around the country, was another new feature for Issue 137. It was clearly the brainchild of an editor who didn't share his predecessors' antipathy towards conventions. "In 1988 we were, of course, pre Internet," says Freeman. "I wanted to find a way to encourage fans to meet up and contact each other. I thought it was worthwhile to tell people about conventions, but I also thought it was a good idea to go along to them as well. I liked to meet readers, and potential readers, to get an idea of what they wanted to see in the magazine. They were paying my wages, after all. It was extremely useful, and I picked up some new writers as well."

By 1989 Marvel was established in new headquarters at Arundel House in London, around the corner from Fleet Street. This Gothic building overlooked the Thames and was the company's most ostentatious office to date. The red brick façade concealed a



Top: The aborted *Doctor Who* newspaper strip initiated by Freeman. Above: John Freeman spots an error on the contents page of #140. Dig out your copy and see if you can find it too!



Above and this picture: Cake-based shenanigans abound as Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred grace a party thrown in honour of **DWM**'s 10th anniversary.

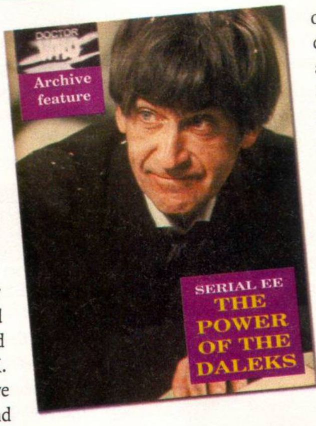
FANTASTIC FACTS THE FANZINE TRAP

"When it came to compiling *Gallifrey Guardian*, the only competition I felt we had was from Gary Leigh's fanzine *DWB*," says Gary Russell. "The Internet didn't exist then, at least not in a form that many people actually had access to, so there was no danger that you would be scooped by a piece of news that appeared online. At the time we may have thought that Sheila Cranna or John Freeman may have been lucky because they had a TV show to report on, but we never had the pressure that exists today. If I was the editor of **Doctor Who Magazine** now I wouldn't even bother with *Gallifrey Guardian*. I'd scrap it."

DWM 'Fanzine of the Year'
dwb
Cregeen Exposed: Disinterest scuppered 'Dark Dimension'
Degeneration of the Daleks!

"I think *DWB* was, in the large part, being written by people who wanted to produce the show but never would," says John Freeman. "I think some of their criticism was justified, but I always felt it was too nit-picking and too 'fan'. I didn't feel that what they were doing was very kind to the actors or the other people working on the show. The first mention of me in *DWB* claimed that I had been hired as a fan, to save the magazine. They hadn't even bothered to phone me up to find out anything about me before writing this story. It was classic *Sun*-style journalism."

Right: The very first of Andrew Pixley's 'pull-out' *Archive* features appeared in issue 180 [November 1991]. Below: An unused *Silver Nemesis* cover for Issue 193. The image proved too grainy, was reversed ... and doesn't seem to have anything to do with that issue's contents!



MARVEL
Issue 193 25th November 1992 UK £2.50 US $4.95 CAN $5.75
FREE POSTER
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
THE SONTARANS ARE BACK!
New comic strip action with the Seventh Doctor & Benny!
BEHIND THE SCENES –
THE ANDROID INVASION
Full archive on this classic Seventies Terry Nation adventure!
Plus: What is 'real' Doctor Who? The return of Controversy Corner!

labyrinth of cloistered offices and a young, enthusiastic workforce. In 1990 Robert Sutherland left to form the Redan Company (a publishing house named after the address of Marvel's previous premises) and a new managing director, Vincent Conran, took his place. Nicknamed 'the Fat Controller', because of his resemblance to the rotund *Thomas the Tank Engine* character, Conran was a jolly, expansive boss who would flit from office to office enquiring in a loud voice, "Any rumour and scandal today?"

Conran was soon joined by an editorial director whose suave demeanour and calm self-confidence had already graced Marvel UK. "I suppose I hadn't seen eye to eye with Robert Sutherland since the early days," says Paul Neary, who had been pursuing a successful freelance career since saving **Doctor Who Weekly** by transforming it into a monthly title in 1980. "I think Robert saw me as the villain of the piece because I was spending money and I don't think he and Brian Babani would have considered taking me back. So it wasn't until Robert moved on that I considered returning. I was drawing *Captain America* when the people at Marvel US put me up for it. So I had a meeting with [Marvel chairman] Jim Galton and came back to Marvel UK."

Neary was shocked by what he found at the company's grand new office in Temple. "The whole place was clearly a ship without a rudder," he says. "The building in Arundel Street was very nice, but everyone was spread over four floors and there were rooms with little cliques of people in, all reinventing the wheel. There were piles of stuff everywhere and it all looked a bit like it was going to seed."

Neary had compiled a review of the company's publications as part of his job application, and remembers being most impressed by **Doctor Who Magazine**. "It was clearly a cut above everything else that was going on," he says. "I held John's work in high regard. John and the designer, Gary Gilbert, more or less produced **Doctor Who Magazine** between them. But they were stuck up on the fourth floor, and if there was no work for Gary to be doing he just sat there, whereas downstairs there may have been people who couldn't complete their magazines because there were no art staff available. So the first thing I had to do was centralise everyone. I moved them so they were on just two floors, and brought all the art staff together so they could handle anything. I did some sums and worked out how much all the typesetting was costing us, and decided it was time to get some computers. So we got some quite low-powered Apple Macintoshes, which struggled a bit with the software, but at least we were able to get going with the computerisation."

Freeman was promoted to the role of senior editor in autumn 1990, and deputised for Neary when he was away. When interviewed for a *Myth Makers* video documentary in 1989, Freeman described the production process on **Doctor Who Magazine** as "basically slap and paste. It always has been and it always will be, I think." By the following year, however, he had become a passionate advocate of the computer technology he felt would increase the magazine's flexibility and efficiency.

Doctor Who Magazine was the first publication at Marvel to get an Apple Mac, but the digital revolution got off to a shaky start. Four days after the art department's Macs arrived the Arundel Street building was burgled and they were all stolen. An insurance claim was made and new machines arrived a few weeks later, on a Thursday. The following Monday it was discovered that these too were gone!

As the BBC began to regularly release *Doctor Who* videos, the pages of **DWM** reflected the fact that the only new programmes were old ones. In July 1991 Andrew Pixley wrote a lengthy *Archive* feature on *The Power of the Daleks*, based on a new format that he had devised with Freeman. The article was printed in Issue 180, dated November 1991, and took the form of an eight-page pull-out in the centre of the magazine. It was a format that would endure, essentially unchanged, until 2003.

Freeman had transformed the magazine into a dense and richly illustrated mix, boasting numerous colour pages and superior quality paper. The higher price of £2.25 reflected its new position in the market – **DWM** was strictly by fans for fans. And who better to act as an arbiter of the fans' taste than long-time reviewer Gary Russell, who became Freeman's full-time assistant in November 1991?

Russell recalls clashing with Freeman while the two shared an office, but is quick to acknowledge the debt he owes him. "John was a very nice man. He taught me everything. He would tell me to do things in a certain way because they didn't work any other way. I would wonder what he was talking about, but I would soon realise that he was right. John was a very good teacher and I learned a lot from him, not just about **Doctor Who Magazine** but about publishing in general."

Freeman also remembers some fraught moments with his new assistant. "We fought like cat and dog," he says. "Gary had some very strong ideas of what *Doctor Who* was about, and we would argue. We're both creative people, and there was a personality clash. We would always settle it over a pizza later, but we did seem to rub each other up the wrong way."

Paul Neary was creating a new universe of Marvel UK characters, and Freeman's long-held enthusiasm for the comics genre drew him towards these new projects. "I'd been doing **DWM** for quite some time and I wanted to do something different," he says. "Gary was more than capable of editing the magazine and took to it like a duck to water."

Gary Russell hard at work at Arundel House, and (right) promoting **DWM** as Auton-on-the-left in 1993's *30 Years in the TARDIS* documentary.

Freeman stepped down as editor on Issue 185, in March 1992. Russell recalls that the transition wasn't quite as smooth as he'd hoped. "We were still sharing an office when I took over the magazine, and I think that was difficult for John. He had trouble letting go. He *had* to let go because he'd been promoted, but nevertheless I think he probably thought I wasn't doing as good a job as I could have been, and he therefore wanted to keep a closer eye on it than I thought was entirely necessary, or fair, or good for the magazine. A year and a bit down the line I felt that John was spending too long looking over my shoulder. This led to me asking Paul Neary if we could not be in the same office any longer."

Freeman left Marvel to go freelance in 1993. "I did regret it to a certain extent," he says, "but it was down to personal choice. My partner at the time wanted to move away and I went with her."

Freeman wasn't alone in pursuing freelance ambitions. "At that time it looked like work grew on trees," says Neary. "There were so many comics going on, and, as you know, the holy grail of being a comics editor is to go freelance and not have to come in to the office. A lot of people thought there was going to be a mountain of work, but when the bubble exploded and the work dried up it went the other way round, and many freelancers took the option of working for a steady salary. Depending on how much work was around, there was a migration inwards or outwards of editors."

ARUNDEL HOUSE
ARUNDEL HOUSE

The staff of Arundel House pose for the cameras in 1994. Design legend Peri Godbold stands at the centre of the front row, with design colleague Gary Gilbert at the back with red hair. Russell and Hearn are skulking to the right ...

By 1992, *Doctor Who* was two years into another production 'hiatus', but Freeman upheld the belief that it would return for its thirtieth anniversary. "John's philosophy was that the magazine always had to remain upbeat," says Russell. "I think he felt the last thing the readers wanted was to read editorial that announced the series was never coming back. The next thought would inevitably have been, 'So why are we all bothering?' Fandom was quite active in those days and I think he saw the magazine as a clarion call. While there was so much uncertainty about the future of the series, it was a positive link that united everyone."

Left: Gary Russell clambers into a Dalek for *30 Years in the TARDIS*. Below: **DW**M re-adopted the classic diamond logo in 1991. Unfortunately many readers were blinded by the colour combinations chosen ...

Despite the BBC's assurances that an independent production of *Doctor Who* was on the cards, and numerous rumours about a possible feature film, Russell decided that it was time for a new emphasis. "I very quickly moved the magazine away from speculation that the show was coming back," he says. "'We were no longer news-led. We became feature led, and the tone became almost entirely retrospective. Andrew Pixley's *Archive* was the centrepiece of the magazine and everything spiralled out from that. If a video was released then I made sure there was an interview connected with that story. I was almost regarding **DW**M as a kind of partwork. Now, in the year 2004, when *The Leisure Hive* comes out on DVD I hope people will be able to reach for that issue [191, September 1992] and find everything they want to know about that story in there. I was producing issues of **DW**M that I hoped you wouldn't throw away six weeks after you bought them. And that's probably why I gave you the job as my assistant in 1993 – I felt you were very much on the same wavelength."

During Russell's editorship it became clear that Pixley's *Archive* would be a long-term project that should ideally be seen through to its logical conclusion. "I'm sure that when John started the *Archives* he had no idea they would actually run for 12 years," smiles Russell.

Aside from Pixley, whose work Russell regarded as "invaluable", there were a number of other writers who became mainstays during the early 1990s. "Well, Marcus Hearn was quite good," says Russell, smiling. "Austen Atkinson-Broadbelt, Andrew Evans and Anthony Townsend did a lot of interviews. Austen was a photographer at heart but he did a lot of writing as well. I remember he interviewed Delia Derbyshire [in Issue 199, May 1993], and I think it was the first proper interview she'd ever done. Jane Walker came to me with the idea of interviewing the female companions from a non-*Doctor Who* perspective and I liked that idea. She was very good."

In summer 1993 Russell gave up his traditional role as **DW**M's book and video reviewer, passing the mantle to former DWAS luminary Craig Hinton. In Issue 201 [July 1993] Hinton introduced the newly named *Shelf Life* column by assuring regular readers that "I can be just as vituperative as my predecessor." It was no idle threat.

"I was probably a bit boring, in that I relied on the same

FANTASTIC FACTS THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY

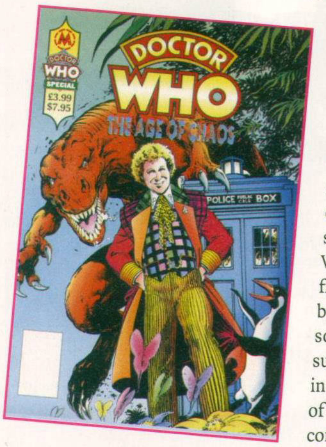
Although *Doctor Who* was still off the air in 1993, and the proposed TV movie *The Dark Dimension* never materialised, Gary Russell has fond memories of the thirtieth anniversary year. "1993 was the best year ever for me on **Doctor Who Magazine**," he says. "You and I were working as a good team; Marvel put its name to the thirtieth anniversary PanoptiCon at Hammersmith; and it was the year the BBC took everything we did seriously. They were issuing a video every two months at that point, and they used to ring me up and ask me what they should release. I suggested the *Trial of a Time Lord* box set, the E-Space Trilogy, and lots of others. We had a great relationship."

The magazine's close relationship with the BBC became especially valuable when, in summer 1993, Russell used his contacts to allow special access to a previously untapped archive. "The highlight of the year was the discovery of the telesnaps," he says, "I'll never forget that day you phoned me up and told me what you'd found. I remember you telling me what Lethbridge-Stewart's hat looked like in *Web of Fear*, and what the Chameleons in *The Faceless Ones* looked like. It was so exciting to find those photographs."

The rarities yielded by the BBC's Written Archives Centre led to *The Telesnap Archive*, a popular pictorial feature in **DW**M and its sister magazine **Classic Comics**. The production paperwork discovered at the archive shed new light on the complex background to the creation of *Doctor Who* (in Issues 207, 208 and 209), and provided a foundation for Andrew Pixley's *Archives* for many years to come.

Above: Smiling through the tears – the final day for many of the Marvel UK team. L-R: Gary Russell, Marcus Hearn, Gary Gillatt, Paul Vyse, Alan Barnes, and (Warwick) Scott Gray.

writers issue in, issue out," muses Russell. "It became difficult to find new writers because the age of the fanzine came to an end while we were doing **Doctor Who Magazine**, and I think we were completely responsible for that. John started the process, because he got so many of his writers from fanzines. John McLay, Mark Wyman and people like that were all fanzine people. The fanzines died not so much because John was poaching the writers, however, but because you simply didn't *need* fanzines any more – **DWM** was covering issues that interested fans in the sort of depth that they wanted. John Ainsworth used to write a column called *The Fanzine Trap*, and towards the end he was having a terrible job just finding enough fanzines to review."



The year of *Doctor Who*'s thirtieth anniversary proved particularly memorable for **DWM**, and Marvel UK was similarly riding high, reaping the profits from the latest craze for graphic novels. "Vincent Conran didn't understand about comics *per se*, and that's why they wanted me in on the deal," says Neary. "I was there to advise the money people. And Vincent listened, which is something that didn't happen the first time I was at Marvel. I felt like an outsider at Kentish Town, but when I explained to Vincent that we should be doing something a bit more contemporary he listened. And it succeeded wildly. Marvel UK's first *Death's Head* book [published in 1992] sold over a million copies. And it went back for a reprint of 250,000. There was over a million pounds of profit on one comic, and we ended up doing around 30 a month, and we did that for a number of years. I'm not saying they all sold a million, but there was a huge amount of money being made, so Vincent was a sort of blue-eyed boy."

Marvel UK was so successful that Marvel US decided to assume direct control and complete ownership of the company for the very first time. From 1993 onwards the franchise that bore the same name as its American licensor finally became a bona fide part of the Marvel Comics group.

Russell was part of an optimistic new wave of writers and artists who flocked to the court of King Neary, clamouring for a share of the action. The party atmosphere among the artists in the basement would spill out into the nearby Gordon's wine bar, where Byronic senior editor Michael Bennent would preside over endless boozy lunches. Although intoxicated by the atmosphere, the teetotal Russell would disapprove when such decadance extended to the **Doctor Who Magazine** office. During those heady days, however, life seemed sweet. As long we hit our deadlines, it didn't seem to matter when the work was done.

In September 1994 Mike Hobson, the vice president of Marvel US, arrived in the UK to take over the British division from Vincent Conran. "I admired Paul Neary enormously," says Gary Russell, who by this time had started writing comic books for Neary's new publishing programme. "He was such an intelligent man and a real gentleman. Hobson and Neary were just the best people to work for. I would have walked over hot coals for them."

Dazzled by the prospect of a new career as a comics editor and writer, Russell sought to expand his role at Marvel. In late 1994 he was promoted to group editor, and imposed a major reorganisation of the magazine department. I wrote my farewell editorial in Issue 220 (December 1994), stepping down as co-editor to work on other magazines. I retained a credit as 'associate editor' of **DWM**, but devoted much of my time to a new project entitled *Hammer Horror*, for which I poached **DWM**'s superb designer, Peri Godbold.

Talented comics writer Warwick (latterly Scott) Gray joined **DWM** as assistant editor at the end of 1994, and at the beginning of 1995 Russell appointed his friend and former freelancer Gary Gillatt as the new editor of **Doctor Who Magazine**. He would oversee Gillatt's earliest months on the title in much the same way that Freeman had overseen his own.

The growth of Marvel UK continued apace in the new year,

FANTASTIC FACTS SPIN-OFF SHOWCASE

John Freeman felt that the potential existed to create a sister magazine to **DWM**, in addition to the usual specials. Towards the end of his time at Marvel he prompted negotiations to buy the rights to every official *Doctor Who* comic strip that had ever been published. By the time the process was complete Marvel owned everything except *The Daleks* strip from TV 21 (which was reproduced in **DWM** under license from the rights holders). Following Freeman's departure, Russell proposed the low-budget reprint magazine **Doctor Who Classic Comics** as a vehicle for the newly-acquired strips. **DWCC** ran for 27 full-colour issues, from 1992 to 1994.

Unfortunately the magazine was much less popular than **DWM**. "The fault line that runs through *Doctor Who* and comic readers is a pretty major rift," says Paul Neary. "There isn't much overlap. The people that want *Doctor Who* don't want comics, and the people that want comics don't really want *Doctor Who*. We tried to do them well, and tried to make sure that the graphic novels were well-produced, but comics buffs are turned off by characters they don't totally see as comics characters."

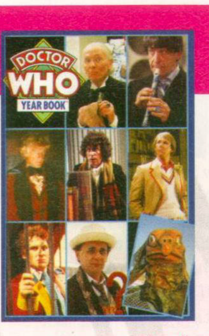
"**Classic Comics** might not have been a big seller, but the people who bought it liked it," says Gary Russell. "I was disappointed when it was axed, but the decision was taken by Paul Neary and Mike Hobson, and I had such respect for them that if they'd told me to jump off the top of the building I'd have probably done it. It had run for a couple of years, and we'd done all the Jon Pertwee strips, which I suppose was my main aim. I would have liked to have completed the Hartnell and Troughton strips, and we weren't far off from that ... I'm not sure I would *ever* have wanted to do the early Tom Baker strips."

John Freeman also initiated the hardbacked **Doctor Who Yearbooks**, which were launched in 1991. The first **Yearbook** contained short stories by Colin Baker, Stephen Gallagher, John Lucarotti and Marc Platt. Over the course of the subsequent three years, editor Gary Russell steered the books more towards the style of the World Distributors annuals that were so popular in the 1960s and 70s. The final **Yearbook** was published in 1995 and largely comprised a complete season-by-season guide to *Doctor Who* by Andrew Pixley and Stephen James Walker. It still stands as one of the most concise and reliable guides to the show ever published.

First Issue
Doctor Who
Poster Magazine
Giant Dalek Poster Inside
Daleks: The Story of the Doctor's Deadliest Foes

Other special projects included a perfect-bound issue celebrating **DWM**'s tenth anniversary; a Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Special; and *The Dalek Chronicles*, which collected the *Daleks* comic strip in one full-colour volume for the first time. Russell even persuaded original *Daleks* artist Ron Turner to create a new illustration for the wraparound cover.

"I was immensely proud of the Thirtieth Anniversary Special," says Russell, who created the magazine as a painstaking homage to, and extension of, the *Radio Times Tenth Anniversary Special*. For the front cover, Austen Atkinson-Broadbelt even photographed Sylvester McCoy in a similar pose to the one Jon Pertwee had adopted back in 1973. This lavish magazine is now highly sought after, due to an administrative error following its printing – 18,000 of the 25,000 copies were accidentally pulped before they went on sale!



The Age of Chaos was an epic strip story originally conceived as a four-issue comic book series, but when Marvel US went cold on the idea it was instead published as a single graphic novel in 1994. *The Age of Chaos* was written by Colin Baker – who visited the **DWM** offices for editorial meetings during the sometimes problematic production period – and illustrated by John M Burns and Barrie Mitchell. When Jon Pertwee heard that Colin Baker had written a graphic novel, he called the **DWM** office and explained that he had co-written his own *Doctor Who* script in the early 1970s, and that this could form the basis for a similar publication. Despite scouring his attic, Pertwee failed to locate his script for *Doctor Who and the Spare Part People* and the project was shelved.

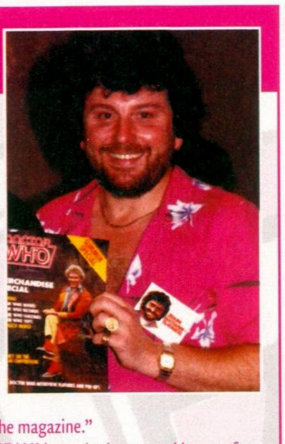
The final spin-off created by Gary Russell was the short-lived **Doctor Who Poster Magazine**. "In 1994 someone, it was possibly Mike Hobson, said, 'What aren't we doing a second *Doctor Who* magazine?'" he remembers. "I think the circulation manager suggested the **Doctor Who Poster Magazine**. It stunk, frankly, and it just didn't sell."

FANTASTIC FACTS FREE AT LAST!

During the late 1980s John Nathan-Turner approved all the copy for **Doctor Who Magazine**, and continued to comment on it after the show ended in 1989. "Some bits of reviews were red-lined, but I made the effort to try to build a good relationship with JN-T," says John Freeman. "The sort of thing he would generally object to would be criticisms of actors. He didn't mind adverse comments about the show, but he told me that actors' livelihoods depended on the perception of their work. I think that was fair enough."

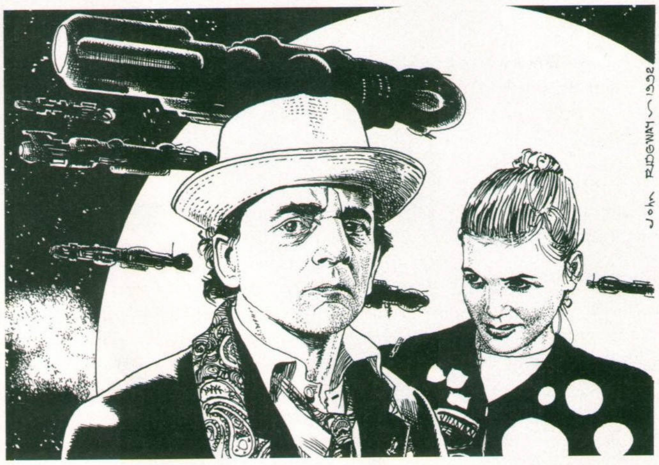
Patrick Mulkern's memories of JN-T are coloured by an angry encounter with the producer while researching his set report on *Time and the Rani* in 1987. "Many readers may have purged this serial from their minds, but there's a hairy monster's POV shot through a doorway of Sylvester McCoy on a dais. What you won't know is that on either side of that doorway were I and an apoplectic producer; he waited for the shot to finish before issuing the nasal whinny: 'What are *you* doing in *my* studio?!' He was paranoid about fans 'spying' on 'his' programme and nearly had a fit when he spotted me. I pointed out that I'd been invited by the designer Geoff Powell, my visit had been okayed with the *Doctor Who* production office, and besides, as a BBC employee, I had every right to be standing there."

Gary Russell didn't even get as far as a set when attempting to cover the making of 1993 special *Dimensions in Time*. "I had a very good relationship with JN-T, but I did have a problem with him during the recording of *Dimensions of Time* in 1993. I phoned John's office on the morning I was supposed to go down there, just to check that everything was still OK. Unfortunately a message had been left for me that said Marvel Comics was no longer welcome. With two hours' notice he decided that he didn't want me there, and I still don't know why. I was livid, because it was a blow for the magazine."



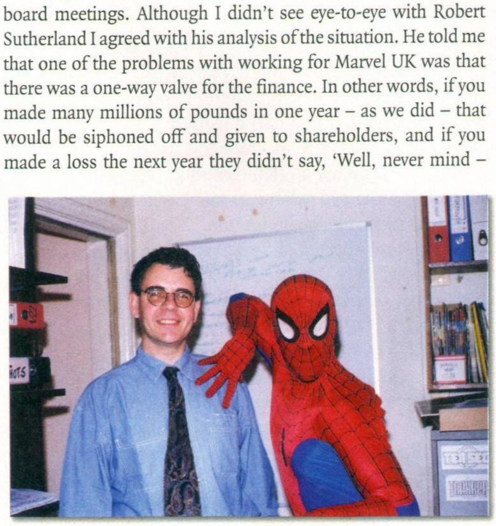
Russell was the last editor of **DWM** to submit copy and layouts for JN-T for his approval, prior to printing. "I would go round to his house, drop the pages off in the evening, and return the following evening on my way back from the office to pick up them up again. Or sometimes, he would just put the pages through my letterbox. At that point he had very little to say about the magazine, and by 1993 I had finally shaken off his influence. When I started on the magazine JN-T was still at BBC Worldwide, overseeing the video releases, and I was still sending all the articles to him to be cleared. But when he left Worldwide I remember calling the BBC and making a new arrangement. It was the most liberating thing that could have happened."

and the party atmosphere settled down to a spirit of cheerful optimism. I was one of many staff who started working ridiculous hours – not because we had to or were paid to, but because we *wanted* to.



It was, of course, too good to last. "We were doing so many comics that some of them were unspectacular," admits Neary. "There were spin-offs of spin-offs, and some of those spin-offs had spin-offs of their own! The comic book currency was becoming so diluted that the books weren't special. The market was sustained by collectors for a while – I remember that we would seal some comics in bags and they were worth more if you didn't open the bag – but then comic shops started to go bust and the market imploded."

In summer 1995 the crisis in the American market prompted Marvel US to cut its losses and Marvel UK was absorbed by Italian publisher Panini. "I could see it coming," says Neary, who was the first person to lose his job when the axe fell at the end of June. "It seemed obvious to me and I regret that I couldn't get it across during what passed as board meetings. Although I didn't see eye-to-eye with Robert Sutherland I agreed with his analysis of the situation. He told me that one of the problems with working for Marvel UK was that there was a one-way valve for the finance. In other words, if you made many millions of pounds in one year – as we did – that would be siphoned off and given to shareholders, and if you made a loss the next year they didn't say, 'Well, never mind – you've made a loss this year, but you earned 15 million last year.' However well we did, the money was used elsewhere. There was very little evening out, and I could see that was going to be a problem. When things were going really well I remember saying to Vincent that we should put some money aside from some British projects, but the idea got kicked into the long grass. The American shareholders wanted the figures to look good because it reflected on their personal incomes."



No longer playing a primary role on one of the company's most reliable titles, Gary Russell was in a vulnerable position when Panini closed the magazine department. "We were stabbed in the back," he says bitterly. "I was devastated when I lost my job, because I felt the best thing in the world had been taken away from me. And it was done by someone I had no respect for, someone who had no experience in magazine publishing. And they didn't just get rid of you, me and [assistant editor] Alan Barnes – he got shot of everyone who he felt could challenge his lack of knowledge."

Barnes had only been the assistant editor of *Hammer Horror* for seven weeks when he, Russell, Neary, myself and numerous other members of Marvel UK were made redundant. **Doctor Who Magazine** would continue, and although the Marvel logo would still appear on the cover for some time, the company's 16-year association with the title had effectively come to an end.

The second major phase of **DWM**'s history, initiated by John Freeman and perfected by Gary Russell, had forged a sophisticated new format which proved so successful that it confidently outlived the television series it was designed to support. Under its new owners and a new editor, **Doctor Who Magazine** would transform once again, but it would never lose its high standards of research, writing and illustration.

Despite the difficulties they faced, the first fan editors of **Doctor Who Magazine** still regard the job with huge affection. "I'd be amazed if anyone asked me to edit **DWM** again," says John Freeman, "but if they did I'd be back like a shot."

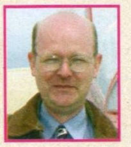
Gary Russell is similarly nostalgic: "It was, quite simply, the best job I ever had." **DWM**

Above: Promotional artwork for the **DWM** strip by John Ridgway. Left: Paul Neary and friend at Marvel HQ.

NEXT TIME:
Viva Vancouver, a publishing explosion (well, nearly), and visions of things to come ...

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

JOHN FREEMAN



After leaving Marvel, Freeman ran the Lancaster Literature Festival, before returning to London to launch the magazines department for Titan Publishing. He left Titan to go freelance in 1999 and has since written comic strips, managed the Hammer Films website and "run a virtual world for an Internet company." He is currently editing *RAF – The Official Magazine* for Titan and maintaining his own website *www.downthetubes.net*

MARCUS HEARN

Hearn joined the staff of magazine publisher EMAP and in 1997 accepted John Freeman's offer to become an editor at Titan. In 1999 Hearn established his own company, Reynolds and Hearn, which has published almost 60 books to date. His own books as an author include the official history of Hammer Films (co-written with Alan Barnes) and authorised biographies of filmmakers Gerry Anderson and George Lucas.

RICHARD MARSON

Richard Marson is still an avid *Doctor Who* fan, and has a chest in his attic where he keeps his **DWM** correspondence and other souvenirs. After training as a floor assistant at the BBC he subsequently worked for Disney and became a director of Channel 4's *The Big Breakfast*. He returned to the BBC to direct *Record Breakers*, and in 1999 was appointed the producer of *Blue Peter*. In 2003 he became the programme's fifth Editor.

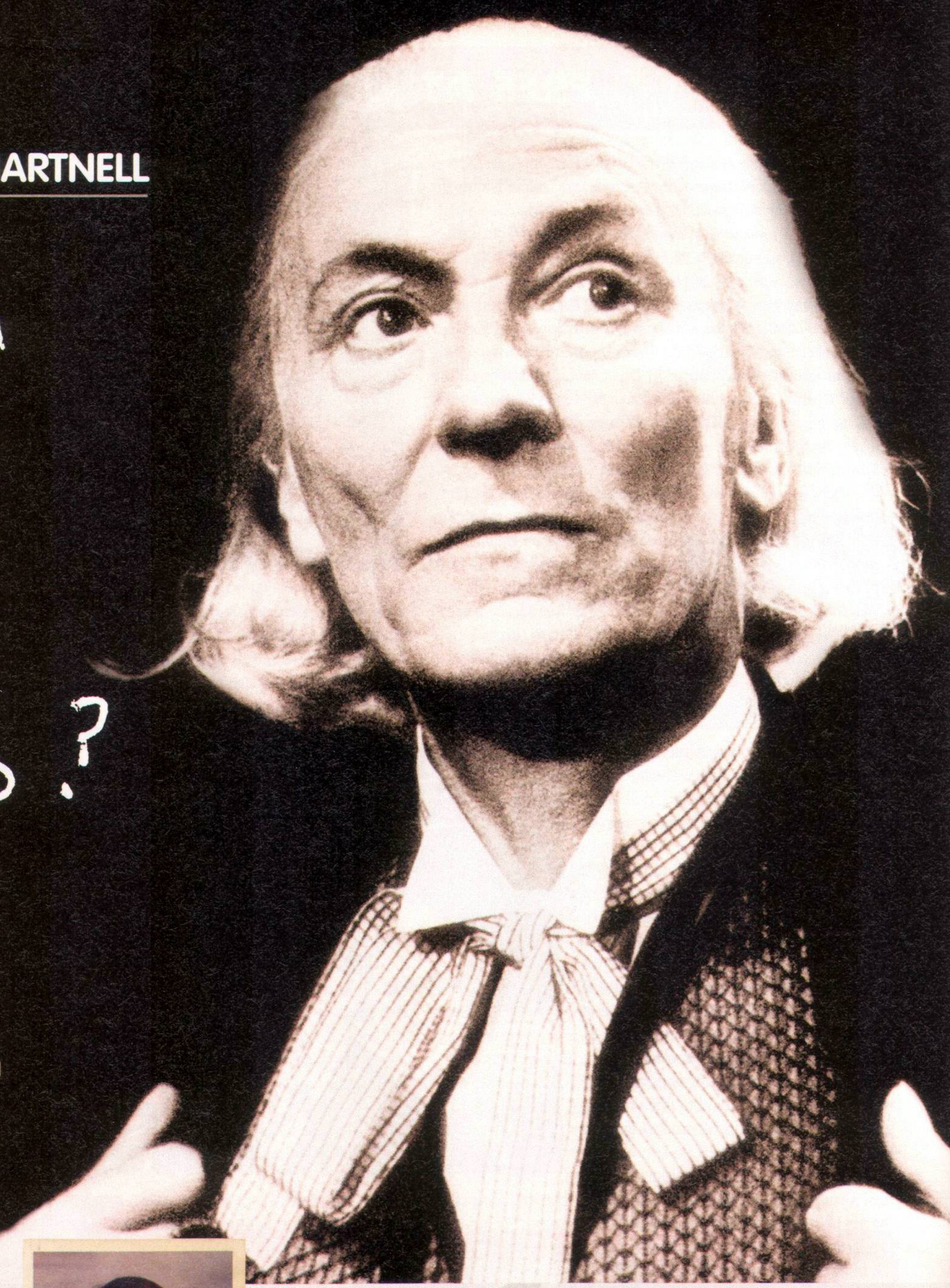
PAUL NEARY

"I'm entering a hermit phase of my life," chuckles Neary. "When you're younger you hustle around, setting up deals. But what I enjoy now is a bit of peace and quiet." Neary's work as an inker has included contributions to DC Comics' *The Authority* and *JLA*. His projects for Marvel have included *The Ultimates* and the *Marvel vs DC* miniseries.

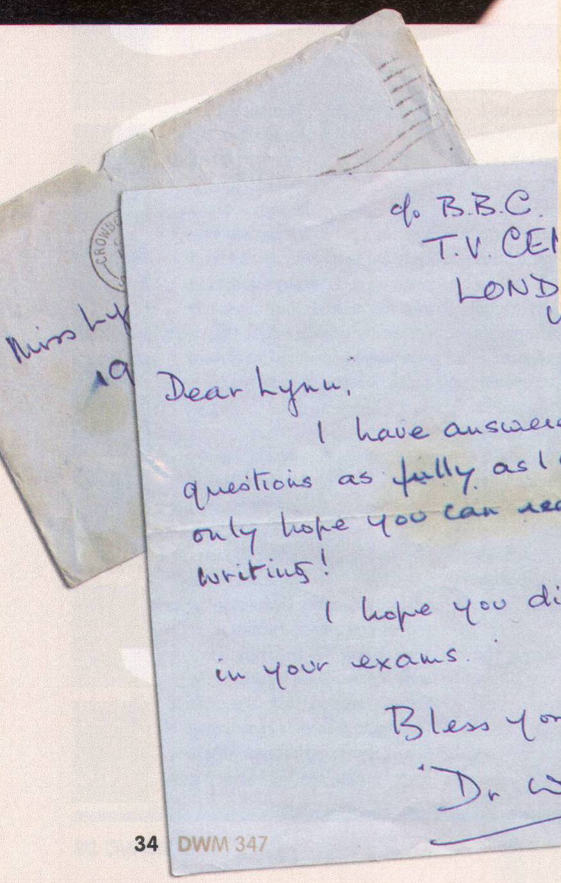
GARY RUSSELL

Russell followed Hearn to EMAP in September 1995, but left a year later to resume his career as a freelancer. He joined production company Big Finish in 1998, and has since produced almost 70 original *Doctor Who* audio plays. His books include reference guides to *The Simpsons*, *Frasier* and *Doctor Who*, and four tie-in books about the *Lord of the Rings* film trilogy. His eighth *Doctor Who* novel, *Future Nostalgia*, is published next August.

Are you tired of playing Dr. Who?



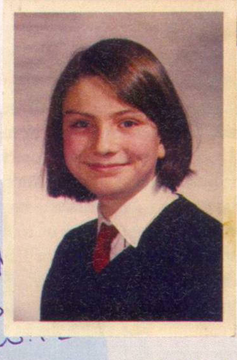
Despite playing the role of the original Doctor for three years, **William Hartnell** agreed to very few interviews. Now, thanks to a letter he sent to **Lynn Young** in 1965, we can learn a little more about man who was Doctor Who – in his own words ...



c/o B.B.C.
T.V. CEN
LOND
W.

Miss Ly
19

Dear Lynn,
I have answered your questions as fully as I can – I only hope you can read my writing!
I hope you did alright in your exams.
Bless You!
'Dr Who"



In early 1965, 11-year-old Lynn Young (left) wrote a letter to William Hartnell, the star of *Doctor Who*, as she wanted to interview the actor for a school project. Hartnell replied to Lynn's letter in June, writing: 'Thank you for your letter. I'm afraid it wouldn't be possible for me to give you an interview, as I rehearse in London all day, every day of the week, and spend my weekends at my cottage in Sussex. However, by all means write and ask me as many questions as you like, and I will do my best to answer them for you.'

As he suggested, Lynn sent Hartnell a list of questions, although the actor was not able to reply immediately. But on Saturday 31 July, having completed work on the final episode of *Galaxy 4* the previous day, and enjoying a short break before starting work on *The Myth Makers*, Hartnell finally put pen to paper.

When BBC South was preparing its *Doctor Who* location features earlier this year, Lynn got in touch with the production team and appeared on the show to discuss her priceless possession. Now, almost 40 years since the letter was written, and with the kind permission of Lynn, **DWM** is proud to be able to share with its readers this rarest of interviews. We have presented William Hartnell's responses precisely as he wrote them almost 40 years ago, so let us travel back to the summer of '65, to a little cottage in Mayfield, Sussex, where a children's hero is writing to one of his fans ...

Lynn Young: What had you hoped to be when you were younger?

William Hartnell: When I was fifteen I ran away from boarding school because I wanted to be a jockey! I got a job as an apprentice. My people found me and sent me back to school. But when I ran away again a few weeks later, they let me stay at the stables. But I grew too big and too heavy to be a jockey, so at 17 I turned to my second love, the stage, and joined Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean Company.

William Hartnell took his role very seriously, and often appeared 'in character' at hospitals or fête openings so as to not shatter the illusion for his young fans.

"Dr Who" is a wonderful part to play.

How long have you been Dr Who now?
Nearly 2 years.

How long do you rehearse a day and are you exhausted by the time you get home?
Monday and Tuesday we rehearse from 10.0am to 6.0pm. On Wednesday we stop earlier and have a long "script conference" with our producer, director and the writer. Some scripts may need a lot of alteration, so we all put forward our ideas, and work things out together. On Thursdays we either rehearse or go to the film studios for special filming. On Friday we are in the TV studio at 10.0am and rehearse with the cameras and sound and electricians etc all day – (we have a picnic lunch in the studio). We have a 1/2 hour break for tea and any special "photo calls". Then we have 2 full dress-rehearsals, and finally record the show at 9.0pm. We generally get out of the studio about 10.30pm or 11.0pm. I stay in London all week, and return home by car late on Friday night, getting home about 1.0am EXHAUSTED!

Are you tired of playing Dr Who or is it your ideal part?
I'm not tired of Dr Who. It is a wonderful part to play.

Do you always have a free weekend or do you start to learn lines for the next episode?
I have to spend a lot of time studying the next 2 scripts.

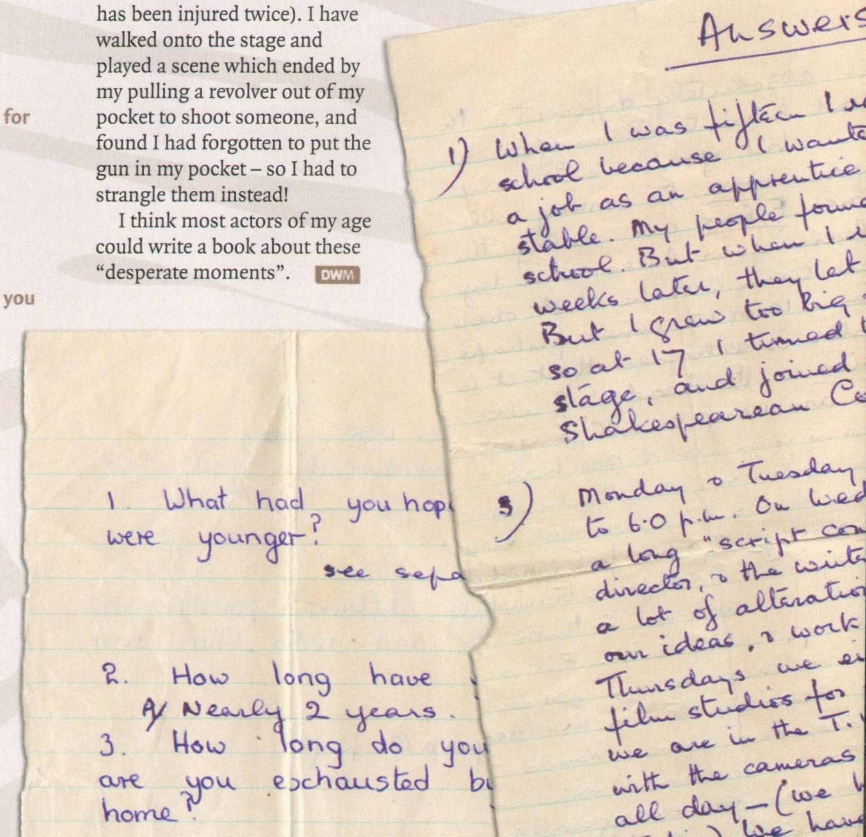
How do you occupy your spare time?
Fishing, reading gardening, seeing my grandchildren.

We know the Daleks were very popular, but which adventure did you like acting the most?
The French Revolution.[1964's *The Reign of Terror*]

Are there many different points and differences between TV, radio, film and stage acting?
They are all absolutely different. In radio you don't have to learn your lines, you read them – but you have to rely entirely on your voice to convey all your emotions. Films are really the easiest. You learn your lines scene by scene, and each scene can be shot over and over again – 10 or 12 times perhaps, until the director is satisfied that it is perfect. Television is the hardest of all. Most TV studios are very small and you would be amazed if you could see how tiny some of the sets are on which we have to work. This means that we have very little freedom of movement and we feel crowded and cramped. There are 3 cameras trained on us all the time, and we have to know which one is working and play to it. If it is a distant camera, we know we can use our arms and make big gestures. If it is in close up we have to keep our arms and hands still, and not use too many facial expressions or they will become too exaggerated. The studio floor is littered with cables etc, over which we have to step, and when one scene is finished, we have to rush onto the next set for the next scene. It is always chaos! And as TV is terribly terribly expensive to produce, we must NEVER dry up or make mistakes, or the wrath of our producer descends on us! Best of all is the theatre – where you have freedom of movement on the stage, you don't have to worry about getting "out of focus" and you have the warmth and excitement of an audience to play to.

Have you ever had any desperate moments when you are sure something will go wrong?
So many I couldn't count them. I have had 2 narrow escapes from death when filming – numerous accidents (my back has been injured twice). I have walked onto the stage and played a scene which ended by my pulling a revolver out of my pocket to shoot someone, and found I had forgotten to put the gun in my pocket – so I had to strangle them instead!

I think most actors of my age could write a book about these "desperate moments". DWM



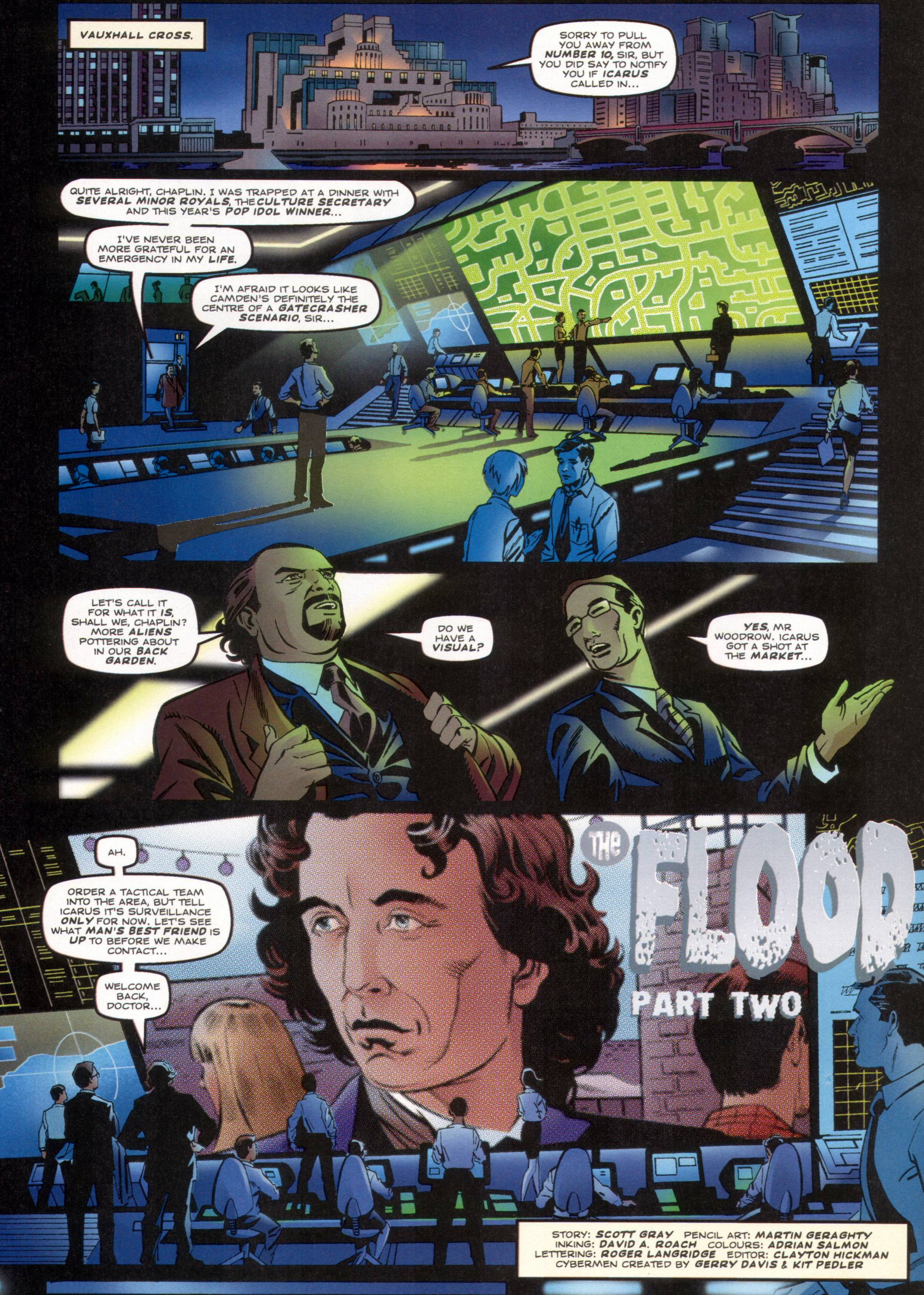
1. What had you hop
were younger?
see sepa

2. How long have
A/ Nearly 2 years.
3. How long do you
are you exhausted b
home?

Answers

1) When I was fifteen I l
school because I wante
a job as an apprentice
stable. My people foun
school. But when I l
weeks later, they let
But I grew too big
so at 17 I turned t
stage, and joined
Shakespearean Co

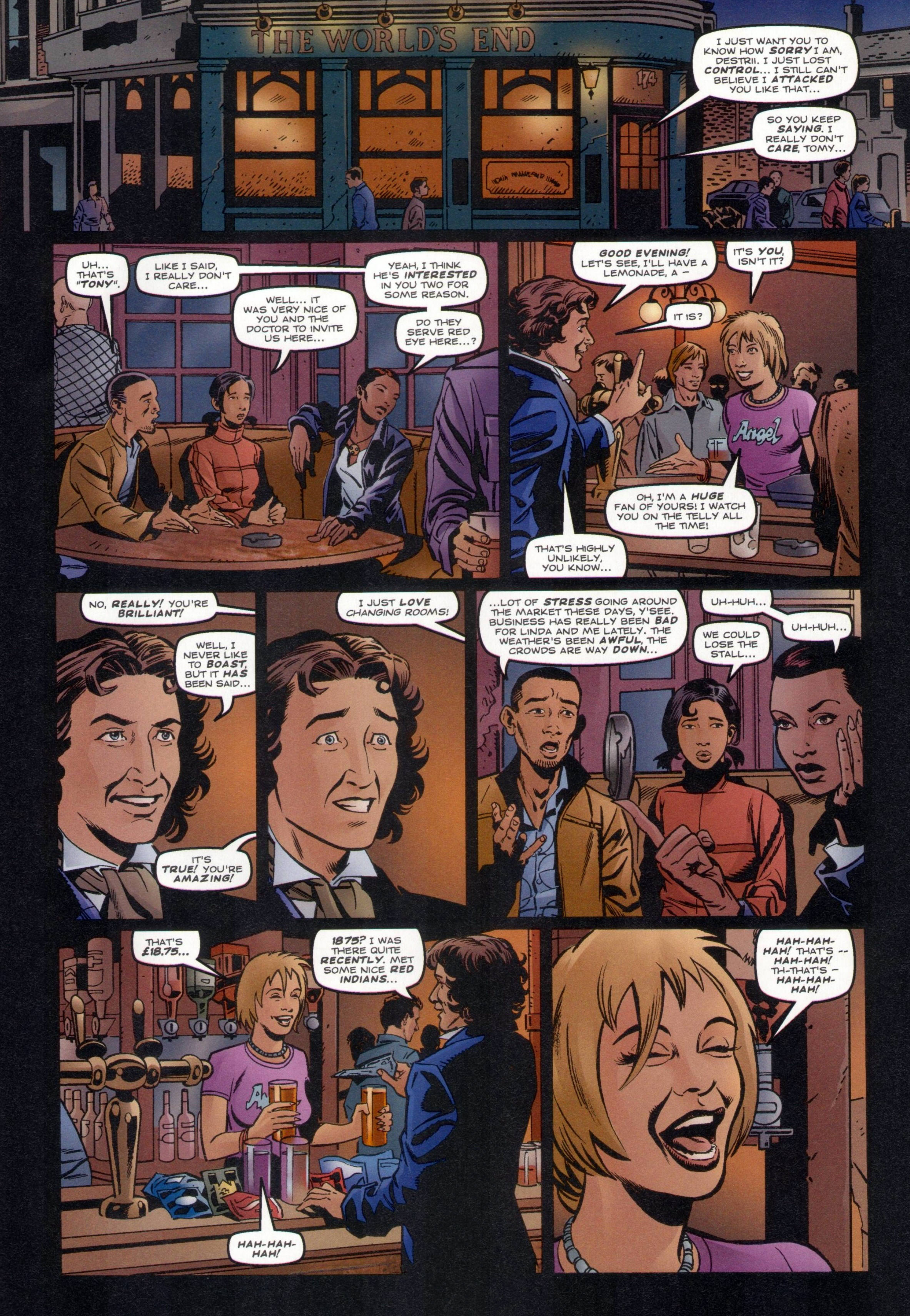
3) Monday & Tuesday
to 6.0 p.m. On Wed
a long "script con
director, & the writ
a lot of alteratio
our ideas, & work
Thursdays we e
film studios for
we are in the T.
with the cameras
all day – (we h
We have

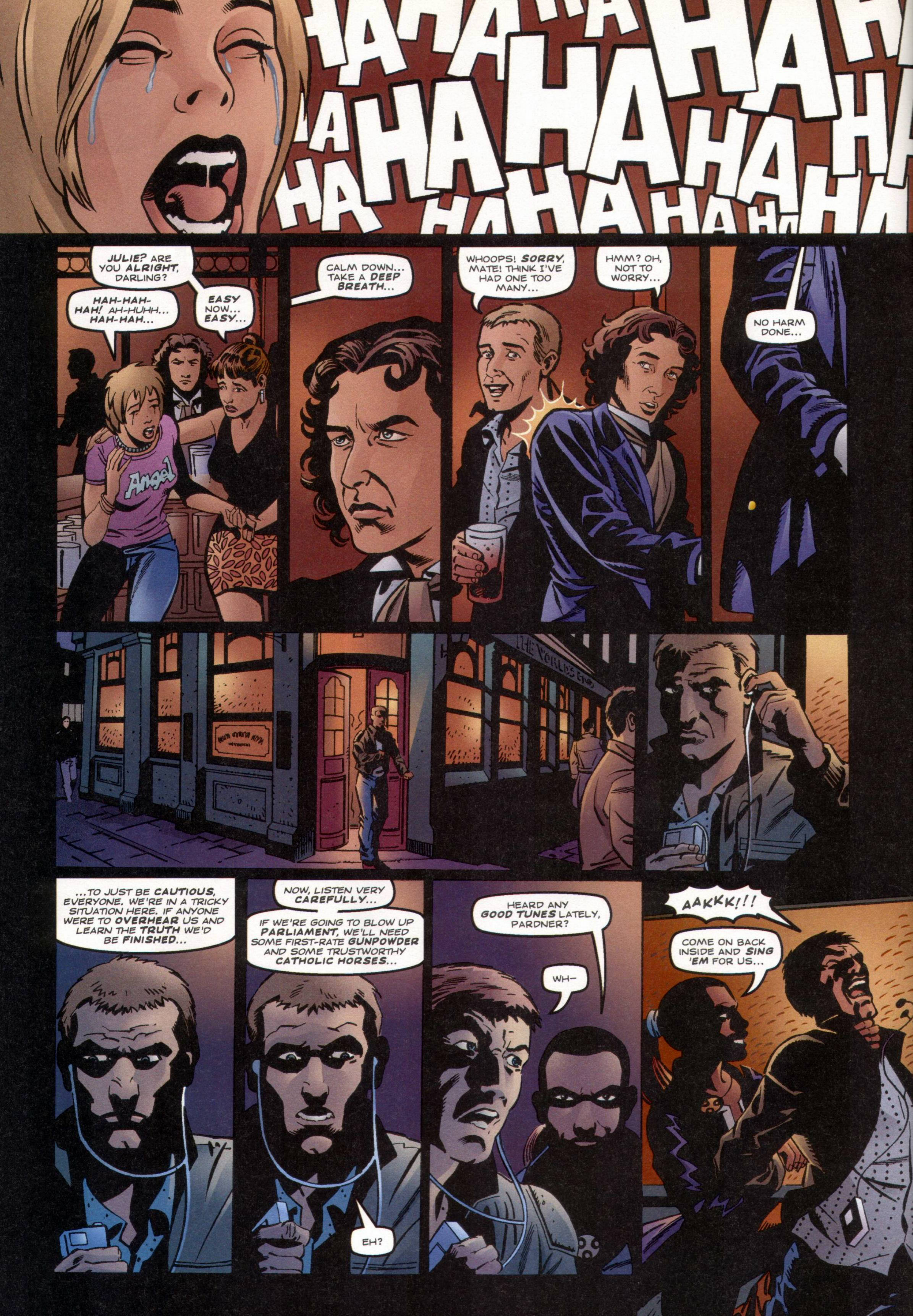

VAUXHALL CROSS.
SORRY TO PULL YOU AWAY FROM NUMBER 10, SIR, BUT YOU DID SAY TO NOTIFY YOU IF ICARUS CALLED IN...
QUITE ALRIGHT, CHAPLIN. I WAS TRAPPED AT A DINNER WITH SEVERAL MINOR ROYALS, THE CULTURE SECRETARY AND THIS YEAR'S POP IDOL WINNER...
I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE GRATEFUL FOR AN EMERGENCY IN MY LIFE.
I'M AFRAID IT LOOKS LIKE CAMDEN'S DEFINITELY THE CENTRE OF A GATECRASHER SCENARIO, SIR...
LET'S CALL IT FOR WHAT IT IS, SHALL WE, CHAPLIN? MORE ALIENS POTTERING ABOUT IN OUR BACK GARDEN.
DO WE HAVE A VISUAL?
YES, MR WOODROW. ICARUS GOT A SHOT AT THE MARKET...
AH.
ORDER A TACTICAL TEAM INTO THE AREA, BUT TELL ICARUS IT'S SURVEILLANCE ONLY FOR NOW. LET'S SEE WHAT MAN'S BEST FRIEND IS UP TO BEFORE WE MAKE CONTACT...
WELCOME BACK, DOCTOR...

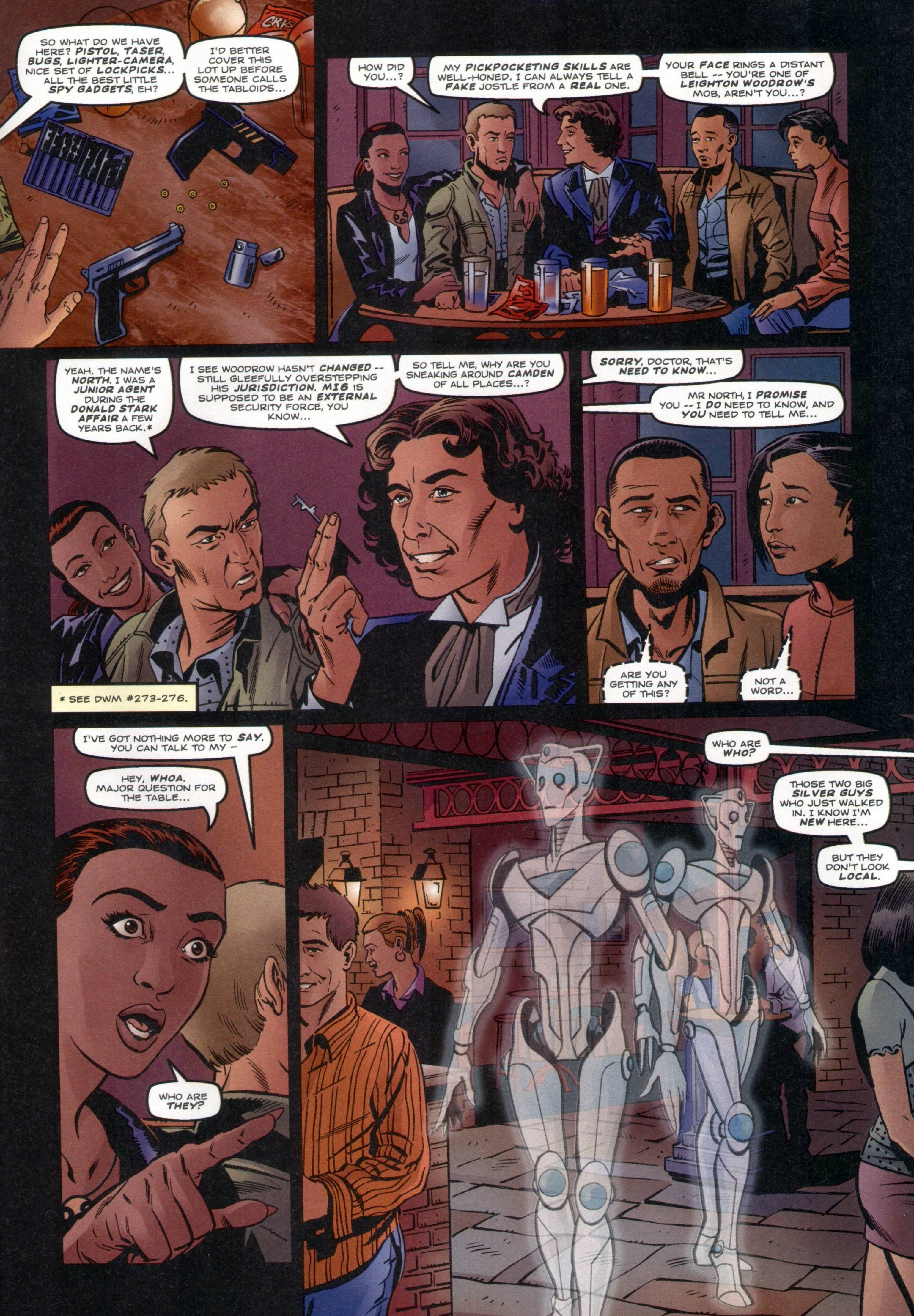
THE FLOOD

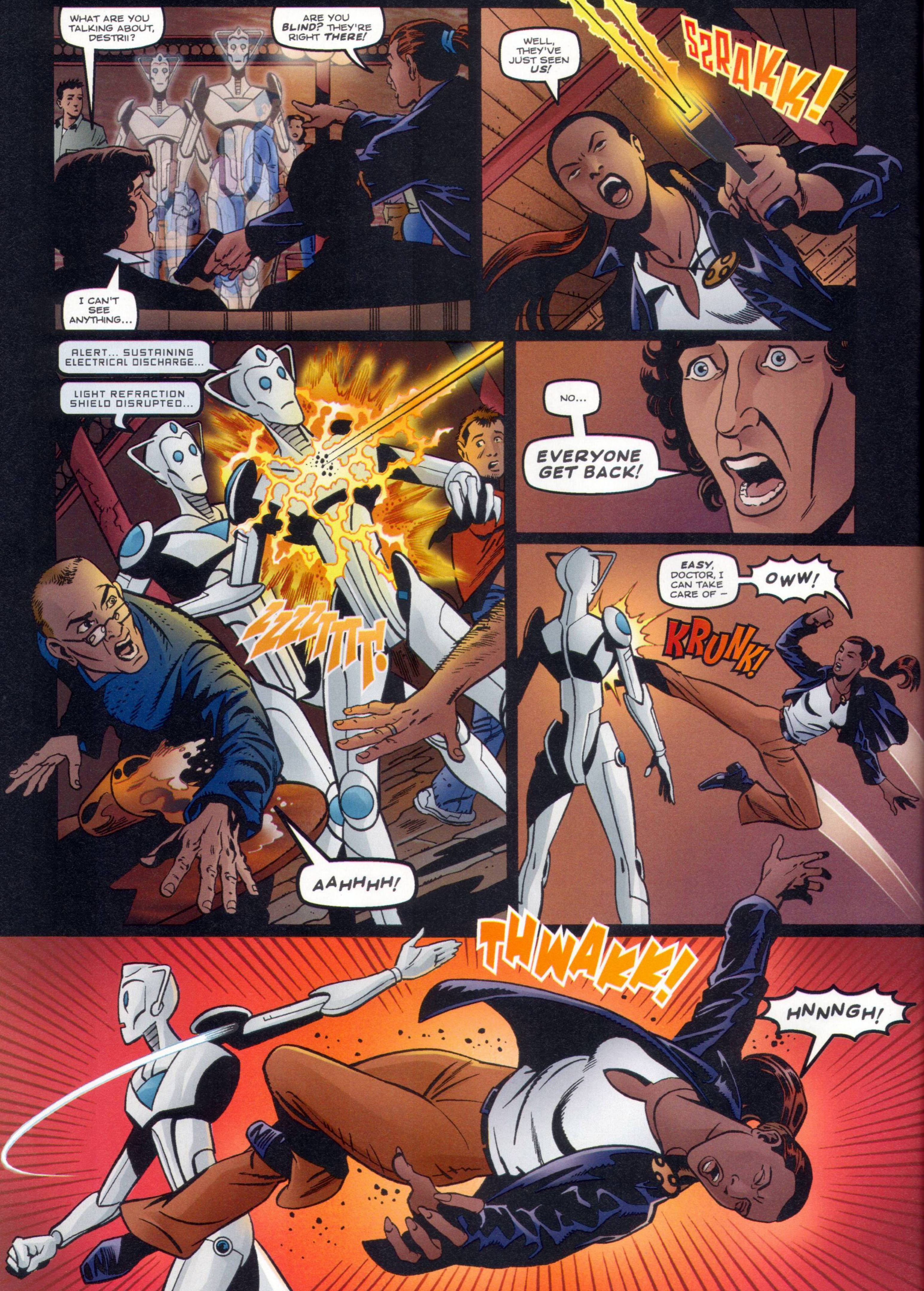
PART TWO

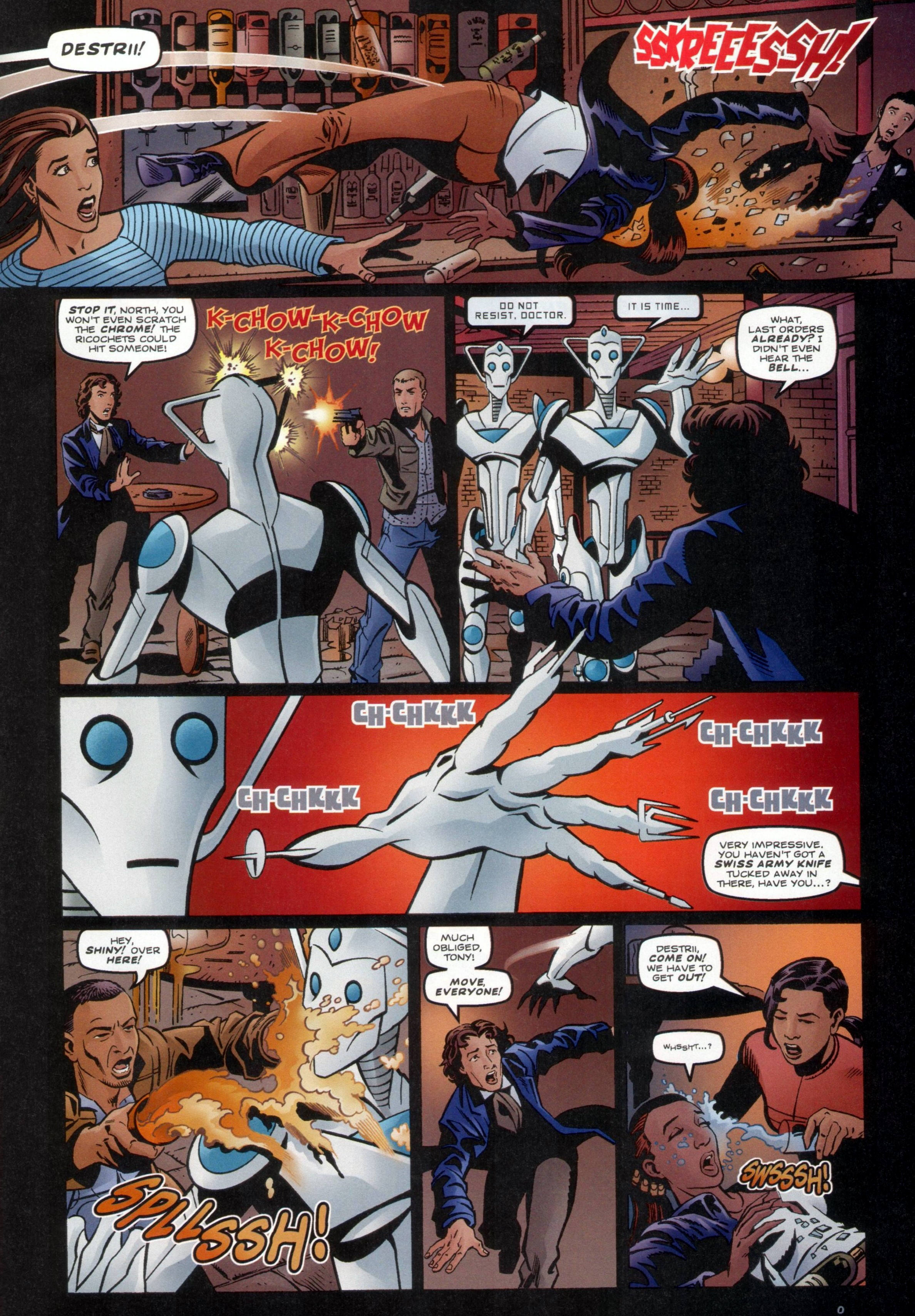
STORY: **SCOTT GRAY** PENCIL ART: **MARTIN GERAGHTY**
INKING: **DAVID A. ROACH** COLOURS: **ADRIAN SALMON**
LETTERING: **ROGER LANGRIDGE** EDITOR: **CLAYTON HICKMAN**
CYBERMEN CREATED BY **GERRY DAVIS** & **KIT PEDLER**

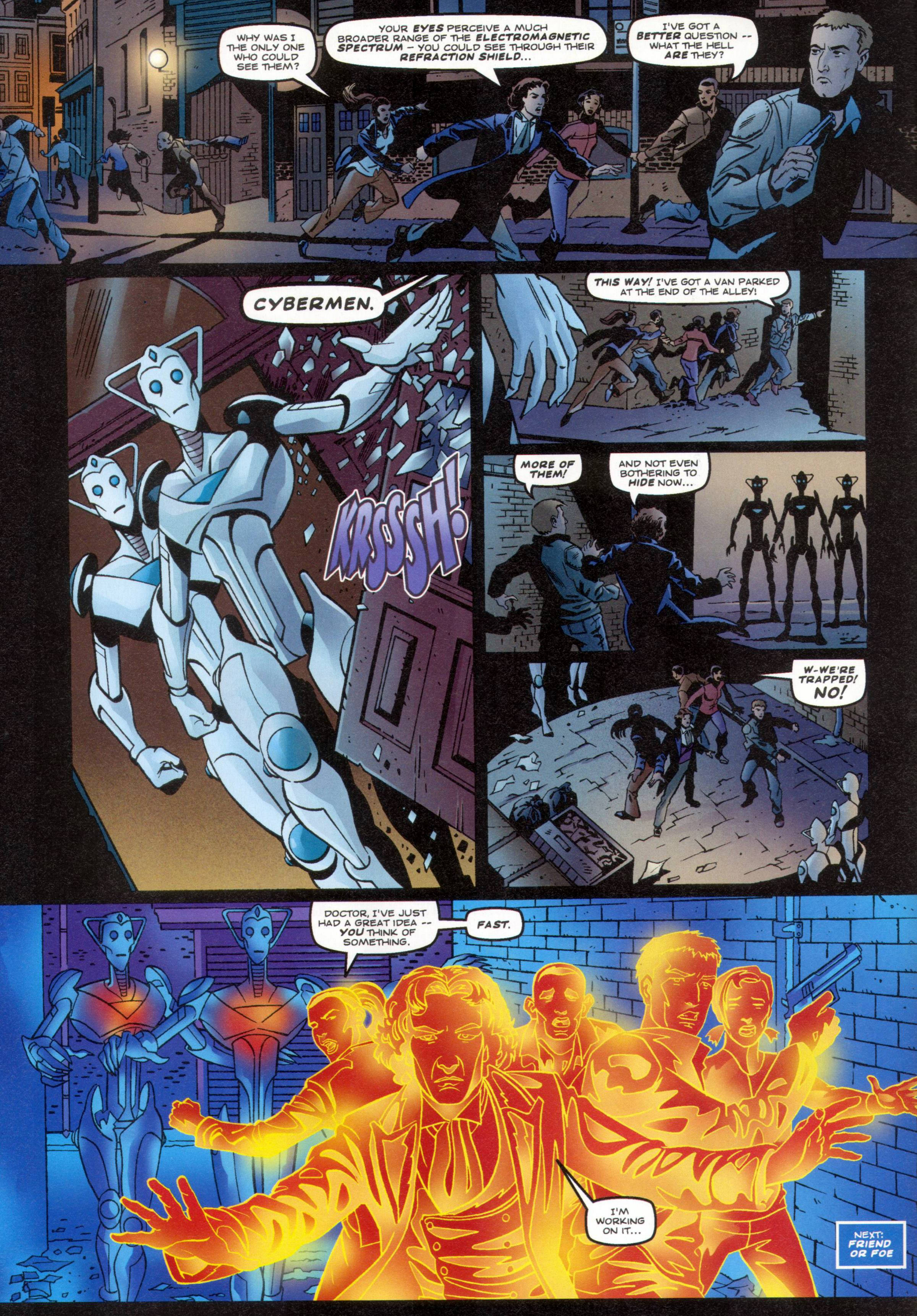

THE WORLD'S END
174
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW **SORRY** I AM, DESTRII. I JUST LOST **CONTROL**... I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE I **ATTACKED** YOU LIKE THAT...
SO YOU KEEP **SAYING**. I REALLY DON'T **CARE**, TOMY...
UH... THAT'S "**TONY**".
LIKE I SAID, I REALLY DON'T CARE...
WELL... IT WAS VERY NICE OF YOU AND THE DOCTOR TO INVITE US HERE...
YEAH, I THINK HE'S **INTERESTED** IN YOU TWO FOR SOME REASON.
DO THEY SERVE RED EYE HERE...?
GOOD EVENING! LET'S SEE, I'LL HAVE A LEMONADE, A –
IT'S ***YOU***, ISN'T IT?
IT IS?
Angel
OH, I'M A **HUGE** FAN OF YOURS! I WATCH YOU ON THE TELLY ALL THE TIME!
THAT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY, YOU KNOW...
NO, ***REALLY!*** YOU'RE ***BRILLIANT!***
WELL, I NEVER LIKE TO **BOAST**, BUT IT **HAS** BEEN SAID...
IT'S ***TRUE!*** YOU'RE ***AMAZING!***
I JUST **LOVE** CHANGING ROOMS!
...LOT OF **STRESS** GOING AROUND THE MARKET THESE DAYS, Y'SEE. BUSINESS HAS REALLY BEEN **BAD** FOR LINDA AND ME LATELY. THE WEATHER'S BEEN **AWFUL**, THE CROWDS ARE WAY **DOWN**...
UH-HUH...
WE COULD LOSE THE STALL...
UH-HUH...
THAT'S £18.75...
1875? I WAS THERE QUITE **RECENTLY**. MET SOME NICE **RED INDIANS**...
HAH-HAH-HAH!
HAH-HAH-HAH! THAT'S -- ***HAH-HAH!*** TH-THAT'S – ***HAH-HAH-HAH!***


HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
Angel
JULIE? ARE YOU ALRIGHT, DARLING?
HAH-HAH-HAH! AH-HUHH... HAH-HAH...
EASY NOW... EASY...
CALM DOWN... TAKE A DEEP BREATH...
WHOOPS! SORRY, MATE! THINK I'VE HAD ONE TOO MANY...
HMM? OH, NOT TO WORRY...
NO HARM DONE...
THE WORLD'S END
...TO JUST BE CAUTIOUS, EVERYONE. WE'RE IN A TRICKY SITUATION HERE. IF ANYONE WERE TO OVERHEAR US AND LEARN THE TRUTH WE'D BE FINISHED...
NOW, LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY...
IF WE'RE GOING TO BLOW UP PARLIAMENT, WE'LL NEED SOME FIRST-RATE GUNPOWDER AND SOME TRUSTWORTHY CATHOLIC HORSES...
EH?
HEARD ANY GOOD TUNES LATELY, PARDNER?
WH–
AAKKK!!!
COME ON BACK INSIDE AND SING 'EM FOR US...


SO WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE? **PISTOL, TASER, BUGS, LIGHTER-CAMERA,** NICE SET OF **LOCKPICKS**... ALL THE BEST LITTLE **SPY GADGETS**, EH?
I'D BETTER COVER THIS LOT UP BEFORE SOMEONE CALLS THE TABLOIDS...
CRIS
HOW DID YOU...?
MY **PICKPOCKETING SKILLS** ARE WELL-HONED. I CAN ALWAYS TELL A **FAKE** JOSTLE FROM A **REAL** ONE.
YOUR **FACE** RINGS A DISTANT BELL -- YOU'RE ONE OF **LEIGHTON WOODROW'S** MOB, AREN'T YOU...?
YEAH. THE NAME'S **NORTH**. I WAS A **JUNIOR AGENT** DURING THE **DONALD STARK AFFAIR** A FEW YEARS BACK.*
I SEE WOODROW HASN'T **CHANGED** -- STILL GLEEFULLY OVERSTEPPING HIS **JURISDICTION. MI6** IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN **EXTERNAL** SECURITY FORCE, YOU KNOW...
SO TELL ME, WHY ARE YOU SNEAKING AROUND **CAMDEN** OF ALL PLACES...?
* SEE DWM #273-276.
SORRY, DOCTOR, THAT'S **NEED TO KNOW**...
MR NORTH, I **PROMISE** YOU -- I **DO** NEED TO KNOW, AND **YOU** NEED TO TELL ME...
ARE YOU GETTING ANY OF THIS?
NOT A WORD...
I'VE GOT NOTHING MORE TO **SAY**. YOU CAN TALK TO MY –
HEY, **WHOA**. MAJOR QUESTION FOR THE TABLE...
WHO ARE **THEY**?
WHO ARE **WHO**?
THOSE TWO BIG **SILVER GUYS** WHO JUST WALKED IN. I KNOW I'M **NEW** HERE...
BUT THEY DON'T LOOK **LOCAL**.


WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, DESTRII?
ARE YOU *BLIND?* THEY'RE RIGHT *THERE!*
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING...
WELL, THEY'VE JUST SEEN *US!*
SZRAKK!
ALERT... SUSTAINING ELECTRICAL DISCHARGE...
LIGHT REFRACTION SHIELD DISRUPTED...
ZZZZTTTT!
AAHHHH!
NO...
EVERYONE GET BACK!
EASY, DOCTOR, I CAN TAKE CARE OF –
OWW!
KRUNK!
THWAKK!
HNNNGH!


DESTRII!
SSKREEESSH!
STOP IT, NORTH, YOU WON'T EVEN SCRATCH THE CHROME! THE RICOCHETS COULD HIT SOMEONE!
K-CHOW-K-CHOW K-CHOW!
DO NOT RESIST, DOCTOR.
IT IS TIME...
WHAT, LAST ORDERS ALREADY? I DIDN'T EVEN HEAR THE BELL...
CH-CHKKK
CH-CHKKK
CH-CHKKK
CH-CHKKK
VERY IMPRESSIVE. YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SWISS ARMY KNIFE TUCKED AWAY IN THERE, HAVE YOU...?
HEY, SHINY! OVER HERE!
SPLLSSH!
MUCH OBLIGED, TONY!
MOVE, EVERYONE!
DESTRII, COME ON! WE HAVE TO GET OUT!
WHSSHT...?
SWSSSH!


WHY WAS I THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD SEE THEM?
YOUR EYES PERCEIVE A MUCH BROADER RANGE OF THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM – YOU COULD SEE THROUGH THEIR REFRACTION SHIELD...
I'VE GOT A BETTER QUESTION -- WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY?
CYBERMEN.
KRSSSH!
THIS WAY! I'VE GOT A VAN PARKED AT THE END OF THE ALLEY!
MORE OF THEM!
AND NOT EVEN BOTHERING TO HIDE NOW...
W-WE'RE TRAPPED! NO!
DOCTOR, I'VE JUST HAD A GREAT IDEA -- YOU THINK OF SOMETHING.
FAST.
I'M WORKING ON IT...
NEXT: FRIEND OR FOE

BURTONS

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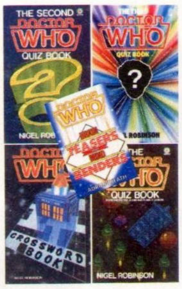

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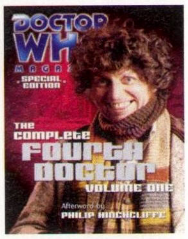

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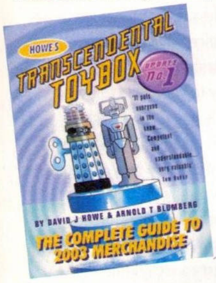

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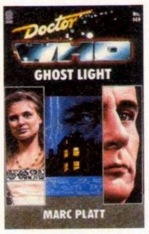

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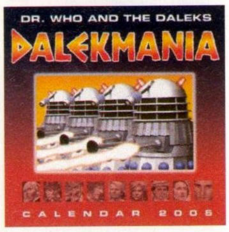

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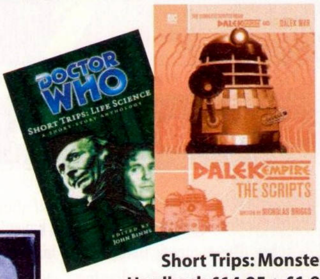

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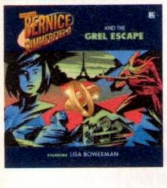

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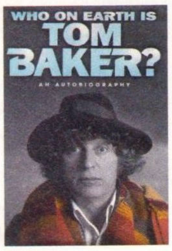

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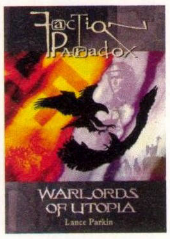

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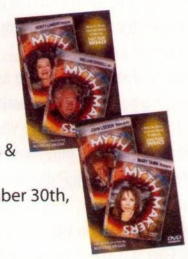

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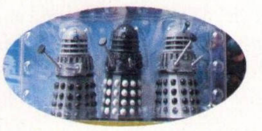

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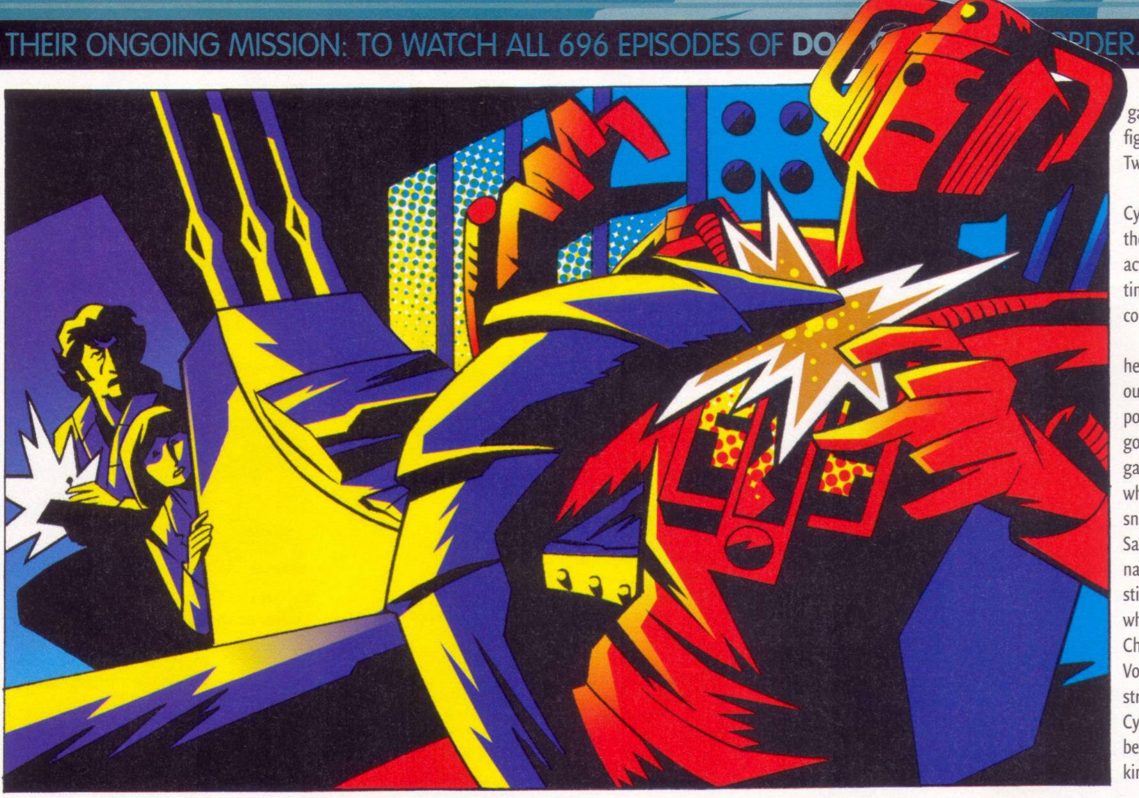


EPISODES 398 TO 405

"Daleks, Sontarans ... *Cybermen!*"

Please do not adjust your magazine, the Time Team haven't accidentally slipped forward a decade. This is merely Peter voicing his surprise that Tom Baker's first year should offer so many familiar foes.

"It's more monstery than Season Five," he adds. But – ah! – Season Five had a monstery monastery, which has to count for something.

We have two complete serials for the Time Team today, the first of which, *Revenge of the Cybermen*, sees the Doctor, Sarah and Harry back on familiar territory.

"It's a clever idea going back to Nerva Beacon and having another story in the same setting," notes Richard. "Considering there's supposed to be thousands of years difference between the two stories, I must say, it's all worn very well!"

"So this is ages and ages before *The Ark in Space*, then?" ponders Clay. "So why should it look just the same? That doesn't make much sense really."

Indeed. Why did humanity decide to sit out the solar flares in such an ancient space station? If a new ice age hit present-day London, we wouldn't all seek refuge inside a 1973 Hillman Hunter.

"It's great the way the stories link into each other," says Peter. "It's epic, in fact – the longest continuing run of stories since Billy's day. You could call it the 'Harry Sullivan arc'."

"The 'Ark arc'," smiles Jac.

At this stage in its history, Nerva is a working space beacon – 5% Argonite, 95% MDF – marking the location of Voga, a planetoid that's wandered into orbit around Jupiter. The crew believe they are suffering from a deadly plague, and there's certainly a lot of stiffs about ...

"The survivors aren't exactly engaging characters, are they?" says Clay. "They have hardly any personality, so I can't bring myself to care that much about the situation."

A crewman is attacked by a big wormy thing, and when the Doctor sees a glowing infection spread across his face, he jumps to the obvious conclusion ... Global Chemicals! What? Oh! Cybermen!

"It's very nice to see the Cybermen back after all these years," says Richard. "But don't they have a rubbish spaceship! It looks like a painted squeezy bottle! Probably something to do with having programmed out all their aesthetic sense."

"You can say that again!" says Clay. "Vacuum-cleaner tubing on their elbows? Dear me."

"It's difficult to remember what they were like," muses Peter. "It's such a long time since *The Invasion*, and they barely featured in that story. There's never been such a long gap between adventures featuring a returning foe."

"It feels a bit flat," adds Jac. "I mean, I know the Cybermen can't be a surprise because of the title, but just having them referenced offhandedly in conversation is a bit of an undramatic introduction."

As the episode draws to a close, Sarah is attacked by a poisonous Cybermat, which, in its new form, looks like a fibreglass weasel. She gamely wrestles with the creature as if fighting off a randy fan, but by Part Two, it's clear she's packed with venom.

"I much preferred the previous Cybermats," says Jac, sparing no thought for Sarah. "They looked, and acted, more like little creatures. This time they're less cute and just a remote-controlled device."

To cure Sarah, the Doctor transmats her and Harry to Voga, and this flushes out the poison. Voga, it should be pointed out, is made almost entirely of gold. It's the most Bling planet in the galaxy, and hated by the Cybermen, who go into anaphylaxis at the nearest sniff of a charm bracelet. Soon enough, Sarah and Harry are captured by the natives. The Vogans have shiny, botox-stiff faces and eyebrows hitched up to where their hairline should be – think Cher in a shower cap. One of them, Vorus, has a 'Skystriker' rocket ready to strike back at their mortal enemies, the Cybermen. He's at loggerheads with the bearded Chief Councillor Tyrum – a kindly type, a rubbery Dumbledore.

"Considering that the Vogan masks are so all encompassing, it's a real tribute to the lead actors that they are able to make their characters stand out as individuals," says Richard.

"I absolutely agree," replies Jac. "At the same time, though, it's sometimes hard to take the Vogan troops seriously. They all look like Private Godfrey or Young Mr Grace."

Sarah and Harry are shackled with gold chains that would be the envy of Snoop Dogg, and set about sniping at each other. "The dialogue between the two companions is all wrong," says Clay. "It's far too bitchy. After a while, it all gets a bit exhausting."

"The location work looks great though," says Jac. "There's just something about real rocks ..."

"I used to go to those cases every year as a kid," comments Clay, who knows the who, why and the witch of Wookey Hole. "The guides always mentioned that Doctor Who once visited. Maybe nothing else ever happened there?"

It's nearly the end of Part Two, and the Cybermen still haven't joined the action. Jac's annoyed.

"Every time there's a Cybermen story, I hope it's going to be all about the Cybermen," she says. "But it never is. On top of that, it's the *idea* of the Cybermen which is so terrifying – their loss of humanity. If that's not touched upon, they become just another monster."

In Part Three, the metal marauders from Mondas finally arrive on Nerva. The leader speaks with an accent that lies somewhere between Bristol and Brooklyn, and calls our hero "The Dark-turr", in the manner of a PBS pledge-night host.

"The Cybermen voices are certainly the most human so far," says Richard. "I don't like it. It sounds just too much like a man in a suit rather than the strange alien noises we're used too."

The Cybermen lost the last Cyber-war cos of the Glitter Gun – the gayest-sounding weapon ever invented – which sprayed Vogan gold. In revenge, they plan to blast Voga into nuggets. To this end, they make the Doctor and two of the Nerva crew walk to the core of the planet carrying bombs.

"It's remarkable the contempt the Doctor shows for the Cybermen in his 'tin soldiers' speech," says Peter. "He really doesn't consider them much of a threat at all!"

"And Tom is just too good," adds Clay. "So if he doesn't treat them as a threat, then we can't take them eriously either. It's a long way from the whole 'battle of equals' we had with Davros."

When two Cybermen bodyguards take the Doctor and company to Voga, the natives are slaughtered by the tin terror of Telos. If only they had a weapon to fight the Cybermen with! Radiation? No. Cocktail Polly? No. Darn, there must be something useful knocking about ...

"Why shoot them with bullets when you're surrounded by the stuff they fear the most?" ponders Clay. "These Vogans are weird."

"The most dim-witted race in the entire series!" gapes Peter.

"The Cybermen seem happy enough to pop down to a planet of gold and hang around it for a while," says Jac, noting that the creatures aren't so much as sneezing. "Why didn't they make the bombs a bit more powerful and deliver them themselves? The Cybermen do believe in making things more complicated than necessary."

"The second most dim-witted race in the entire series," shrugs Peter.

In attempting to rescue him, Harry almost kills the Doctor by attempting to open the booby-trapped buckle on his friend's atomic knapsack – happily, he only triggers the cliffhanger into Part Three.

Soon the Time Lord is back on Nerva for a bit of a rumble with the head Cyberman.

CLICHÉ COUNTER

Deaths on screen so far

00658

One or more regulars rendered unconscious

00122

One or more regulars incarcerated

00182

CLAY

JAC

PETER

RICHARD

"Unfortunately, the Cyberleader has this horrible habit of walking around with his hands on his hips," says Richard. "And he stands with his legs so far apart it looks like he's auditioning for Status Quo."

With Plan A having proved hopeless, the Cybermen turn to Plan A-minus. Loading Nerva with more bombs, they set it on collision course with Voga. "It will be destroyed," says the Cyberleader. "Annihilated. Vaporised." He could earn spare cash compiling a thesaurus.

Meanwhile, Vorus plans to launch his Skystriker. One way or another, it looks like the Doctor and Sarah are going to be smeared halfway across the Jovian system.

"Ooh, that's not good, is it?" says Richard, wincing. The scanner screen on Nerva seems to show a rapidly revolving Yule log. "The idea of having a spinning cylinder to represent the surface of Voga is fine in principle, but they've just made it far too small. It looks ridiculous."

The Doctor saves Nerva. The rocket destroys the Cybermen. The end.

"That was amazingly rushed!" cries Jac. "Did I miss something, or have they gone off and left a pile of Cyberbombs on the beacon?"

"Even Harry comments on the abruptness of that ending," adds Clay.

"I'm confused," says Peter. "Were those supposed to be the last four Cybermen in the Universe?"

"Let's hope so," replies Clay. "As monsters go, they really are incredibly overrated."

"I know what you mean," says Richard. "I keep expecting their stories to be really good ones. But with the exception of *Tomb*, I've found myself disappointed with them all."

"They became a major monster only because there were quite a few stories featuring them over a relatively short time," comments Jac. "They have a lot of potential, and I keep hoping to see it realised, but it never is. Fundamentally, they're rubbish."

"BUT WE **KNOW** WHO'S REAL AND WHO ISN'T!"

Frankly, the Doctor's probably sorry to see the TARDIS again, because as soon as he gets inside, the Brigadier phones, summoning him back to Earth for another mission. The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley.

"Och! D'ya ken we're in Scotland?" says Peter, picking up on a few tiny clues.

"Sometimes *Doctor Who* behaves with all the subtlety of a *Crackerjack* sketch." adds Clay.

It's Part One of *Terror of the Zygons*, and the rigs of the Hibernian Oil Company are coming under attack by an unseen force. The Doctor and co, meanwhile, are up the airy mountain, and down the rushy glen.

"I love the way that Harry and Sarah share the Doctor's hat and scarf," says Peter with a chuckle. "They're such a close knit team – and in my humble opinion the best so far."

"How weird to see present-day Earth and UNIT again," says Jac. "I know it's only been a few stories since we last saw them, but the series had gone off in such a different direction, they almost seemed part of another show altogether."

"But my word – hasn't the Doctor changed?" responds Clay. "He's suddenly a moody, doomy, deep-voiced 'alien' Doctor. And it feels doubly unsettling amidst japes with the good old Brig and Benton."

There are sinister goings-on around Tullock village. Angus, the landlord of the local inn, tells ghost stories of innocent travellers driven mad by the lonely moor. A whispering alien spies on the Doctor and UNIT. And, most strangely of all, the incidental music doesn't sound like a primary school orchestra tuning up.

"What a find Geoffrey Burgon is!" enthuses Richard. "This score is absolutely stunning! It makes you feel very uneasy on a gut level – all the time, you're half expecting something nasty to happen.

As the Doctor begins his investigation and Sarah does some typing, Harry heads off to the oil base sickbay.

"It's nice that Harry's medical background is never forgotten," notes Richard. "He's always pressed into action at some point or another."

"And Sarah is the happiest she's been in ages," adds Peter. "And no wonder – home soil at last, and no one's tried to kill her. Yet."

Clay laughs. "I adore the bit where she's burbling away happily to the Doctor, making jokes about the bagpipes, and suddenly he rains on her parade with, 'It's a lament for the dead.' What's up with him today?"

After a shooting incident, Harry becomes a patient himself, but under the care of the frosty Sister Lamont.

"Lillias Walker has one of the most evil faces I've ever seen!" trembles Clay. "Why can't the cast see that she's wicked? Run, Sarah, run!"

The end of Part One gives us our first glimpse of a terrifying Zygon.

"Stunning! Absolutely stunning!" laughs Richard. "That crash zoom on the Zygon's open mouth leaves you quite perplexed as to what on earth it is that you've actually just seen! I'm scared witless!"

Rushing to Sarah's aid, the Doctor and his friend are locked in a decompression chamber by the Zygon – but that isn't the scariest part ...

"You know," begins Clay. "I find the Doctor really frightening when he's hypnotising Sarah so she won't need to breathe. You can imagine Troughton doing it – all that talk of Tibet – but Tom makes it so creepy."

Meanwhile, Harry is held captive in the Zygon spaceship, which is decorated like the grill pan of a student's oven. The creatures themselves, their huge foetal heads covered in polyps and warts, appear to be the result of a passionate affair between a sea horse and a box of Lego.

"The Zygons are one of the very, very few monsters to live up to expectations after being glimpsed in Part One," says Peter.

"The design of the story is spectacular," agrees Richard. "Remember the interior of Axos? It's clear *Doctor Who* is reaching a whole new level ..."

Harry discovers two things. One: The Zygons can disguise themselves as humans. Two: They have a pet monster, a dinosaur-thing called the Skarasen, which they have been using to destroy the rigs. They also feed on the beast's lactic fluid, though 'milking the Skarasen' sounds like a rather disgusting euphemism. Fact One impacts upon Sarah, who is soon menaced by a Zygon duplicate of Harry in a darkened hayloft.

"This just gets more and more nerve-wracking!" says Richard. "First an attack with a pitchfork by a scary alien Harry, and now the dying Zygon making some very unearthly noises! I want to hide. Where's my cushion?"

Peter looks up. "Clay has it on his head."

"Ssh. I'm being a Zygon," replies Clay. "But y'know, I do wonder if that hayloft scene wasn't a bit too scary. We're away from fantasy space guns, and into the possibility of lovely Sarah being impaled on rusty spikes!"

Using a Zygon signalling device, the Doctor leads the Skarasen a merry dance across Tullock Moor.

"The Skarasen was always going to be a tricky thing to realise," says Richard. "The fact they tried to do it with stop-motion animation is very brave ... but not terribly successful."

"I suspect the producer never saw *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*," adds Peter. "They really should have warned him ..."

As the story continues, the Doctor and friends start to unravel the Zygons' motivatation. They've been lurking beneath the water of Loch Ness for centuries and, like the Scottish tourist board, they've been milking the monster for all it's worth. Now they intend to enslave the human race, and claim the Earth as a replacement home planet.

"I thought there would be a bit more of the whole 'duplicate paranoia' thing," says Jac. "But we know who's real and who's not the whole time."

By Part Four, the Zygons have upped sticks and piloted their ship down to Brentford, which puts Broton within an easy commute of London. He plans to use the Skarasen to attack a nearby energy conference.

"The Doctor's utterly ruthless here," observes Peter. "There's no appealing to the Zygons' better nature. No, he locks them in with no hope of escape and blows them up."

"The story's become much more bog-standard, script-wise," says Clay. "The spaceship exploding – brilliantly done though it is – isn't the climax it should be. It just sort of ... happens. And what's this weird, throwaway 'coda' in a cellar by the Thames? Just for a rubbish effect of the monster rearing up in front of a photo of London, I suppose? Very odd."

With Broton gunned down, the Doctor easily persuades the Skarasen to return to the Loch. "And it turns out the Zygons weren't really much of a threat anyway," comments Clay. "Oh, except that whole invasion fleet that's on its way. But let's not mention that ..."

One Intercity sleeper later, the gang are back in the Highlands to find the TARDIS: "Aw! Harry's not going to travel on with the Doctor and Sarah," moans Richard. "That's a real shame. He's turned into one of my favourite companions over the past few stories."

"I'll miss him terribly," says Peter. "What a guy!"

"You'll miss him?" boggles Jac. "But I *love* him! If they don't bring him back, I'm going on strike!" DWM

AND YOU SAID...

REVENGE OF THE CYBERMEN

"The shots of the corridor littered with corpses are chilling. Odd, though, that they have all been tidied away for the rest of the story."
Zion Walsh, London

"This TARDIS crew must come across as particularly trustworthy; Lester hands his gun to Sarah less than two minutes after discovering they've infiltrated the ship."
Bill Evenson, Minneapolis

"Surley the least-convincing Cybermen ever seen in the series? Dodgy suits and heads, with a cigarette lighter in their heads ... hardly sending kids behind sofas are they?"
Ricky Mawson, Oldham

"When the Cyberman reports to the Cyberleader (who was watching anyway) that all resistance has been overcome, did it not occur to him that there may be more resistance on the rest of the station?!"
Tom Taylor, E-Mail

"Once again, the Cybermen kill off a load of humans, even when we know this lot are desperate for recruits. Shouldn't their plague just paralyse victims until they can be Cybernised?"
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

TERROR OF THE ZYGONS

"The Zygons are easily the most gross thing to have appeared in *Doctor Who*."
Stephen Martin, Hinckley

"Why is it that the male companions always get beaten about whereas the females are only ever intimidated? Harry actually gets shot in the head here! This is no cuddly kids TV show, that's for sure."
Tim Gambrell, E-Mail

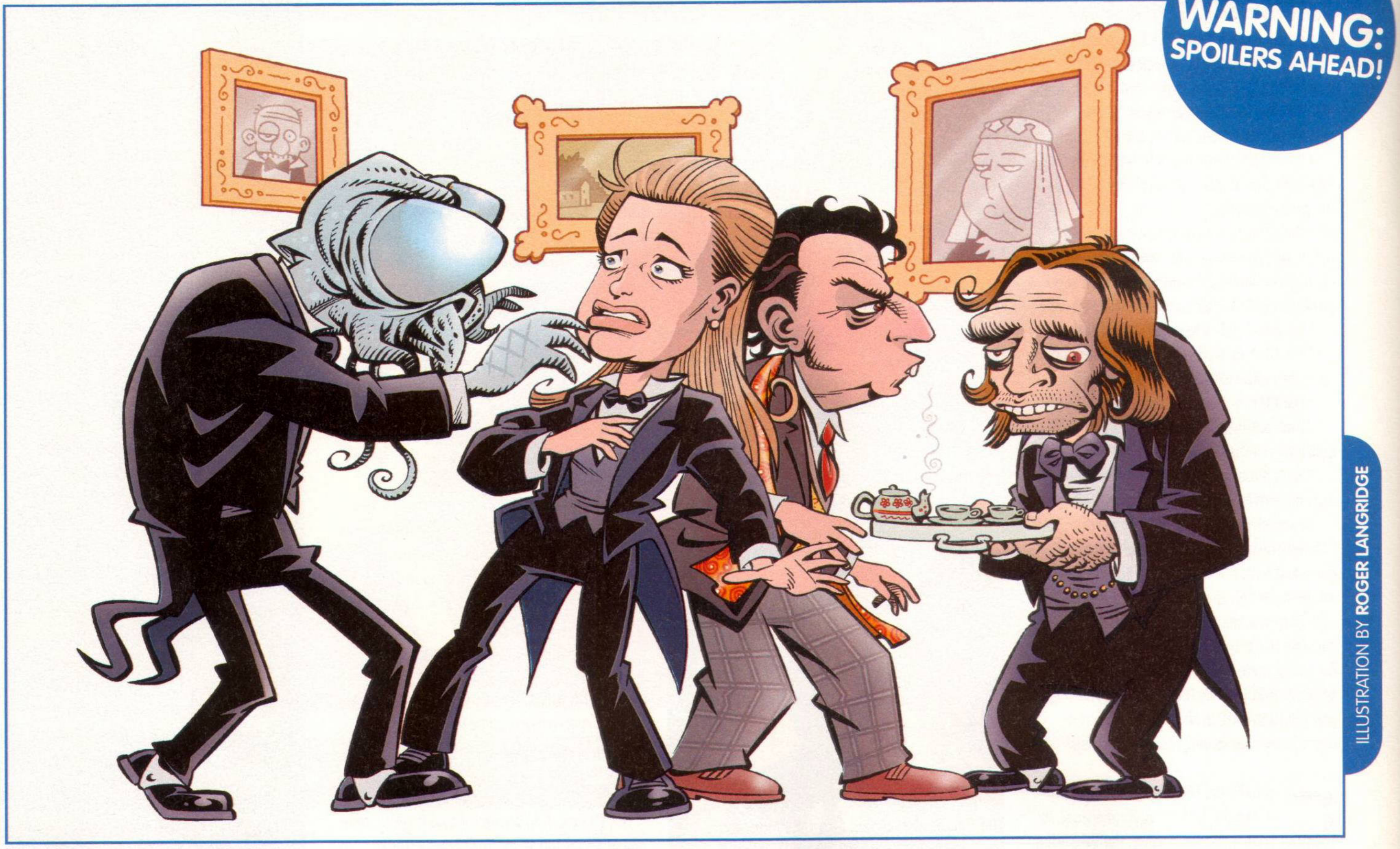
"The image of the Zygon nurse clubbing down a UNIT solider with a nasty-looking rock, before looking around with those alien eyes still sends shivers down my spine to this day."
Vance Brown, Victoria

"The Doctor and the Brigadier looking down at the mangled body of the stepped-on soldier is very grim ... It might be like a Pertwee story on paper, but they never felt as dangerous."
Alex Wilcock, Isle of Dogs

In **DWM** 349 the Team will face **The Android Invasion** and **The Brain of Morbius**. Comments? Let us know at the usual address, or e-mail us at **dwm@panini.co.uk** (marked 'Time Team') by 13 September.

DWM REVIEWS

WARNING: SPOILERS AHEAD!



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RRP £19.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP

Despite being the last regular *Doctor Who* story to be made by the BBC, the quality of *Ghost Light*'s production betrays no signs of a series running out of steam. Set in 1883 in a large Victorian mansion, Gabriel Chase, *Ghost Light* boasts an intelligent script drawing on the themes of Darwinism, costume drama production values, and a first-rate cast. Relishing his new form as a Victorian gentleman, evolved alien Josiah Samuel Smith plans to kill Queen Victoria and restore the British Empire by placing himself at its head. Threatening his plans are his two crew-members: co-pilot Control and the data-obsessed, angel-like Light who, waking from his long slumber, finds his task of cataloguing Earth's species has been spoilt by evolution.

The fly in *Ghost Light*'s ointment is its reputation for being difficult to understand – partly because of the large amount of plot squeezed into its three episodes, and partly because several of the most important events we don't actually get to *see*. The aliens' first visit to Earth during the Neolithic period, where they pick up their Neanderthal manservant Nimrod, for example, and Ace's burning down of Gabriel Chase a hundred years later in 1983. I daresay *Ghost Light* would be more popular if it had presented its story in a more orderly fashion, but the way all these events are brought together shows great imagination. The scene where Ace relives the nightmare of her first visit to the house, with the flashing blue light and sound of a contemporary police siren lighting up the Victorian corridors is a delicate touch of genius. *Ghost Light* is time-travel without the TARDIS – a subtle and clever use of the programme's format and possibilities, suiting a show whose budget and believability would be stretched by creating a Neolithic landscape (remember *Time-Flight*?).

It would be easy for me to fall into a roll-call of gushing and unseemly praise for the story's actors, but all are excellent and handle their baroque, Victorian dialogue with aplomb. The one that's usually mentioned first is Sylvia Syms, because of her film career and the idea that her presence brings gravitas and respectability, but Mrs Pritchard is one of the least rewarding parts. Much more fun is Carl Forgione as Nimrod who, hairy-knuckled and dinner-suited, makes an utterly charming Neanderthal, and Sharon Duce and John Hallam as Control and Light who, despite giving wildly bizarre performances, are never embarrassing or comic. But if I had to pick a favourite it would be Ian Hogg's Josiah, just for being the complete package of mannered posturing and stagey speech.

Josiah is the perfect *Doctor Who* villain. Not only is he set-chewingly arch and watchable, his Victorian social climbing also makes him a snob – and snobbishness is as much a part of *Doctor Who* as the Daleks. *Ghost Light* is a story that revels in its own wit and pompousness. It's the most self-consciously highbrow, name-dropping, reference-strewn script since *City of Death*, and Josiah the most smug, best-dressed and wonderfully conceited baddie since Count Scarlioni. There are parts of *City of Death* that sound more like *Frasier* and parts of *Ghost Light* that sound more like *Newsnight Review* meets *The Big Read*. Clocking all of its references is one of *Ghost Light*'s undoubted joys – a bit of George Bernard Shaw here, a bit of Carroll or Conan Doyle there. Platt's references swing between being blatant and just couched enough for his audience to feel clever and in-the-know when they've got them. But although I disagree with the idea that *Ghost Light* is incomprehensible, there are perhaps too many literary allusions flying about, and what starts out as a nice way of illustrating the plot ends up being distracting.

> **"GHOST LIGHT** IS A CLEVER USE OF THE PROGRAMME'S FORMAT..."

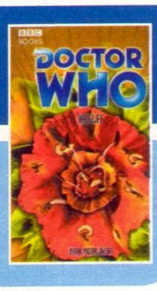
But there is so much to admire in *Ghost Light*. Its dark creepy atmosphere and setting capture a lot of what I like in *Doctor Who* – and TV drama generally. Alan Wareing's direction is totally in tune with the script, being both grand and theatrical, and with a great sense of energy and movement rare in most all-studio productions. Wareing is one of the major architects of *Doctor Who*'s improvement in the late 1980s, and it's disappointing that he isn't represented on any of the disc's Extras. Mark Ayres' music is also hugely evocative and even more impressive on the disc's new 5.1 mix. I should also mention Sylvester McCoy – his last days in the studio see him giving the best performance of his entire run.

DVD EXTRAS

Rather too much has been made of *Ghost Light*'s 'complex' reputation over the years and sadly, that's the case for its DVD Extras as well, which have a largely unfavourable tone about them. *Light in Dark Places*, a 40-minute documentary, shows most of *Ghost Light*'s cast confessing they didn't understand a word of it. This, of course, isn't an unusual response – actors say it all the time about the series, Doctors more than most – but because of *Ghost Light*'s difficult reputation, it's pretty much all the documentary talks about. I didn't find the commentary any more balanced either. Out of Marc Platt, Sophie Aldred, Mark Ayres and Andrew Cartmel, only Cartmel is prepared to stand up for the story as it is, the others falling back on the excuse that it all made sense before it was cut.

Save for the studio footage and deleted scenes, this disc is the one that comes closest to telling us how we *should* think, which is unfair to the story and to any new viewer that might be coming to it afresh. It's like *The Caves of Androzani* being presented with featurettes promoting it as 'the best story ever', or the TV Movie with ones that point out all the bits fans didn't like. It doesn't allow room for anyone to make up their own mind. Until now the discs have done well to avoid this kind of bias and prejudice, and have dealt with more controversial stories like last month's *The Leisure Hive* with a fair even-handedness. What's more, as film of Platt fending questions at an old convention shows, it's all *so* 1990. *Ghost Light*'s tag as 'incomprehensible' is a fan opinion, and one that largely comes from the programme's negative press at the time. Personally, I thought we'd moved on. I'm not denying that as a weekly television serial, it wouldn't have benefited from a bit more clarification. Platt's refusal to give his three aliens straightforward job descriptions and a clear order of rank isn't that helpful, and exactly how long their spaceship has been under Gabriel Chase is kept rather too vague – the Neanderthal Nimrod makes us inclined to leap to the wrong conclusions about this. But piecing together *Ghost Light*'s rich script is rather its appeal. It's also a lot more like the layered and thoughtful *Doctor Who* that Virgin, BBC Books and Big Finish have made us used to today. As for Platt and the rest – come on, you lot, stand by your work! Be proud of it – stop hiding behind the story's cut and lost material. The 'Extended and Deleted Scenes' presented here don't reveal anything that would appease the story's critics anyway. *Ghost Light* isn't the kind of production anyone should be apologising for.

DOCTOR WHO: **HALFLIFE**



NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR MARK MICHALOWSKI
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL

When an amnesiac Doctor and Fitz arrive on Espero, a world populated by the descendants of non-white colonists who follow a skewed version of Christianity, the last thing they want to do is get involved in the struggle between two alien races over a sentient weapon. So guess what happens next ...

Halflife is supposed to be the first 'standalone' Eighth Doctor novel since the publication of *The Ancestor Cell* in July 2000. The last EDA, *Sometime Never*, supposedly cleared the decks, tying up the ongoing plot of altered histories and temporal manipulations, and getting rid of Sabbath in the process. Of course, things never work out as planned, and *Halflife* is as bound up in the books' continuity as its predecessors, dealing with the Doctor's long-term memory loss, his recently rocky relationship with Fitz, and the slow integration of Trix into the crew.

If anything, *Halflife* is reminiscent of a latterday *Buffy The Vampire Slayer* season opener, literally complete with a 'previously on ...' flashback. It's an uneasy compromise between the continuing soapy storylines, and providing a jump-on point for a new audience. Like a *Buffy* season opener, *Halflife* is slick, funny and pretty accessible, but those who haven't been following the EDAs for a while will still feel like they're not in on all the jokes.

There's another way in which *Halflife* resembles a *Buffy* season opener, and that's in its focus on the regulars over the 'guest cast'. Fitz, who had been increasingly sidelined during the Sabbath arc, comes into his own here, with Michalowski reminding us why he is such a great companion for the Eighth Doctor. The put-downs and belittlement of the recent past are forgotten as Fitz takes the lead in the novel, rebuilding his relationship with the Doctor until the pair are indulging in *Big Brother*-style nude antics in the console room. The Doctor also benefits from a lighter touch than in recent books. Although the amnesiac Doctor plot has been worked to death, in *Halflife* it does at least tie into the larger theme of the Doctor having lost his previous selves' memories. By the end of the book, Michalowski has provided some closure on the question of the Doctor's missing past, having explored in some depth the reasons why he is so reluctant to regain his memories.

The real revelation in *Halflife* is in Michalowski's treatment of Trix. Unable to disguise or hide herself, as she has done in previous EDAs, Trix begins to confront herself, and discovers that the masks she wears are as much to conceal her from herself as from others. By placing Trix in an environment where she can neither pass for a native nor fade into the background, Michalowski begins to scratch the surface of this most teflon-skinned companion. Hopefully this trend will be followed in the future, as *Halflife* hints at an intriguing back-story for the character.

The other characters, including nearly-companion Camalee and her cheeky monkey, and the florid Imperator, are reasonably well drawn and entertaining, but they don't really go anywhere, and ultimately seem to have been added into the mix as afterthoughts, to move things along for our regulars. Likewise the plot, which touches on some fairly hefty science-fiction ideas, is hardly packed with incident. Michalowski starts things off well, but the book then drifts for a good third of its length before it kicks back into gear for a busy climax in which all the baddies are dealt with in a fitting, if glib, manner. Even the alien factions battling for control of the weapon exist as little more than background colour, nudging the TARDIS crew to the conclusion.

But what a crew! There was much to admire in the recent Sabbath story arc, not least of which was the willingness, at last, to tell an epic tale over the course of several years. However, this tended to be at the expense of lighter, character-based novels. *Halflife* redresses the balance. And although it's not quite the new start it was set up to be, *Halflife* is the warmest, wittiest Eighth Doctor novel for a very long time.

"THE REAL REVELATION IN **HALFLIFE** IS THE AUTHOR'S TREATMENT OF TRIX"

DOCTOR WHO: **ARRANGEMENTS FOR WAR**

AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR PAUL SUTTON
RRP £13.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWN

I returned from my honeymoon (very nice, thanks) to find a doormat obscured by bills, cards, and the inevitable padded envelope from Big Finish. Back to work, then. How apt that the play within should foreground a theme so universal as a love affair. My heart, at the time lighter than air, was soon to sink. Because of the play, I stress.

This isn't the first time that *Doctor Who* has featured declarations of devotion between a princess and a serviceman played out against a backdrop of emnity between two states. Like *The Armageddon Factor*, *Arrangements for War* opens with a emotive speech between a man and a woman, over which plays a deafening romantic accompaniment. The crucial difference is that in the former, what we saw was a gag, fooling us into thinking that *Doctor Who* had adopted the crude form of an Atrian propaganda broadcast, but here, it's presumably a serious attempt to address the schism between the Doctor and Evelyn, last witnessed when *Project: Lazarus* ended in tears.

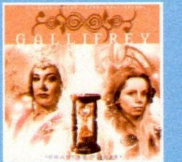
It's appropriate enough, I suppose, that such a heavy-handed way of addressing their conflict should be underscored by piano music that sounds as if performed by the drummer from Napalm Death. Knowing when to stop is a precious skill which no one involved seems to possess – the Doctor and Evelyn's mutual introspection makes *Big Brother* contestants appear the model of modest brevity, and no silence is left unpolluted by the relentless plonking muzak.

Although the episodes are extremely boring, their endings are refreshingly different. There are no advancing monsters, alien possessions, or ticking countdowns here. Rather, a character simply says what's on his or her mind, before the theme crashes

ALSO RELEASED

GALLIFREY 1.3: THE INQUIRY

AUTHOR JUSTIN RICHARDS
AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH, £9.99



Perhaps I've been a little preoccupied in recent months, but I've been finding Big Finish's recent output unrewarding until I sit down and make notes when listening. Then, and only then, does my investment pay off. I'd say that this is probably a good thing, but then I would, wouldn't I? I have an obligation to **DWM**'s readers to do my best to delve deep enough into Big Finish's offerings to determine whether each is an acquired taste, or simply a bad one. The problem is that this puts me in a minority. As with author Justin Richards' previous contribution, *The Time of The Daleks*, by the time I had worked it all out, I was feeling so pleased with myself that I could be nothing other than positive, but I found that relatively few others shared my enthusiasm.

I hope that *The Inquiry* will prove more accessible. It depends on causal loops again, with history once more being changed back and forth, yet it doesn't hinge on such a far-out premise as Richards' Dalek Shakespeare scholars. It does, however, adopt the flashback convention of last year's *Full Fathom Five*, but as well as depicting narrative in the present and past intercut, shows differing versions of the past.

Oh dear. I'm not selling this to you very well, am I? Maybe I should enthuse about how much *The Inquiry* has to offer. Listeners without the patience to piece together the four-dimensional storyline can revel in the performances. In Irving Braxiatel, Miles Richardson has brought to life at least as memorable a manipulative politician as his father did in the *House of Cards* trilogy. His moral ambiguity is the essence of palace intrigues such as this, and he is nearly matched by Lalla Ward's hard, subtly-shaded Romana, bereft of her former mentor's superhuman ability to win wars on all fronts – her victories are more realistic choices of the lesser of two evils, here sacrificing an inhabited planet in order to prevent a superweapon proliferating.

And then there's Leela. There's a slightly coarse term in circulation, used to describe the reunion or intersection of existing characters in *Doctor Who* fiction. 'Fan self-indulgence' might be a refined translation. But if the creative team that has brought Romana and Leela together did so for self-indulgent reasons, then I can forgive them. The characters' growing assuredness with one another is completely credible, due not only to Louise Jameson's perfect resurrection of the character she hasn't played in earnest for 26 years, but also to the way that the absurd narrative consequence of Leela having married a Time Lord becomes an asset to these plays rather than a burden.

'Whatever happened to Andred?', at a hunch, will become a more pivotal element of the *Gallifrey* saga. With the obvious villain of the piece, CIA coordinator Narvin having a henchman, Torvald, who clearly hasn't been around for that long, and with bio-data extracts bearing the wrong colour caps, like tampered Smarties tubes, the obvious conclusion is that Torvald is a regenerated Andred working undercover. But I've been very wrong before and sense that Big Finish is now positively relishing the opportunity to lead me up the garden path in public.

'Misleading' is probably the best word to describe this play, and the series as a whole. Despite the title, and the return of Lynda Bellingham's Inquisitor, now sounding more like a dotty Baroness than a cool JP, this isn't a courtroom drama. It refuses to settle down into one genre, with participants in the inquiry over the events of *Weapon of Choice* (and yes, it helps to give that a spin first) spending most of the proceedings out of court gathering – or in some cases planting – evidence.

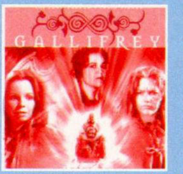
It's up to the listener to decide whether this story is aiming at an intelligent audience, or simply willfully confusing. The presence of two kinds of time bomb – one that will age people to death, and another that will unleash a computer virus on the Matrix – is an invitation to confusion, as is the central mystery; whether the superweapon exists, did exist, or could exist.

The jury's out until the summing up, but this testimony has been a worthwhile hearing, in both senses.

DAVE OWEN

GALLIFREY 1.4: A BLIND EYE

AUTHOR ALAN BARNES
AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH, £9.99



The final *Gallifrey* play could not help but be the most rewarding of the quartet. It contains the pay-offs to the emerging mysteries, cements or dissolves our expectations, and, most of all, is set against a backdrop infinitely more emotive and colourful than Gallifrey itself – Europe on the eve of the Second World War, specifically a train crossing the continent. It seems incredibly apt that I am writing these words in the observation car of the Canadian trans-continental express.

I love drama set among railway journeys, be it Poliakoff's *Caught on a Train* or Platt's *Loups Garoux*. The incongruous presence of Romana, meeting returning time spiv Arkadian in the dining carriage, sets the scene for a drama written by someone who clearly understands that *The Horror of Fang Rock* could have been set on space beacon Alpha Four, but was all the better for not having been.

For all that the preceding instalments may have been inspired by real political or diplomatic situations, this one takes inspiration still more specifically – from a real person – Unity Mitford, Moselyite débutante, and English Rose with a fascination for Hitler. Unity was only one of the celebrated Mitford sisters, so what better excuse for India Fisher to realise

in. Equally original is the way that weeks have passed between some of the episodes, with the Doctor and Evelyn's trial separation giving them scope to go native as never before, and embedding them in the locale so deeply we are apprised of their movement by snatches of radio news reporting.

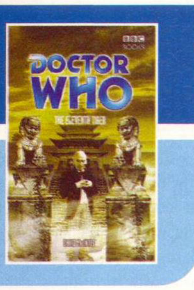
But it's the framing of the story that is the only remotely distinctive thing about it. *Doctor Who* is normally characterised, in contrast, by having distinctive things within in, rather than merely about it. There is no technological, sociological, or scientific innovation driving the events of this story, bar the odd practice of building vocoders into the helmets of troopers, as though they might be suddenly be called upon to form a concert party performing *Let's Groove*, or *Funky Town*, say. The events are set on another planet, about to be invaded, but there is nothing intrinsic to the storyline to require it to be set anywhere more remote or exotic than nineteenth century Europe. This is the most disappointing kind of science-fiction, the kind that Harlan Ellison berated as being nothing more than cowboys and indians, or cops and robbers, but with ray guns and space suits instead of revolvers and Stetsons. This production would carry far more weight if the makers had realised the paucity of fantastic or scientific content meant it could have been plausibly placed in a real historical context.

Aside from the disappointment of realising that Maggie Stables and Colin Baker are human, and do in fact require assistance from their material in order to scintillate, *Arrangements for War* boasts an excellent cast, with former Sutekh the Destroyer Gabriel Woolf sounding like an eminently suitable buffer for Professor Smythe to settle down with. Our Evie, it transpires, holds her seat at (Sheffield) Hallam University, my own *alma mater* some two decades ago, proving the place must have started holding its end up in humanities since my less than distinguished undergraduate days.

Were I now sitting a final examination asking '*Arrangements for War* can never be adequate – discuss, citing examples', I would scribble an answer saying that if a drama is going to be driven by an existing storyline – in this case the conflict between the Doctor and Evelyn– which overshadows the putative main plot, then it needs to handle it more subtly and believably than here. Hedging my bets, I would also add that *Doctor Who* is about the historical or the fantastic, preferably both, and that no amount of innovative presentation can possibly cover up when it fails to be either.

DOCTOR WHO: THE ELEVENTH TIGER

NOVEL BBC BOOKS
AUTHOR DAVID A McINTEE
RRP £5.99
REVIEWER MATT MICHAEL



If you were to ask any regular reader of *Doctor Who* novels which writer's books were characterised by an Oriental setting, aliens in historical surroundings, references to popular SF films, and an unnecessarily overt relationship between Ian and Barbara, only a real Jo-brain wouldn't know the answer. *The Eleventh Tiger* is so typical of McIntee's work that at times it's difficult to shake the feeling that the author knows this, and is playing on it. While this means that there are no surprises in the book, it also means that this is a collection of McIntee's greatest hits. It's a book that plays to his strengths, while avoiding the excesses – the gratuitous deaths of companions, lovingly detailed space battles and whimsical pop culture references – that characterise his worst books.

Set in China, 1865, *The Eleventh Tiger* sees the TARDIS arrive at the time of the Opium Wars. While Ian is amazed to be recognised by virtually everyone he meets, the Doctor falls in with the Ten Tigers, and Barbara comes face to face with the villainous and apparently immortal Qin Shi Huangdi.

As with McIntee's previous historicals, the reader is left in little doubt that the author has done his research. The reader is presented with a pretty comprehensive array of Chinese names, locations, customs and local colour which add up to give a convincing thumbnail sketch of the time and place. But not only does McIntee seek to evoke historic China through detail, but through his writing style as well. Starting in the style of a Chinese proverb, and keeping the language simple and direct creates an almost fairy-tale like atmosphere, which is only slightly let down by some poor expository dialogue later on in the novel. While McIntee doesn't achieve the same style as Barry Hughart's *Bridge of Birds*, it is a largely successful experiment.

McIntee's use of the regulars shows a similar appreciation for the style and content of Season Two. Despite one too many senile Chesterton variations, McIntee captures the First Doctor's personality well, though his speech about journeys made in the heart or mind is queasily twee. As may befit the trainer of the Mountain Mauler of Montana, the Doctor indulges in a bout of martial arts. In his previous BBC Books, McIntee would have been unable to resist the temptation to turn this into a re-enactment of the infamous Yoda versus Saruman duel from *Star Wars Episode II: Attack of the Clones*. Here, however, the author makes this into an understated highlight, leaving the Doctor with more dignity than similar scenes in *The Reign of Terror* or *The Romans*.

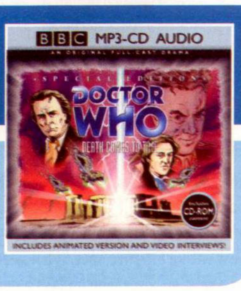
Vicki's bland, background noise personality is captured perfectly. She gets little to do or say, and is easily the least memorable of the TARDIS crew. Ian and Barbara are also generally spot on. Where the characterisation doesn't ring true is in the overstated romance between Ian and Barbara, here acting like a couple who are already doing things that would make a Drahvin blush. This, and some anachronistic American dubbing of mid-nineteenth century Chinese, are the only failures of tone in a book that is largely at pains to preserve the historical context both of 1865 China and 1965 *Doctor Who*.

The supporting characters are a reasonably interesting bunch, from the driven martial artist, Fei-Huang, to the creepy and menacing Qin Shi Huangdi. Qin's peculiar and intriguing quest for immortality could have been explored further, particularly since McIntee is so reticent to provide any compelling motivation for the aliens' attempted take-over of Earth – not even a magnetic core theft and galactic joyride.

In recent months, the PDAs have moved increasingly towards fantasy over science-fiction, with *Wolfsbane* and *Empire of Death* involving supernatural goings-on. *The Eleventh Tiger* falls into a similar category, more ghost story than action adventure, and is generally a quieter and more character-based piece than *Bullet Time* or *Autumn Mist*. And although, as with so many *Doctor Who* novels, the ending is a let-down, with the mysterious aliens remaining mysterious and alien, the preceding 200-odd pages are uncomplicated and entertaining reading. *The Eleventh Tiger* is a more focused and disciplined book than McIntee has published for some time, and is easily his best novel for the BBC.

DOCTOR WHO: DEATH COMES TO TIME

MP3-CD BBC RADIO COLLECTION
AUTHOR COLIN MEEK
RRP £19.99
REVIEWER VANESSA BISHOP



The *Death Comes to Time* MP3CD/CD-ROM reunites the BBCi serial with the animation that went with its original webcast. It also comes with a raft of 'Extras', including video interviews with the cast, illustrated biographies, initial artwork roughs and out-takes. To play it, you'll need techy stuff. If you haven't got MP3-compatible devices, you might as well save your 20 quid, as this won't play at all. To view its visual material, PC users need either Microsoft Windows XP or Windows 2000 and Intel Pentium III 900MHz, and for Mac users, Mac G4 system, Mac OS9 or Mac OS X. Whichever system you've got, you'll need 128 MB of RAM, CD-ROM Drive and Internet Explorer (5.5. for PC) with internet access.

Happily for me and my Windows 2000 software, my disc played like a dream – a relief considering reports of problems getting the video footage to play and the animation version grinding to a halt three-quarters of the way through Episode Three. *Death Comes to Time* revolves around the Seventh Doctor's struggle with the mad General Tannis and his plans to attack Earth, and although I've long suspected it to be unremittingly dull, with its sub-*Star Wars* characters and preaching, I've been inclined to give it the benefit of the doubt, as it's always been a victim of its own format. Its webcast was a slow and patchy experience, marred by each of its episodes stopping to reload every ten minutes. Losing these interruptions can't help but make it more coherent. Reuniting it with Lee Sullivan's artwork also puts the whole thing back into context, which the previous audio-only release couldn't do. Having said that, I still found Colin Meek's script extremely trying – it's both crass and pompous in almost equal measure.

The storyline of Ace training to be a Time Lord is dull and ponderous, and her Obi Wan-style mentor an embarrassing and unimaginative steal. It suffers from too many Time Lords and not enough Doctor. Stephen Fry's Minister of Chance makes an urbane substitute but that's all. I do, though, rather enjoy General Tannis. The part is hopelessly mono-dimensional, a clichéd villain who wants power for power's sake, but John Sessions is clearly having a ball, and his scenes crackle with a life and energy lacking elsewhere. He's also the best thing about the 'Out-takes and Spoofs', particularly the *Today* interview with John Humphrys where, as Tannis, he takes swipes at politicians and the government.

Death Comes to Time's animation is played on a layout designed like the TARDIS scanner. It's also how the 'Extras' are viewed. The video interviews require RealVideo 10 and RealVideo 9 Support to play. These do not start out particularly well. Sylvester McCoy's is depressingly short and disappointing, offering no insight on the Doctor or opinion on the script. Fry and Sessions are much better contributors as far as this is concerned. Stephen Fry is a man who knows a lot about everything, as brilliantly displayed by his quiz show *QI*. While I might have guessed he'd know of Douglas Adams' involvement with *Doctor Who*, I was surprised and touched by his knowledge and enthusiasm for Terry Nation. Fry is funny and eloquent, and his thoughts on *Doctor Who*'s appeal, its Englishness and what he terms its "hopeless optimism" are astute and engaging. Listening to him, it seems to me that he was *Death Comes to Time*'s greatest asset, and the production threw a lot of interest and opportunity away not casting him as the Doctor.

There's always been a certain degree of apathy and ambivalence towards *Death Comes to Time*. Part of it may be because it always promised more than it delivered. The truth is, its animation is primitive and the endless use of the same portraits is boring, giving the impression of things being done on the cheap. But most of it seems to be to do with its own 'internet webcast' status, and the feeling that *Doctor Who* had slipped to a new backwater of public consciousness. *Doctor Who*'s short-lived run on BBCi happened because TV was ignoring it and radio had rejected it. Although potentially available to millions and successful enough to lead to other, much better webcasts, it still felt tucked away, tiny, sad, disowned, downgraded and unimportant. It's a feeling that even a slick and well-designed disc like this can't fully escape from.

DALEK EMPIRE III: CHAPTER TWO
THE HEALERS

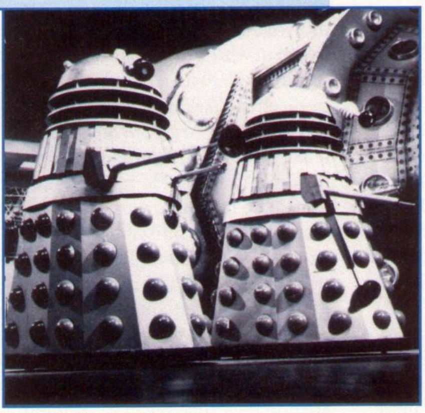
AUDIO DRAMA BIG FINISH
AUTHOR NICHOLAS BRIGGS
RRP £9.99
REVIEWER DAVE OWEN

Comparing the Daleks to Nazis has been utterly unavoidable since *Genesis of the Daleks* with its overt symbolism and focus on racial purity, but other similarities go as far back as *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* with its blitzed London. *Dalek Empire* now takes a subtler approach, with the Daleks appearing morally ambiguous and annexing sections of the galaxy disputed by humanity. So far, they are no more than political aggressors, rather than perpetrators of atrocities.

> "SO FAR, THE DALEKS HAVE BEEN NO MORE THAN POLITICAL AGGRESSORS"

The Healers continues the *Power of the Daleks*-style suspense where we know how much danger the humans are in long before they do. Having sympathetically established the serene existence of the Graxis wardens in *The Exterminators*, the intrusion into their lives of the Daleks, with their human puppet, Provost Carneill, is all the more disturbing. It's believable, too, because Carneill, having lost his entire family to the space plague the Daleks claim to cure would do anything to help them, unlike, say, Lesterson or Maxtible, who were motivated by a less identifiable greed.

Opposing Carneill, in every way possible, is head warden Saxton. In this cynical age, it's less and less likely for a leader who loves her job, inspires her colleagues, and stands up to oppression to be remotely believable, but Ishia Bennison pulls it off with aplomb. The most memorable scene in this chapter is where Saxton defies the squawking Dalek guard to calmly deliver a eulogy for the officer who has been exterminated, retaining her composure, speaking on, and not taking her captor to task until she has finished. Doctorless Dalek adventures need level heads like Saxton, or they would turn into out-and-out massacres. Her characterisation is even helped by the score – although *Dalek Empire*'s accompaniment usually sounds as ruthlessly mechanical as *Tom Baker* by The Human League, the theme that accompanies Saxton's realisation that some of her wardens will avoid Dalek ambush is serenely poignant.



On the other established storytelling front, I was initially disappointed that Tarkov, the man who discovered the real menace of the Daleks, doesn't continue his quest for more answers, as established in *The Exterminators*. Instead, we learn of his immediate debriefing from Selestru, William Gaunt's Galactic Union spymaster, and his harrowing return home after learning that decades after his hibernation, he is a non-person. It's yet another allusion to *Aliens* (I am now convinced, beyond any reasonable doubt, it's author Nicholas Briggs' favourite film), but serves well to illustrate the debilitating effects of the space plague. For all the apparent traditionalism of this series, the narrative cursor does hop around, and the seemingly arbitrary nature of the reprises and previews is always ultimately justified – for example, the flashbacks at the opening of *The Exterminators* and *The Healers* do set up the ending of the latter.

The storytelling torch is passed to Selestru's other man, Galanar, adopting the persona of a socially inept medic volunteering to go and treat plague victims on the border worlds. Playing a cat and mouse spy game, he learns what the Graxis wardens don't know yet – that their worlds are to be geoformed and turned into healing grounds like the system he finds himself in. The audio equivalent of a film pull-back as his conversation becomes filtered, and is overlaid with the sounds of the Dalek monitoring room where he is being spied on is wonderful – as if aware that they are often high-points, Briggs has managed to include as many 'surprise' appearances by the Daleks as possible.

Having posited magnetic core extraction last time and once again been proved wrong about the plans of the Daleks – and more importantly, the author – it's tempting not to even bother speculating. But considering what was really going on the last time anyone from Skaro dubbed himself a healer, and how outnumbered the handful of Daleks to have appeared so far are, I suspect strongly that the cure being offered to the plague victims will involve acquiring egg whisks and sink plungers. But that would be too obvious – in the words of Georgi Selestru, I want to be wrong. As the Dalek Supreme enters the fray, declaring "Now it begins," a month seems cruelly long to have to wait to find out. Infectious. DWM

her as Charley Pollard's sister, Cissie. Cissie is considerably more of her time than her more cosmopolitan sibling (admitting "the most awful pash for you", for example), and wouldn't seem out of place in Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. Vile doesn't begin to describe her, though – someone who sides with fascism not through any kind of fear or austerity, but because she finds it sexy, and is I think the single least sympathetic character in *Doctor Who* to date. Bravo!

Also playing their second roles in *Doctor Who* are guest stars David Warwick, as Erich, Cissie's double-agent lover, a part infinitely more worthy of his skill than Kimus in *The Pirate Planet*. If casting from 1978 *Doctor Who*, and then in need of a shape shifter, it seems only reasonable to give Susan "Vivien Fay, formerly of Rose Cottage, Boscawen" Engel's agent a call. Her Miss Joy's sole *raison d'etre* seems to be as another spymaster in the story's nearly-confusing web of intrigue, but with a couple of the series' regular characters mostly absent, there's easily room for her.

Involving Cissie independently would be gratuitous, but she's been deliberately chosen as someone whose being kept alive after her number should have been up can unleash anti-time on the universe. Mercifully for those feeling bludgeoned by that particular concept and its ramifications, it's kept as a distant threat and no more. This story rather more ties in with *The Axis of Insanity*, with its stunted realities, created by time meddling. On consideration, the decision to use the term "time tracks" to describe the phenomenon of two railway trains from different parallel realities following the same railway line, is one of the most deliberately obfuscated uses of language I have ever encountered, with the term "jumping tracks" meaning nothing like what it intuitively ought. Sorry if that seems harsh, but does at least prove I have absorbed the unmissable moral of the story – that we turn a blind eye to one another's shortcomings at our peril. Maybe that's the most succinct statement yet of the *Doctor Who* philosophy of writer Alan Barnes.

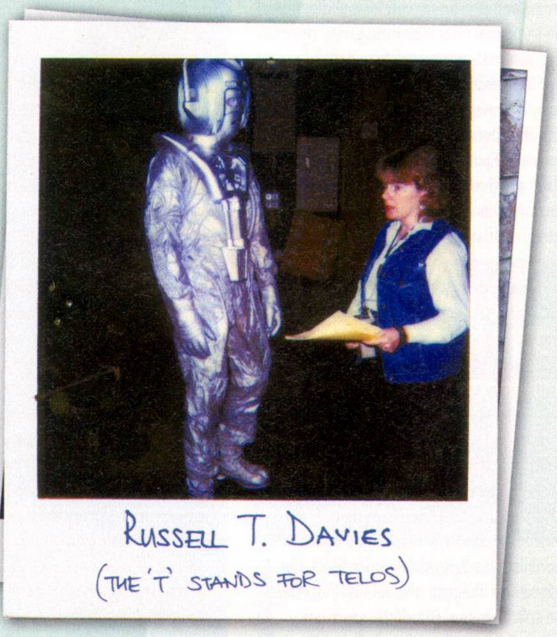
Bucking recent tradition, *A Blind Eye* concludes the *Gallifrey* series with no loose ends or gratuitous hooks for subsequent stories. Nevertheless this instalment shows there is ample scope for further development. Lessons learned from the first quartet are evident; make the plays strongly linked, rather than independent, since this assures the critical mass necessary to safeguard the awe and scale of the setting; keep that setting as diverse and incongruous as possible, lest the series dry up with pomp and ceremony; and keep the protagonist role shifting, so that for all Romana's intelligence, Leela's shrewdness, and Braxiatel's omniscience, none should become a symbolic Doctor, with the others as companions.

For all its impact and style, bear in mind that this instalment is reaping the rewards of the efforts of the previous three. I can turn a deaf ear to their occasional shortcomings when the finalé is this much fun.

DAVE OWEN

RUSSELL T DAVIES

PRODUCTION NOTES #7



Russell T. Davies
(The 'T' stands for Telos)

WE'RE GETTING THERE

I'm on my way to *Doctor Who*. It's a Sunday evening and I'm writing this longhand, in an exercise book, on the Manchester-to-Cardiff train. My bags are packed, I look like an extra from *Carrie's War*. Because tomorrow, it starts.

The fields slip by and I keep thinking about the times that *Doctor Who* has cropped up in my career. When I was a young researcher in 1987 or so, I dressed up as a Cyberman for *Why Don't You..?* The same year, I presented an episode of *Play School* (yes, I really did, but let's move on) with Chloe Ashcroft, who was so horribly gunned down in a Dalek adventure. In the early 1990s, I storylined a lurid daytime soap called *Families*, starring the soon-to-be candidate for the Eighth Doctor, Harry Van Gorkum. Lovely man! He played Dex, the male stripper. For 80 episodes, Dex had no surname – I just never got round to thinking of one, the 'Dex' bit made me laugh too much. And behind the scenes on *Families*, the actor Carl Rigg was on the writing team. Everyone was very impressed by his appearance in the opening sequence of a James Bond film, but I secretly thought of him as a Swampie on Delta Magna. And Shirley Cooklin was one of the writers, too. One day, she sat in the story conference recounting her days as an actress, excited by the BBC's discovery of the long-lost *Tomb of the Cybermen* (my head secretly fell off. Sorry, Shirley, they've what? They've found it? Really? Sorry, that's my head, it just fell off, just kick it to the side, have they really found it, Shirley, have they *really*, HAVE THEY???). Then, Eileen Way starred in one of my very first dramas, *Century Falls*. Old Mother! And I spent many, many days filming on *Bob & Rose* wondering if I could sneak the word 'Marshall' past John Woodvine. (True story: he told me to stop smoking, with such dark gravity, that I actually did.)

I finally came a cropper at the 2002 BAFTAS. I infiltrated the *At Home With The Braithwaites* table – oh, I love that show – and found myself carousing with Sir Peter Davison. I was good. I behaved. I talked about the *Braithwaites*, and the state of telly, and how we'd been robbed, until I couldn't maintain the pretence any longer. I just broke. At 2.30 in the morning, in a crowded bar of brash telly-folk, I whimpered, 'I love *Doctor Who*.' There was a silence. The great man looked at me with such wisdom and sadness, then said kindly, 'Yes. I thought you had that glint in your eye.'

All of that was heading towards all of this. I could never have guessed, never. Real, new *Doctor Who*, coming back to your screens. It's still a surprise! The train is sliding past Hereford now, and I'm actually getting nervous. Tomorrow is looming. No, we're not filming, not yet (almost, almost, and by the time you read this, barring accidents, yes!). But we've got something more brutal first. Tomorrow is the readthrough.

No, don't think about that, I'll get those scripts out of my bag instead. With luck, these are the final drafts of Episodes 3 and 8. The script notes are now piffling – literally dotting the i's, crossing the t's and zaxxing the aliens. And here's Episode 9, draft one – Steven Moffat delivered! I want to read this again, just for the pleasure. Honestly, the day this script arrived, people ran around and sang songs and reinvented the telegram, just to celebrate how good it is. My God, it's scary. All I can tell you is, it contains the words 'Union Jack' and 'gas' and ... oh, one of the most lovely words in the English language transformed into something stark and terrifying. Brilliant. I'm proud to be working on it.

All the writers will be heading down to Cardiff, tomorrow morning, cos they're vital at the readthrough. They need to hear those voices! Then – just looking at my schedule now – on Tuesday, I've got a two-hour session with Rob Shearman to discuss the next draft of Episode 6. Then, a finalise-the-logo meeting with Julie Gardner (I said in the last *Production Notes* that we'd chosen the logo. Sorry, we all changed our minds! But it's better now. It was worth the trouble; I think it's perfect). Then Julie and I will traipse over to Ed's Art Department, to look at the TARDIS console. Show me switches! Tuesday night, I type this up (hello) and then, Wednesday, I go to rehearsals with Keith Boak, Chris and Billie. And we're all going to have a thousand things to say, having monitored every word and pause and beat at the readthrough.

There, I said readthrough again – we're clattering out of Abergavenny and tomorrow's readthrough is getting closer. Okay. Let's talk about it. What the hell is a readthrough, exactly?

Well, a lot of people spell it readthru these days, which is really annoying, but I'm getting old. The readthrough day is when everyone gathers together for the first time – the director, actors, camera-crew, wardrobe, make-up, first, second and third ADs, accountants, runners, drivers, executives, writers, publicity and who-the-hell-is-he-anyway? All packed into a bare BBC room to read the script. It's our only chance to hear it from beginning to end. The next time we see every scene in order, we'll be in the first (and not the last) edit. The readthrough gives us the chance to test the water – is it too funny, too fast, too flip? Is that joke a clunker? Will she really say it like that, and what will he be wearing? And if they're all trapped on page 37, why don't they just get in the TARDIS? For the writer, it can be scary – I've seen entire scripts thrown out at the readthrough! I once wrote an ITV show called *The Grand*, in which two characters were having an affair ... until the readthrough, where I heard two fine actors struggling through my terrible mistake, and I promptly decided to remove the entire affair before filming began. Which meant changing 45 pages in 48 hours. It can be done! And it has to be done – no one wants to live with a mistake. You've got to roll up your sleeves, get in there and change things, no matter how painful it might be. There's no point in watching the finished transmission with folded arms, saying 'I knew that was wrong.' Do something! Now!

A *Doctor Who* readthrough, of course, has to be madder than any other. And bigger! Since this is an important launch for both BBC1 and BBC Wales, then tomorrow's more like the State Opening of Parliament. The bare BBC room has been booted out, replaced by a suite at Cardiff's Millennium Stadium. We need the room, cos the number of people attending is triple the usual amount. All the Controllers are there – Controllers of BBC One, of Drama, of Drama Series, of BBC Wales. And they're not ligging – they've invested a lot in this series, and they're determined to get it right. Plus, they're there to genuinely support us. You might never know how true this is, cos if I go on about it at length, it just sounds toadying. But I swear to you, you will never know the strength and size and ferocity of the support within the BBC, for *Doctor Who*. It astonishes me. Every day, it astonishes me.

Grayswandir

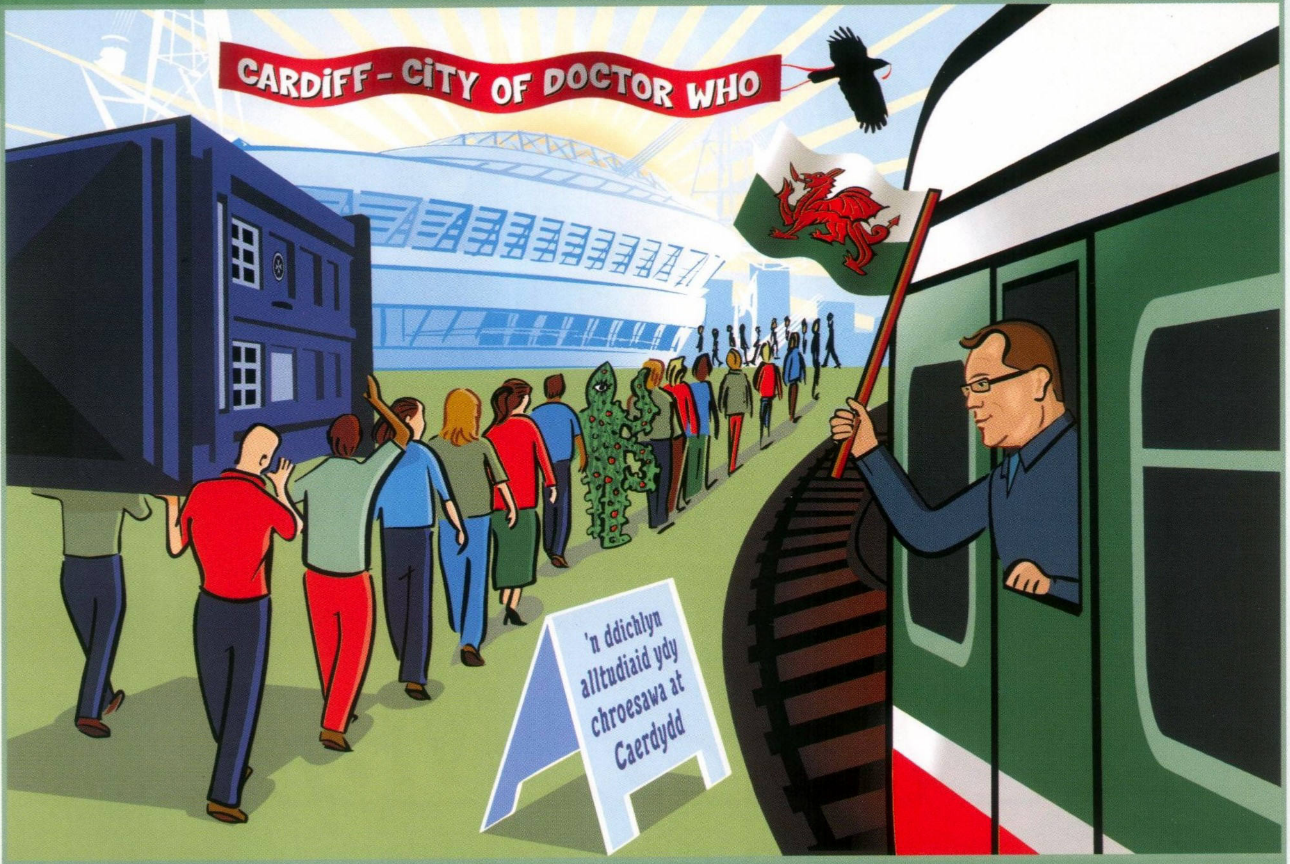

CARDIFF – CITY OF DOCTOR WHO
'n ddichlyn alltudiaid ydy chroesawa at Caerdydd

ILLUSTRATION BY **BEN MORRIS**

> "I'M ON A TRAIN, ON MY WAY TO **DOCTOR WHO**. MY BAGS ARE PACKED. BECAUSE TOMORROW, IT STARTS..."

And now, I know, you'd love this column to take you through the door and detail each and every second of this much-hyped readthrough. You'll want me to report on Lorraine Heggessey's every word, what will happen when Chris speaks his first line, what Billie will say to Mark Gatiss ... But no. I'm not going to tell you. At this stage of the process, everyone has to be honest and free, and our conversations would be very different, if anyone were to think that I memorised their words for this lovely comic. I've got to be professional; I don't want any discussions to be inhibited. For the same reason, much to the horror of DVD-extra enthusiasts everywhere, there's no camera in the room tomorrow. Yes, Chris and Billie's first proper performance, lost to the ether, forever! Sorry, but tough. Again, it's about being honest and open. Everyone's different with a camera on them. That smile becomes a rictus grin; every spoken word becomes slightly more chosen. That's not what we need right now. We're not allowing a camera into rehearsals either – a rehearsal with a camera in the room is a performance, and they're profoundly different things. We need to protect these moments, not dissect them. So, no camcorders, and no **DW**Mcorder, either.

And there's no escape for me, because the train's pulling in, here comes Cardiff. Caerdydd. The City of *Doctor Who*. Croeso!

TWO DAYS LATER ...

Tuesday night. Stinking heat. Looking back to Monday. The readthrough was great. Actually, the readthrough was magnificent, but that's really going to annoy you, so let's move on. (Besides, once the heat has gone out of production and this is all an *Archive*, then I'm sure **DW**M retrospectives will come back to that day – I told Paul Cornell to go home and write down everything that happened!)

But on that Monday afternoon, once the readthrough was done, we all had a drink and milled about, a bit nervous, a bit excited, a bit dazed. ("He said TARDIS!") I came out of it fairly lightly – a good few notes, but no major rewrites. Jane Tranter thought that Episode 4 scene 44 needed clarification. I realised that at one point, I'd written 'five hundred fathoms' without knowing how deep that really is (do some research!). One scene needed splitting into two, to accommodate a location change, and the last scene of the third episode had to be shifted from day to night. That sort of thing. I survived. It's not quite the final word – scripts keep getting tweaked throughout production, and changes to locations and schedules can demand more rewrites to come. And I'll be adding lines all the way up to the final dub, in November. But for the most part, those three scripts are now, officially, locked.

But with the readthrough done, the brakes have been taken off. The programme can rollercoaster on. Now, we hurtle towards filming. That small detail! Now, all the theory goes out of the window. Rain and light and transport and time – above all, time – will become the dominant factors of our lives. Madness is descending! Filming's busy on any old drama, even if it involves nothing more than two people talking across a kitchen table. But *Doctor Who* adds a thousand extra pressures to the mix – creatures and FX and CGI and stunts and ... blimey, did I get a return ticket?

This is the last chance to stand still. Just for a moment. Hold the pause. We're having a drink in a function room which opens out on to the terraces of the Millennium Stadium. The mighty sliding roof is open. At intervals, the Welsh National Anthem is piped over the tannoy, for the benefit of visiting tourists. And below us, the grass has gone. 'They can just lift it off and pack it up.' The floor seems to be cement, and a man is flying a hawk across the concrete pitch. I'm standing next to an actor who plays a *Doctor Who* alien. It's the first time we've met; I saw his audition tape, and think he's wonderful, now we're standing together, both strangers and comrades. He explains that the Stadium owns the hawk. It lives here, inside the grounds, to stop gulls getting in and spoiling the place. So we stand there, drinks in hand, me and the alien, and watch the hawk dive and turn across the place where grass should be. DWM

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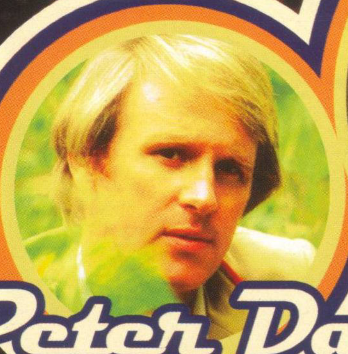

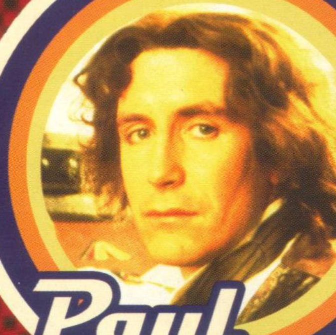

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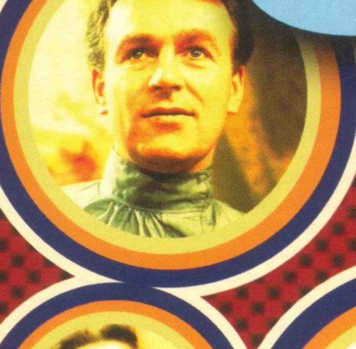

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